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Maude Parker Child—P. G. Wodehouse—Arnold Bennett—Austin Parker
George Weston—Felix Isman—Hugh MacNair Kahler—Isaac F. Marcosson

Roger Babson tells what proper diet and outdoor life have done for him

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Topcoats are a trifle longer

The Heathlands are the smart new fabrics; rich shades of brown, bracken and Scotch bramble

Our label stands for these things A small thing to look for, a big thing to find

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BLUE SKY

By GEORGE WESTON

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

Every Man Who Has Had His Palm Read in the Springtime by a Tall, Slim Girl Who Reminds Him of a Rosebud Will Have Some Notion of How Mel Felt During the Next Ten Minutes

IT WAS on a Monday that Jimmy Melville arrived in New York, intent upon securing capital for his new method of making dye; and although he had a good list of bankers who advertised bond issues for sale—a good list, it might be said, of golden birds, one of whom Jimmy hoped would presently be laying him golden eggs—he spent all day Monday going from one office to another, and never once succeeded in getting farther than the railing just inside the outer door. And Tuesday turned out to be like Monday; the game shy and not so much as a golden feather to show for the day's hunting.

But on Wednesday Mel had a bit of beginner's luck. He had been calling upon an investment firm which had advertised an issue of bonds—one of the many places where a gloomy office boy had taken charge of him and wouldn't let him see anybody without a written appointment—and Mel was coming away, trying not to notice the growing weight of defeat which was beginning to make his stomach feel as though it was lined with lead.

"Oh, well," he told himself, "I've got to try just so many times before I find the right place. And every time I'm turned down, that naturally brings me so much closer to the man I'm trying to find."

He was walking rather slowly, though, along the hallway; and passing a long suite of offices he saw one of those household names lettered on the doors—one of those names which are known wherever the music of money is sung. At first he walked past, and had almost reached the elevator when he came to a stop and looked back over his shoulder.

"Of course if you're going to give up so soon," he told himself, "you might as well go home and be done with it."

At that, he first made sure that his tie was straight and then went marching back to the office which he had just passed.

"Mr. Gordon in?" he demanded of the boy at the desk, his marching spirit still upon him.

"Name, please?"

Mel gave him one of his cards.

"Personal business," he briskly added, forestalling the next question; and, inspiration helping him—"I'm in a hurry."

The boy disappeared with the card; and when he returned a minute later, instead of saying "Mr. Gordon is out" or "Mr. Gordon is busy" or "Mr. Gordon is in conference," he opened a trick gate and mutely made a motion that Mel was to follow him. At the end of a corridor he stopped and rapped, and the next moment Mel passed through a door and found himself in the presence of a middle-aged whiskered gentleman who was smoking a fat cigarette largely through his nose. As Mel entered, Mr. Gordon looked at him as though in surprise, and then glanced at the card on his desk.

"You are Mr. Melville?" he asked, his voice drawling out lazily with the cigarette smoke.

"Yes, sir."

"James J.?"

"Yes, sir."

Don Whiskerandos made a philosophical gesture—a gesture that seemed to say, "I give it up."

"What do you want to see me about?" he asked aloud. "The boy said personal business."

During this, Mel had noticed a number of paintings on the walls—paintings beautiful with color, canvases which looked as though they had been admired for many a year and had grown mellow with the incense which had been smoked before them. And inspiration again helping him, he drew a book of samples from his pocket and opened it to a blue velvet, a deep cerulean which might have reminded you of a blue moon shedding its radiance on a turquoise sea.

"I've worked out a new method of making color," he began; "soap-proof, boil-proof, sun-proof, and one that can be made cheaply enough to control the market. So far I've made only blue, but you can see the work it does."

At the desk, nearly hidden by the brush of beard, the golden bird just sat and listened, and looked at the samples, and presently took a peck at the estimates which Mel had scattered before him like golden grain.

"M-m-m," he said at last. "I thought you were another Melville. Of course the chances are altogether against this thing. The chances are always against anything new which is expected to capture an established market. But if you'll leave these papers I'll think it over. And meanwhile, in order to get a line upon yourself, I wish you'd give me two or three references—a bank among them."

Even then Mel had a qualm as he wrote, "First National Bank, Penfield, Connecticut."

"Old Philander Adams will probably knock me," he thought. "He knocks most everybody, and he knows how much I owe; but that's the only bank reference I can give, so what else can I do?"

"When shall I call again?" he asked, as he picked up his hat.

"Oh, two or three days—say, Friday. That ought to give time enough."

Mel went out almost feeling that he had done the trick, his only disturbing thought being what old Philander Adams might say.

"Still, he can't say much," Mel told himself. "And whatever he says, that can't affect the dye. No, sir; the dye's all right; and when everything's said and done, that's the main thing to be considered."

He didn't do much the rest of the day; and on Thursday, when the hunting proved poor, he went home early and spent the afternoon sketching out the layout of the new equipment that would have to be bought. It was late when he went to bed that night; but he didn't sleep late on Friday morning; and he had to hold himself back with a tight rein to keep from getting to Mr. Gordon's office before the office boy.

"I mustn't show that I'm too anxious," he thought. "That wouldn't be good business. He'll probably want to control it anyhow; but as long as I get half the profits——"

He had bought a new hat for the occasion, his old one looking rusty and not a fitting crown for a young man who shortly expected to be making anywhere up to fifty thousand dollars a year. But when he reached Mr. Gordon's office a few minutes past ten, he soon discovered that his old hat would have served him quite as well.

The boy disappeared with his card the same as on Wednesday, and when he returned, instead of opening the trick gate, he handed Mel a long, unsealed envelope. This contained the papers which had been left with Mr. Gordon, and around them was a sheet of letter paper containing the following words:

"I do not care to go any further into this.

"A. J. G."

"That's old Philander Adams," thought Mel with a sinking heart as he reached the hall outside. "Yes, sir; something told me he was going to knock me when I gave his name as a reference the other day."

II

THE next week was a bad one for Mel; and although he still continued his search for the golden bird, there wasn't much heart in his hunting. He still beat the brush, it is true, casting about him now and then with a well-nigh desperate energy, only to grow listless again with the thought of old Philander Adams back home waiting to frighten the game away as fast as it showed itself.

"I guess I wasn't cut out to be a business man," he ruefully told himself on Friday afternoon, after a particularly discouraging day; but after a ride in an open trolley to his boarding house he felt better, and went upstairs and counted his money.

"I can stay part of next week anyhow," he thought. "So I'll get some new names and start again tomorrow—start again fresh, too, just as though I hadn't been turned down once."

By that time he was growing expert in the art of getting likely names, having discovered the newspaper room at the public library and the use of the telephone book for finding street addresses. And that night, digging in the telephone book at his boarding house for the address of Mellon, McCullugh & Mellon, Bankers and Investments, he became interested in a line of research which we all pursue at one time or another, and he turned to see if there were any Melvilles in the telephone book—any names, you understand, that were like his own.

"Yes, sir," he thought, "a regular little column," and felt quite proud of the family name. "'Melville, Bruce J.: Pres.' I wonder what he's president of. 'Melville, Henry: barber.' Huh! Not so good. And here —— Hello!"

He stared a little then at the following:

Melville, James J.: off. — E. 42; res.'— Park Av.

"Funny," he thought. "The very same name as mine, middle initial and everything. I wonder if he's any relation."

And still he looked at his name, printed there so unmistakably, and felt a shy but growing wish that somehow he might be able to see this namesake of his.

"He might—he might be interested in the dye," Mel hesitated. "'The Melville Method.' I know I would if the situation was the other way around and I had plenty of money. At least—well, at least it would be kind of interesting to see where he lives, and another good walk tonight wouldn't hurt me any."

It was a long walk, though, and Mel had been on his feet all day. So by the time he reached — Park Avenue—a sumptuous-looking apartment house with allegorical box trees trimmed like peacocks on each side of the front door—he wasn't altogether hostile to the idea of resting a few minutes before starting back. Through the glass doors he saw a number of marble benches in the foyer, softened by velvet cushions, and these, too, might have helped to draw him inside. But the moment he passed through the doors a Senegambian hall boy sprang to attention, complete with white gloves and gold-braided pill box.

"Na-a-a-ame, ple-e-e-e-ease," he sang, drawing out each vowel in a singsong chant.

"Is—er—does Mr. James Melville live here?" asked Mel, somewhat taken aback.

"Yes, sir. Your name?"

"My name's James Melville, too," said Mel, beginning to wish that he had stayed out on the sidewalk. "I—I only want to see him a few minutes."

The Senegambian songster had to repeat his message twice over the telephone; but when the second repetition was completed, he arose and indicated a waiting elevator at the other side of the switchboard.

"Tenth flo-o-o-or, ple-e-e-ease," he sang. "Mr. Ja-a-a-ames Melville." Even then Mel hesitated.

"Still, I might as well go up, now that he knows I'm here," he thought. "Though what I'm going to say when I see him ——"

Drawing a full breath when he reached the apartment, he rang the bell and had hardly moved his finger from the button when the door was opened by a butler in a striped waistcoat and jacket with maroon silk lapels.

"I beg your pardon," said Mel, wishing more than ever that he had stayed out on the sidewalk, "but is Mr. Melville in?"

"Right this way, sir," said the butler. "Mr. Melville is expecting you in the living room."

Finally the Bandage Slipped Off Entirely and Showed a Shy Young Man

III

IN ALL Mel's experience he had never seen a room like that—paneled and beamed till it looked like a picture—a picture that might have been entitled From Many Lands. There was a pair of Chinese screens, for instance, and a teakwood table from India, and an inlaid cabinet from Palestine, and rugs from Syria, and a suit of armor from Kenilworth, and marbles from Italy, and a collection of old pistols from all over the gunpowdery world. It was, in short, as you may have guessed, a bachelor's idea of how to furnish an apartment—a bachelor who had traveled in his time; and following the butler around one of the Chinese screens, Mel suddenly found himself in the presence of his namesake, who had evidently just come out of a bedroom, where a steamer trunk had the place of honor in the center of the floor.

"Oh," he said, "you are Mr. Melville who just phoned from downstairs?"

"Yes," said Mel, hardly knowing what to say. "I saw your name in the book, and I thought—I thought you might be interested in something which I would like to show you."

The other James Melville, he noticed, was considerably older than himself. He had, moreover, that keenness of feature which is sometimes supposed to betoken intellectual attainments, though as often as not it merely indicates a somewhat liverish temper; and if Mel had been noticing these things closely he might have observed that the butler stepped into the bedroom as if he were pleased to get there, and closed the door behind him as though to say "Thank God!"

The elder Mr. Melville seated himself at a desk and motioned Mel to a chair. There was a wastebasket by the side

of this chair and Mel couldn't help seeing that it was running over with a mound of letters which had evidently recently been thrown there. On the top of the heap was a photograph that had been ripped across from side to side—the photograph of a girl who was smiling, with a breathless little quirk of her lips, and who had been decapitated just below her chin; and although of course it was purest fancy, it seemed to Mel that this girl smiled up at him as he took his seat by his namesake's desk and started to draw his samples out of his pocket.

"I'm awfully sorry, really, that I bothered you," began Mel; "awfully ashamed; and you need only shake your head once, like this, and I'll run right out again. Of course I shouldn't have come at all; but I've been alone in the city nearly two weeks, and when I saw your name in the telephone book tonight, exactly the same as mine ——"

"Where do you come from?" asked the other Melville, smiling a bit, as though in spite of himself, at the younger man's earnestness—yes, and at his simplicity too.

"From Connecticut—Penfield, Connecticut."

"A distant branch of the family perhaps. But what can I do for you? Why have you called to see me?"

Somewhat sheepishly Mel began telling him about the dye; but hadn't got far when the telephone rang.

"Pardon me," said Mel's namesake. "I'm expecting a call."

He picked up the phone and swung in his chair so that his back was partly turned to his visitor.

"Hello! Hello, Dick," he said. "Yes; awfully decent of you. . . . No; I'm sailing in the morning. . . . Yes; but look here, you're not to tell anyone, you understand? . . . Oh, four or five months, I think. . . . No; Higgins is going with me. . . . Around the world, yes. . . . What? . . . Yes; I think she's expecting that. . . . No, I don't care. . . . I say I don't care! . . . I don't care a tinker's dam what she says or what she does! . . . But same time I don't want her to know that I've gone away. . . . Thanks, old man. . . . No, never again for me. . . . Once bit, twice shy, you know. But remember now, you're not to say a word!"

Of course Mel couldn't help hearing; and his years being young and his imagination good, it wasn't long before he was putting two and two together.

"His girl's turned him down," he thought, looking at the torn photograph in the basket, which seemed to be smiling up at him more breathlessly than ever, "and he's going away to get over it, and he doesn't want anyone to know."

Afraid that his namesake might turn and catch him looking at the picture, he raised his eyes to the desk and happened to see two bank books lying there—two bank books that had evidently been recently balanced against their owner's departure the next day.

"'Tenth National Bank,'" read Mel. "What a lot of banks there are in New York! 'Rhinelander Trust Company.' That was probably started by the old Rhinelander family." And then another thought flowered in his mind—a somewhat dark thought—one of those chance reflections which will sometimes affect a human life more than war or famine—"Why couldn't I have a couple of bank references like those," he asked himself, "instead of that miserable old Philander Adams, who knocks me every chance he gets?"

The telephone conversation came to an end and Mel resumed his story of the dye.

"But of course you aren't interested," he finally concluded when he saw that his namesake was hardly following him; "and I'm awfully sorry that I came and bothered you like this."

Going down the elevator a few moments later, he frowned to himself—a most unusual thing for James Melville the Younger.

"Isn't it funny," he asked, "how some folks have such a lot of money and some have none?"

This is a very old thought, indeed, and probably goes back to the year when the first coins were made.

And returning on foot to his boarding house, in order to save car fare, Mel's thoughtful frown wasn't far from growing grim.

"'James J. Melville,'" he was telling himself. "That's what Mr. Gordon meant the other day when he thought I was another Mr. Melville." And the dark thought flowering again in his mind, he added, "'Tenth National Bank' . . . 'Rhinelander Trust Company.' . . . If only I had references now like those! Old Mr. Adams couldn't knock me then."

T

"One more day," he thought as he arose that morning and counted his money, after a troubled night, "and then I'm through."

And yet, in a way, he wasn't sorry that it would soon be over—was getting sick, if the truth be told, of the grumpy office boys and the pale-faced secretaries who guarded the groves of the golden birds and would not let him pass.

"They might think I wanted to rob the safe," he told himself as he started that morning. "Never mind, though; one more try isn't going to hurt me any."

But whether it was that the golden birds had all the plumage they needed, Mel's last day started much like any of the others; and on the few occasions when he passed the first line of gamekeepers, he had presently been stopped at the inner defenses and had soon been turned away again then as empty-handed as ever.

He was making his way out of one of New York's noblest office buildings when on a frosted door he saw another of those household names which are part of the chorus wherever the song of money is sung—the name of a man who made so many millions in copper and lead that he sometimes scratched his head a little as though—you know ——

"I'll try him," Mel grimly told himself. "It won't take more than a minute to get turned down, and one more turn-down isn't going to hurt me any."

So he opened the door, stepped inside and found himself scowling at one of the younger gamekeepers.

"I want to see Mr. Sangster," he told the office boy; "Mr. Levi P. Sangster."

"Gotcha card?" demanded the boy.

Mel gave him one, still grimly frowning.

"Got 'pointment?" was the next demand.

It might have been to fool the boy as much as anything else that Mel answered the way he did—weary of having his card returned with an air of gloomy triumph, tired of being told that no callers were seen unless they had appointments. So instead of saying no and turning round and walking out, almost to his own surprise he heard himself sharply answering, "Do you think I'd be here if I hadn't?" And perhaps on the same principle that one might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, he added, "Hurry along with that card now; I'm late."

The inner guard, Mel told himself, was probably out at lunch; for when the boy turned and beckoned him to follow, instead of leading him to one of those pale-faced secretaries with their superior eyebrows and horn spectacles, he

(Continued on Page 76)

"Huh!" Said the Deacon When Mel Was Through at Last. "Had to Come Right Out and Tell it, Didn't You?"

The Purification of Rodney Spelvin

"If He Beckoned to Me in the Middle of a Medal Round, I Would Come to Him," Said Anastasia

By P. G. Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IT WAS an afternoon on which one would have said that all Nature smiled. The air was soft and balmy; the links, fresh from the rains of spring, glistened in the pleasant sunshine; and down on the second tee young Clifford Wimple, in a new suit of plus-fours, had just sunk two balls in the lake and was about to sink a third. No element, in short, was lacking that might be supposed to make for quiet happiness.

And yet on the forehead of the Oldest Member, as he sat beneath the chestnut tree on the terrace overlooking the ninth green, there was a peevish frown; and his eye, gazing down at the rolling expanse of turf, lacked its customary genial benevolence. His favorite chair, consecrated to his private and personal use by unwritten law, had been occupied by another. That is the worst of a free country—liberty so often degenerates into license.

The Oldest Member coughed.

"I trust," he said, "you find that chair comfortable?"

The intruder, who was the club's hitherto spotless secretary, glanced up in a goofy manner.

"Eh?"

"That chair—you find it fits snugly to the figure?"

"Chair? Figure? Oh, you mean this chair? Oh, yes."

"I am gratified and relieved," said the Oldest Member. There was a silence.

"Look here," said the secretary, "what would you do in a case like this? You know I'm engaged?"

"I do. And no doubt your fiancée is missing you. Why not go in search of her?"

"She's the sweetest girl on earth."

"I should lose no time."

"But jealous. And just now I was in my office, and that Mrs. Pettigrew came in to ask if there was any news of the purse which she lost a couple of days ago. It had just been brought to my office, so I produced it; whereupon the infernal woman, in a most unsuitably girlish manner, flung her arms round my neck and kissed me on my bald spot—and at that moment Adela came in. Death," said the secretary, "where is thy sting?"

The Oldest Member's pique melted. He had a feeling heart.

"Most unfortunate. What did you say?"

"I hadn't time to say anything. She shot out too quick."

The Oldest Member clicked his tongue sympathetically.

"These misunderstandings between young and ardent hearts are very frequent," he said. "I could tell you at least fifty cases of the same kind. The one which I will select is the story of Jane Packard, William Bates and Rodney Spelvin."

"You told me that the other day. Jane Packard got engaged to Rodney Spelvin, the poet, but the madness passed and she eventually married William Bates, who was a golfer."

"This is another story of the trio."

"You told me that one too. After Jane Packard married William Bates, she fell once more under the spell of Spelvin, but repented in time."

"This is still another story, making three in all."

The secretary buried his face in his hands.

"Oh, well," he said, "go ahead. What does anything matter now?"

"First," said the Oldest Member, "let us make ourselves comfortable. Take this chair. It is easier than the one in which you are sitting."

"No, thanks."

"I insist."

"Oh, all right."

"Woof!" said the Oldest Member, settling himself luxuriously.

With an eye now full of kindly good will, he watched young Clifford Wimple play his fourth. Then, as the silver drops flashed up into the sun, he nodded approvingly and began.

The story which I am about to relate, said the Oldest Member, begins at a time when Jane and William had been married some seven years. Jane's handicap was eleven, William's twelve, and their little son, Braid Vardon, had just celebrated his sixth birthday.

Ever since that dreadful time, two years before, when, lured by the glamour of Rodney Spelvin, she had taken a studio in the artistic quarter, dropped her golf and practically learned to play the ukulele, Jane had been unremitting in her efforts to be a good mother and to bring up her son on the strictest principles.

And in order that his growing mind might have every chance, she had invited William's younger sister, Anastasia, to spend a week or two with them and put the child right on the true functions of the mashie. For Anastasia had reached the semifinals of the last Ladies' Open Championship, and unlike many excellent players, had the knack of teaching.

On the evening on which this story opens, the two women were sitting in the drawing-room, chatting. They had finished tea; and Anastasia, with the aid of a lump of sugar, a spoon and some crumbled cake, was illustrating the method by which she had got out of the rough on the fifth at Squashy Hollow.

"You're wonderful," said Jane admiringly; "and such a good influence for Braid. You'll give him his lesson tomorrow afternoon as usual?"

"I shall have to make it the morning," said Anastasia. "I've promised to meet a man in The City in the afternoon."

As she spoke, there came into her face a look so soft and dreamy that it roused Jane as if a bradawl had been driven into her leg. As her history has already shown, there was a strong streak of romance in Jane Bates.

"Who is he?" she asked excitedly.

"A man I met last summer," said Anastasia; and she sighed with such abandon that Jane could no longer hold in check her womanly nosiness.

"Do you love him?" she cried.

"Like bricks," whispered Anastasia.

"Does he love you?"

"Sometimes I think so."

"What's his name?"

"Rodney Spelvin."

"What?"

"Oh, I know he writes the most awful bilge," said Anastasia defensively, misinterpreting the yowl of horror from Jane. "All the same, he's a darling."

Jane could not speak. She stared at her sister-in-law, aghast. Although she knew that if you put a driver in her hands she could paste the ball into the next county, there always seemed to her something fragile and helpless about Anastasia. William's sister was one of those small roseleaf girls with big blue eyes to whom good men instinctively want to give a stroke a hole and on whom bad men automatically prey. And when Jane reflected that Rodney Spelvin had to all intents and purposes preyed upon herself, who stood five feet seven in her shoes and—but for an innate love of animals—could have felled an ox with a blow, she shuddered at the thought of how he would prey on this innocent half portion.

"You really love him?" she quavered.

"If he beckoned to me in the middle of a medal round, I would come to him," said Anastasia.

Jane realized that further words were useless. A sickening sense of helplessness obsessed her. Something ought to be done about this terrible thing, but what could she do?

She was so ashamed of her past madness that not even to warn this girl could she reveal that she had once been engaged to Rodney Spelvin herself; that he had recited poetry on the green while she was putting; and that, later, he had hypnotized her into taking William and little Braid to live in a studio full of samovars. These revelations would no doubt open Anastasia's eyes, but she could not make them.

And then, suddenly, Fate pointed out a way.

It was Jane's practice to go twice a week to the motion-picture palace in the village; and two nights later she set forth as usual and took her place just as the entertainment was about to begin.

At first she was only mildly interested. The title of the picture, Tried in the Furnace, had suggested nothing to her. Being a regular patron of the silver screen, she knew that it might quite easily turn out to be an educational film on the subject of clinker coal. But as the action began to develop she found herself leaning forward in her seat, blindly crushing a caramel between her fingers. For scarcely had the operator started to turn the crank when inspiration came to her.

Of the main plot of Tried in the Furnace she retained, when finally she reeled out into the open air, only a confused recollection. It had something to do with money not bringing happiness or happiness not bringing money, she could not remember which. But the part which remained graven upon her mind was the bit where Gloria Gooch goes by night to the apartments of the libertine to beg him to spare her sister, whom he has entangled in his toils.

Jane saw her duty clearly. She must go to Rodney Spelvin and conjure him by the memory of their ancient love to spare Anastasia.

It was not the easiest of tasks to put this scheme into operation. Gloria Gooch, being married to a scholarly man who spent nearly all his time in a library a hundred yards long, had been fortunately situated in the matter of paying visits to libertines; but for Jane the job was more difficult. William expected her to play a couple of rounds with him in the morning and another in the afternoon, which rather cut into her time. However, Fate was still on her side, for one morning at breakfast William announced that business called him into The City.

"Why don't you come too?" he said.

Jane started.

"No; no, I don't think I will, thanks."

"Give you lunch somewhere."

"No; I want to stay here and do some practice putting."

"All right. I'll try to get back in time for a round in the evening."

Remorse gnawed at Jane's vitals. She had never deceived William before. She kissed him with even more than her usual fondness when he left to catch the 10:45. She waved to him till he was out of sight. Then bounding back into the house, leaped at the telephone, and after a series of conversations with the Marks-Morris Glue Factory, the Poor Pussy Home for Indigent Cats, and Messrs. Oakes, Oakes & Parbury, dealers in fancy goods, at last found herself in communication with Rodney Spelvin.

"Rodney?" she said, and held her breath, fearful at this breaking of a two years' silence and yet loath to hear another strange voice say, "Wadnumjerwant?" "Is that you, Rodney?"

"Yes. Who is that?"

"Mrs. Bates. Rodney, can you give me lunch at the Alcazar today at one?"

"Can I?" Not even the fact that some unknown basso had got on the wire and was asking if that was Mr. Bootle could blur the enthusiasm in his voice. "I should say so!"

"One o'clock then," said Jane.

His enthusiastic response had relieved her. If by merely speaking she could stir him so, to bend him to her will when they met face to face would be pie.

"One o'clock," said Rodney.

Jane hung up the receiver and went to her room to try on hats.

The impression came to Jane, when she entered the lobby of the restaurant and saw him waiting, that Rodney

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"Nat" Said William

HOUSES

By HUGH MacNAIR KAHLER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

FROM the well curb in the shadow of Laban Ware's shop, Ethan Barrett commanded an unobstructed view of the skeleton of yellow studding that had risen in the middle of the old Withrow pasture lot across the road. He turned the creaking windlass slowly in order to prolong the mysterious exciting thrill of ownership that the prospect wakened in him, as if, instead of earning boy's wages for boy's work on the new house, Ethan Barrett were building it with his own hands and for himself.

Turning reluctantly as water gushed into his wooden pail, he found that the Ware house had dwindled to sudden meanness. Its weathered clapboards seemed to hide behind the mat of climbing roses as if they were ashamed. Ethan Barrett had a vague sense of pity for Ruth Ware, standing in the kitchen doorway and looking out over his head at the new house; it was better, somehow, to be a poor-farm orphan, bound out to Laban Ware for board and clothes and a niggard schooling, than to be identified as Ruth was with this ugly, shabby little house. He guessed that Ruth had something of the same feeling; her hands twisted slowly at the coarse gingham apron and her lips were drawn straight and tight.

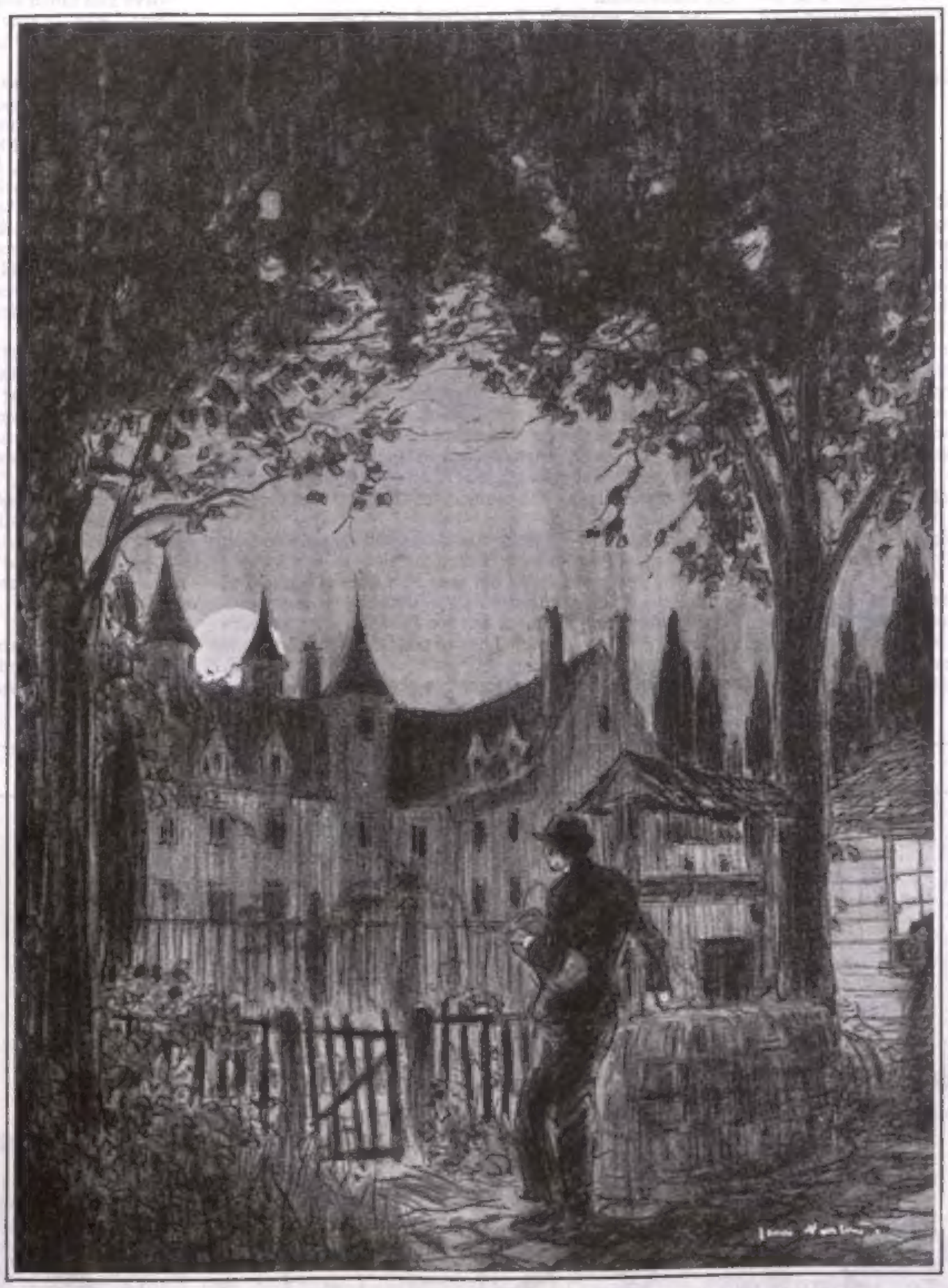
"Give you something to look at pretty soon," he said. "Start sheathing next week, Lem says."

She shook her head without answering and turned away at a call from Mrs. Ware, audibly busy with the milk pans. Ethan Barrett carried his water pail down the flagged path in the shaggy dooryard, the grass blades brushing his ankles. With this chance to earn cash wages on the new house, even Laban Ware admitted that there wasn't any time for such chores as mowing the lawn.

Ethan scuttled across the road, water splashing on his bare legs, just as the nodding fly-netted ears of Eb Reckitt's best livery team appeared above the crest of the rise. He stiffened to importance, leaning far to the left to balance the weight of the bucket and lifting his call of invitation a little more loudly than necessary. Somewhere behind those plodding bays Mr. Augustus Peterman would be already observing the labors of those who were building his house. Without looking, Ethan was aware of the impressive figure enveloped in yellow linen duster, buttoned up close to the imposing whiskers that draped themselves about his mouth like the lambrequin on Mrs. Paley's parlor mantel.

Ethan Barrett dissented from the attitude of most Glen people toward Peterman; he was discreet enough to keep to himself his belief that the general disapproval was merely envy. For himself, Ethan admired and respected success, even when it expressed itself in what, by Glen standards, was extravagance so witless as to verge on wickedness. These hill farmers who took Augustus Peterman's wages with their tongues in their cheeks, who grinned and gossiped about him in the post office and the hitching sheds behind the church, didn't realize how funny they were in Ethan Barrett's straight eye, setting themselves up as smarter than a man who could afford to throw away as much as eight or ten thousand dollars on a house that would be shut up for nine months of every twelve.

Setting down his bucket on the scaffold where Jase Paley was laying up the central chimney, Ethan turned. The surrey had stopped between piles of yellow boards, and Augustus Peterman had descended to confer with Lem Withrow, the head carpenter; there were sheets of blue paper spread out on a plank between them. Peterman stroked one prong of his whisker as Withrow explained the drawings. Ethan Barrett's glance moved on to the surrey and his pulses drummed unsteadily in his ears.



Something Tightened in His Throat: It Was Like a Dream Castle, Lifting Tall Slender Minarets to the Pale Radiance of the Sky

He had seen Mrs. Peterman before, a woman formidable and majestic, with many chins, her bustled black-silk magnificence the final proof of Gus Peterman's achievement. She was something like the pictures of Queen Victoria that Ethan Barrett had seen in the front rooms of the Canadian families who had moved down across the line, except that Mrs. Peterman was built on a nobler scale and looked a little more proudly severe. Usually she made Ethan feel miserably insignificant, but for once he was hardly conscious of her imposing presence in the back seat. There was a girl on the step of the surrey, and his mind for the moment had no room for anything else.

There was nothing personal in his rapt contemplation; he did not think of this vision as a girl, like Ruth Ware or Abby Gooding, or even like the stately, pantaleted princesses who surrounded Queen Victoria in the lithographs. She was regal in another sense, more like the princesses in the fairy books, thistledown and gossamer princesses, with chariots drawn by humming birds or bumblebees.

He had only a misty impression of a dress that was made of primrose petals; it drew in about a waist that might be compassed—he was shocked by the impiety of the thought—in the span of Ethan Barrett's hands, and billowed out behind her like a waterfall. She seemed to float down from the step of the surrey to the tramped and littered turf; the motion deepened the impression of her unreality. Her face, under the tiny lace-edged sunshade, was like a lily, pale and lovely.

"Guess that's Peterman's girl." Jase Paley exhaled noisily after his drink. "Sickly looking. Laced in too tight likely."

Ethan Barrett's contempt drowned his anger. There was even something pleasant in his sense of superiority. The speech seemed to lift him infinitely above Jase Paley, who, only a minute ago, had been enviable by virtue of those three trips to Boston, a man enlightened and magnified by contact with the great world. The speech revealed him now as scarcely less contemptible than Laban Ware himself. Ethan moved away without answering. Men called to him, pausing in their work to drink noisily from his dipper; as he backed down the ladder the pail was light again. He turned to find himself face to face with the princess.

For an instant his head swam, giddy with this nearness; he was confusedly aware of the smell of violets; he noticed the pallor and slenderness of the fingers that held the stem of the sunshade; there were rings on two of them, and the littlest one, delicately bent, held itself aloof from the others. Earrings glinted tiny flashes of purple fire; there were golden circles on the wrists and a loop of tiny gold beads against the paleness of the throat. But he noted all these things with the fringes of his consciousness, its focus preoccupied by the graciousness of the smiling lips, the melting softness of blue eyes.

"Could I trouble you for a drink of water, please?"

The voice was fragile, like the tinkle of thin glass; she gave the words a delicacy of their own that matched it; to Ethan's ear it was as if she had spoken of a dwink.

"Pail's most empty," he said thickly. "Fetch you some fresh if you'll wait a minute. Well's right across the road."

She turned to follow the movement of his hand. The weather-beaten house seemed to dwindle and shrink away under that glance. Ethan could see the curve at the corner of her mouth.

He understood; Laban Ware's house would be funny in her sight, of course; again he was glad that his identification with it was so slight.

"I'll go with you," she announced.

Her left hand gathered and lifted the primrose skirt; Ethan stumbled clumsily beside her, trying to adjust his shambling stride to the tiny steps, hating the litter and the scarred turf because they didn't clear and smooth a proper pathway for the little varnished shoes. He dropped his bucket at the well curb.

"Wait a minute. Get you a glass."

He ran heavily through the woodhouse and across the wide low-ceiled kitchen to the pine dresser where Mrs. Ware's glass and china stood on shelves lined with scalloped paper. He reached up for one of the tumblers that waited, on the topmost shelf, for occasions of ceremony and state. Mrs. Ware's voice came sharply from the table by the window.

"What are you up to, Ethan? Don't you touch my tumblers."

He turned, mysteriously unterrified by the tone.

"I got to, Mis' Ware. She's out to the well—Miss Peterman, I mean. Guess you wouldn't want her to drink out of that old dipper, would you?"

He saw that he had struck the right note. Mrs. Ware's face underwent a swift relaxing change; she came to her feet, her fingers fumbling at the strings of her apron.

"Mis' Peterman! And you let her stand out there! Well, of all things, Ethan Barrett!"

She bustled before him to the door; following, with one of the sacred tumblers, Ethan met Ruth's level glance. He was dimly angry at her, suddenly, as if it were her own fault that she was so different from the other girl. He went out, scowling a little.

Mrs. Ware was talking fast, as she always did, her voice high and clacking, busily cordial. Ethan resented her insistent hospitality as presumptuous; she seemed to think Peterman's daughter would be glad of a chance to come in and set a spell, like a common person. He thought that he could see at the corners of the girl's mouth the same amused lift that he had noticed when she had first looked at the shabby little house; she was laughing, inside, at Mrs. Ware.

He watched her drink from the tumbler, daintily, her little finger again held delicately away from the stem. She thanked him prettily as she returned the glass, half emptied, and the flick of her eyelashes seemed to invite him to share her amusement. He was vaguely relieved by her polite refusals of Mrs. Ware's urgent neighborliness. The farmhouse was funny enough from the outside; he didn't want her to see the little low-ceiled rooms and their cheap home-built pine furniture, and Ruth in that ugly gingham dress.

He filled his pail, while Mrs. Ware's tongue clattered away. As he started back with it, the girl nodded graciously and turned to walk beside him; he thrilled at the suggestion of the act. It seemed to identify him with the Peterman magnificence, to dissociate him from the Wares. He felt his cheeks warm angrily at Mrs. Ware's shrill, needless reminder to fetch an armful of kindling wood when he came home to dinner. The girl's glance flickered curiously at him.

"Do you live there?" The tone was touched with surprise, Ethan thought.

He shook his head. "Not regular," he said. "Staying there a spell, that's all."

Mrs. Peterman's voice issued from the nested chins as they approached, an unmistakable reproof in its resonance:

"Gla-a-dys-s!"

"Yes, m'mah!"

The response trilled flutily and sweet; but the swift sideling flick of the eyes, the little nod and smile of thanks and farewell, seemed to imply that the girl yielded with indulgent regret to the whim of authority. He stumbled among the chips, unseeing, the name singing in his ears, a very miracle of happy choice. Gladys! Gladys!

Glancing down presently from the skeleton structure, he saw that Laban Ware stood with Peterman and Lem Withrow above the sheets of blue paper spread out on the pile of lumber. His hands were in the pockets of the old bedticking apron and Ethan saw his head move sidewise in the familiar gesture of obstinate dissent. He was manifestly disagreeing with Peterman about something in the plans; the formidable whisker seemed to bristle and the heavy voice rose so that, though no word reached him, Ethan heard and shared in its annoyance. It was just like Laban Ware to go shoving into other folks' business, trying to tell Augustus Peterman how to build his house!

He finished his round sullenly. At the foot of the ladder he came upon Laban Ware in the act of packing his tools in the wooden tray; he had already removed and rolled up the tick apron and his lean jaws were set in the look that Ethan had learned to respect as much as he detested it. He beckoned with a backward jerk of his head as he caught sight of Ethan.

"Guess you might's well go sharpen the scythe and start mowing the grass in front of the house," he said, in the mild, deliberate speech that told Ethan he was in one of his pig-headed moods. "We've quit this job, we have."

Ethan dropped the bucket, startled to rebellion.

"Quit? What for?"

"Seen the plans." Laban bent over the tray. "Told Peterman what's the matter of 'em, but he knows better. Guess he's got a right to build any way he's a mind to, but you and me don't have to go spoiling good lumber for him. There's two overhangs in them drawings that's just tempting Providence, Eth, and that there tower on the front——"

He clicked his tongue against his teeth and drew in an audible breath. Ethan stirred the chips with his bare foot and ventured, uselessly, on protest.

"It's none of our business how it's planned. Long as we get our pay—and Peterman's paying high wages too——"

Laban Ware's jaws tightened; the mulish look deepened in the lines of the mouth, but his voice was milder than ever.

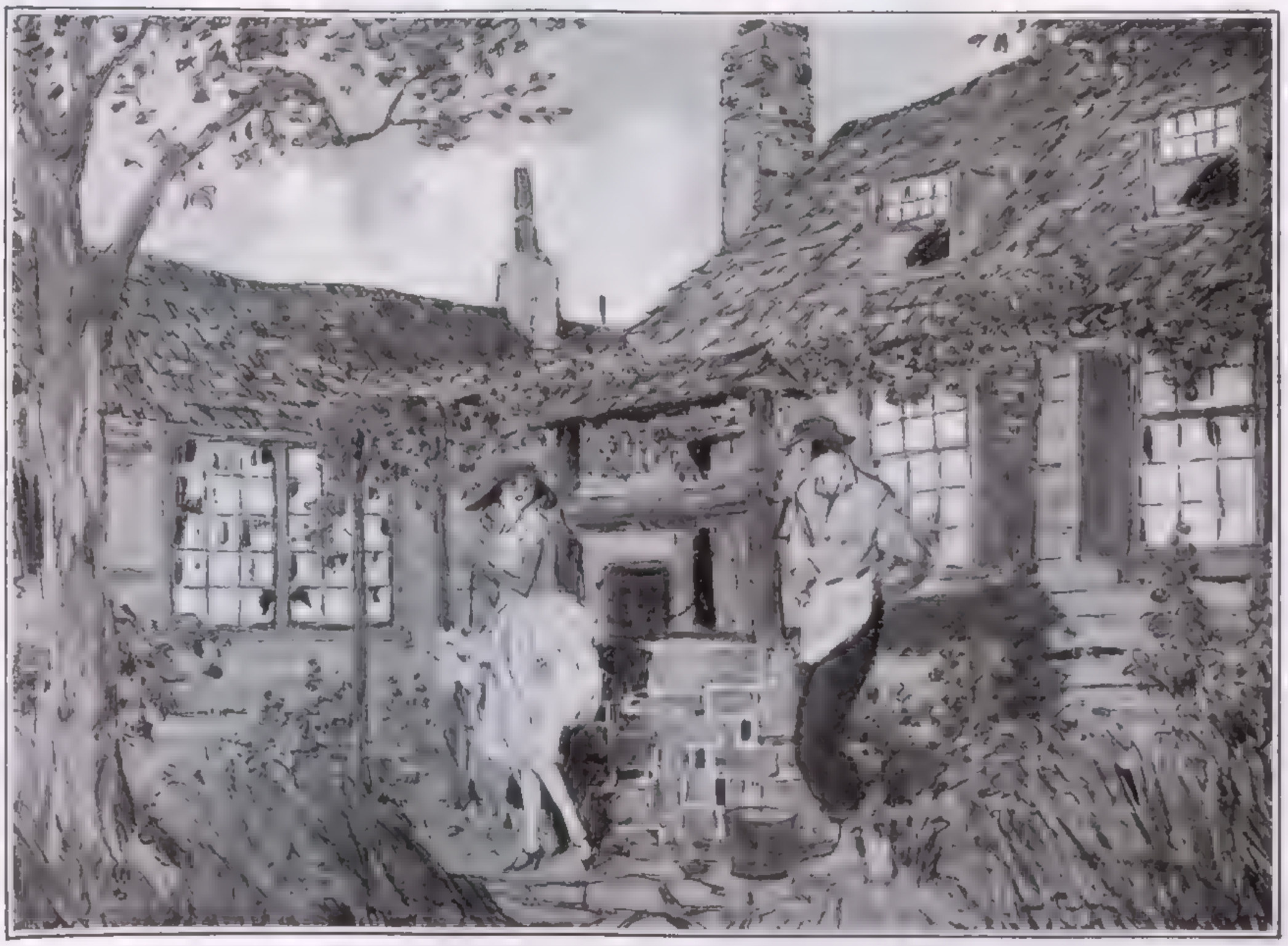
"Guess I can make a living without building wrong," he said slowly. "Made out to do it so far anyhow. You go grind the scythe, Eth."

Ethan knew that the matter was settled. He tried not to look at the surrey as he passed it on his way home, but it drew his eyes against his will. Peterman had climbed back to the front seat beside Eb Reckitt; he sat sidewise, talking to his wife, laughing. Ethan guessed at the source of that august amusement even before he saw Peterman's gesture toward the shabby house under the elms. His ears burned. The surrey drew into the road and turned toward the village. He stood staring after it, trying to believe that he had seen a pale, slim hand move in a gracious, pardoning farewell.

He took a sour comfort at dinnertime in giving ear to Mrs. Ware's shrill clatter of exasperation at the folly of giving up high wages just because of the crazy notion that you knew more about building houses than the big Boston artchiteck who had drawn those plans for Augustus Peterman's mansion. Laban Ware's thin lips drew in more tightly about his teeth as he listened; but after that first attempt at explanation, he said nothing. Once or twice Ethan's glance encountered Ruth's; he discovered, with a deepening disapproval, a curious resemblance to her father; he felt vaguely that it went deeper than mere looks—that she was on Laban Ware's side.

Afterward, as he swung his scythe in the shaggy grass of the lawn, he could hear Laban Ware whistling in the shop where he frittered away good working hours on those ugly, old-fashioned chairs that hardly anybody would buy nowadays even for the kitchen, unless you peddled them back in the hills where folks were still a hundred years behind the times.

(Continued on Page 126)



Ethan Dropped His Bucket at the Well Curb. "Wait a Minute. Get You a Glass"

QUALITY FOLKS

By Maude Parker Child

A RICH Westerner came to New York not so very long ago with the avowed intention of getting into society. A former neighbor of his to whom he had made this declaration arrived the other day for a visit at the millionaire's luxurious Park Avenue apartment.

"Well," he said, after an hour or two of preliminary chatter, "have you done it, Bill? Have you got into New York society?"

His host smiled in an embarrassed way.

"I don't know," he said, "and I don't know how to tell."

When this story was repeated as a great joke to a woman whose social position has long been assured, she laughed, but she said, "He's right. There isn't any way to know any more. In fact I consider that society as such no longer exists."

A good many people agree with her opinion, that in our large cities, beginning with New York, there is no longer any society in the old sense. The essence of the reasons usually given to support this contention lies in the radical changes in the grounds of exclusiveness.

"Exclusiveness is the *sine qua non* of society," this same representative of the old order declared. She added: "What makes the difference between the Social Register and the telephone directory of any city? It is not primarily that the Social Register contains so many prominent names, for so does the telephone book. But the reason the Social Register is prized is because it omits so many undistinguished names."

The principle of value through exclusion has always been true in one form or another. It exists in all countries and in all gradations of society. But there have been in the past and there are today interesting and significant variations of the forms taken by this inherent exclusiveness.

People who deplore contemporary social tendencies are apt to talk wistfully of the golden age in America, by which they mean the period at the end of the nineteenth century.

"H'm!" declares an irate old gentleman, throwing down his paper in disgust. "The idea of filling all that space with an account of the Smiths' ball! Why, when I was a young man, no one had ever heard of the Smiths! In my day, upstarts were not confused with the real thing."

Society was, indeed, a small and restricted affair in those days. In fact a titled Englishwoman who came to Newport at that time expressed great surprise at it. The vogue of extracting comparisons from foreign visitors had begun even before her visit, and her remarks were considered worthy of preservation.

Social Climbers of the Nineties

"IN THE matter of size, your society is a hundred years behind London," she declared. "Everyone in the best society of New York is able to have individuality and their minutest comings and goings are considered of general importance, whereas in London such attention is accorded only to royalty and the highest titled people."

The predicament of the rich Westerner—which is also the predicament of hundreds of others in New York today—could not have existed at the time when the social destinies of the city were controlled by an extremely small and sharply defined group. In those days it was always clear who was in it and—more important—who was not.

The stepping-stone to that which was then called the best New York society, or the *crème de la crème*, was considered by one authority to be the small Newport picnics. They were spoken of with awe.

"If you were not of the inner circle, and were a newcomer, it took the combined efforts of all your friends' backing and pushing to procure an invitation for you," he stated. "For years whole families sat on the stool of probation, awaiting trial and acceptance, and many were then rejected; but once received, you were put on an intimate footing with all."

It was inevitable that the ambitions of the socially minded should have been whetted by this sharp competition. Social climbing was developed as a fine art, and those engaged in it rarely suffered from the embarrassment which one finds in their counterparts today. It was a legitimate pursuit in its way, and the only disgrace was to fail.

Those who succeeded in scaling the heights sometimes even boasted of their methods. Ward McAllister, who became an acknowledged leader during that era, has handed down to posterity the very menu of a propitiatory dinner he gave, as a young man and a newcomer, to a man of established power.

After finishing the thirteenth splendid course, the distinguished guest said, "My young friend, if you go on giving such dinners as these, you need have no fear of planting yourself in this city."

His prophecy was fulfilled. McAllister developed great skill in selecting not only the food but the guests for his parties. He has recorded his pride in another compliment paid him some years later by an observant waiter in Newport who assisted at one of his carefully planned dinners.

"In this house, my friend," said the experienced servitor to a confrere, "you meet none but quality."

McAllister, after his own success was assured, advised the less skillful about social matters, saying, "In planning a dinner, the question is not to whom you owe dinners but who is most desirable." He went on to speak of the dangers of inviting any undesirable guest: "On entering a salon and finding yourself surrounded by noted or fashionable people, you are naturally flattered at being included; if the people are unnoted, you are annoyed. The first object is to make your dinners so charming and agreeable that invitations to them are eagerly sought for, and to let all feel that it is a great privilege to dine at your house, where they are sure they will meet only those whom they wish to meet. Success in entertaining is accomplished by magnetism and tact, which, combined, constitute social genius. It is the ladder to social success."

The Reception Hall in the W. W. Astor Residence, New York

In the golden age, the darky's phrase, "quality folks," which now seems obsolete in most communities, had real significance. Each generation discards some words and attaches new meanings to others. Corresponding human attributes vanish with the words that described them. What man today could be called polished, elegant and courtly?

"A most delicious creature" then summed up the epitome of feminine charm, and young matrons who desired to hold their husbands' interest were cautioned to be as coquettish and coy after marriage as before. "Elegance" was another word that has gone out of fashion with the quality it described.

The Rule of the Patriarchs

SOCIETY took itself more seriously in those days. When in 1871 twenty-five of the smartest men in New York formed a group under the name of the Patriarchs to wield what they termed organized social power, they were chosen, according to their contemporaries, for their worth, respectability and responsibility. At about this same time someone asked a young man why he went so often to the house of the two leaders of fashion.

He answered solemnly, "Because I enjoy such refined and cultivated entertainments. They improve and elevate one."

There was a powerful solidarity expressed by all this seriousness which is difficult now to comprehend. The dignity felt by the individuals who composed this small and rigidly bound society was too great to be subject to self-consciousness or humor.

The Patriarchs achieved such power that they were eventually wrecked by it, but at their formation they declared they would make their cotillion dances the most brilliant balls of each winter in making it extremely difficult to obtain an invitation to them; and make them the stepping stones to the best New York society.

Ward McAllister, an Acknowledged Society Leader in the 90's

Each of the twenty-five founders was allowed to invite four ladies and five gentlemen, including himself and family; and acting as a whole, they were to invite all distinguished visitors up to fifty. Incidentally then, as now, the distinguished visitor was an important element in New York entertaining: in fact that was one of the reasons given for the necessity of transferring social power into the hands of a committee. Up to this time society had been in the complete control of one or two leaders: and if visitors, regardless of their importance, did not bring letters to these leaders, they were automatically shut off from everything of social importance.

Side by side with their avowed purpose of making the Patriarch balls

very exclusive, one finds the determination expressed to make them thoroughly representative. "To embrace the old colonial New Yorkers, our adopted citizens, and men whose ability and integrity had won the esteem of the community"—so declared one of their original members.

The first of the twenty-five names was that of John Jacob Astor.

At the same time that the leadership of society was being wrested from the hands of one or two individuals and put into the control of these twenty-five men, definite changes began to develop in the way in which society amused itself. These changes were considered then as having a European origin. On the surface this was often the case. But the result of these altered customs and manners was to produce eventually a society typically American.

Contemporary chroniclers of the golden age spoke of this change to European customs as if the society which preceded it had been purely American in origin. This was not true in many cities. The traditions brought over from Holland or England were followed, with certain inevitable modifications, by their colonists. Of course in a pioneer country it was impossible to observe all of the customs and manners of old-established communities; but there was, especially in New York and in cities of the South, a natural tendency to take the most desirable of the Old World social customs and adapt them to their new surroundings.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, the Head of the Vanderbilt Family

The outstanding reason for the splendid entertaining that was done at the end of the last century was the combination of increased material prosperity and leisure. Of the two, leisure is obviously more important, since it is the one great lack in our life to day.

Men certainly entered into social activities with much more zest then than they do now. Occasionally even today one finds a man who is keenly interested in the details of society, but he is considered extraordinary; whereas in the 80's and 90's it was assumed that men would exercise personal supervision over their entertainments.

Heated discussions as to the best way of cooking terrapin or the exact temperature at which wines should be served would agitate a group of men. Certain famous hosts who desired excellence for their entertainments would go personally to the markets to select the two or three varieties of fish they desired to have served at dinner.

The exact length of time that a perfect dinner should last was also a subject for serious consideration. And the relative merits of a Swedish cook and a French chef furnished endless argument.

Fancy-dress balls were carried out with great splendor and were a favorite form of entertainment. Men as well as women would spend weeks preparing their costumes, which were often of great beauty and costliness. Sometimes the host would redecorate his entire house in keeping with the period of the ball, and dress all his servants in appropriate costumes.

The close connection between incomes and expenditures has been recorded by several contemporary observers.

"Up to that time"—about 1870—"there had not been more than one or two men in New York who spent in living and comfort over $60,000 a year. There were not over half a dozen chefs in private families. A new era then came in. Old fashions passed away. The French chef and artistic dinners replaced the old-fashioned solid repasts of an earlier period. We imported European habits and customs rapidly. Women must needs send to Paris for everything." Thus wrote an American authority.

An Era of Expenditure

AND a few years later a Frenchman, who used the nom de plume of Max O'Rell, went into explicit detail:

"An American woman who pretends to the least elegance must spend"—for her clothes—"if she be a good manager, from six to eight thousand a year. Add to this the fact that she loads herself with diamonds and precious stones." He appends a dressmaker's bill:

Robe-de-chambre	$ 200
Cloth dress	175
Opera cloak	500
Riding habit	180
Bonnet	30
Theater bonnet	50
Black silk dress	240
Ball dress	450
Total	$2625

This sum, which represented a quarterly expenditure, he declared, did not, of course, include the numerous other items of dress—the necessary veils, laces, lingerie, stockings, shoes and gloves.

He was also interested in the matter of servants' wages:

"In good ordinary houses, not in millionaires' mansions, their wages ranged from two to five hundred dollars a year. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt pays his chief cook ten thousand dollars."

During one discussion as to the relative merits of a Swedish woman cook and a French chef, a famous host stated, "With a woman cook, my butcher's bill would be from $250 to $275 a month; with a chef, $450 to $500. Grocer's bill, with a woman, $75; a chef, $125." These bills did not, he added, include entertaining. "For dinners of twelve to fourteen, one's marketing is easily $60 without the *foie gras* or fruit. An A-1 chef's wages is $100 a month."

He said later, apropos of the new era of expensive living:

"Up to this time, for one to be worth $1,000,000 was to be rated as a man of fortune, but now bygones must be bygones. New York's ideas as to values when fortune was named leaped boldly up to $10,000,000, $50,000,000, $100,000,000, and the necessities and luxuries followed suit. One was no longer content with a dinner of a dozen or more to be served by a couple of servants. Fashion demanded that you be received in the hall by from five to six servants who, with the butler, were to serve the repast. Soft strains of music were introduced between courses, and in some houses gold replaced silver in the way of plate. A butler, from getting a salary of forty dollars a month, received then from sixty to seventy-five dollars. . . . Then orchids, being the most costly of all flowers, were introduced in profusion. . . . Canvasback ducks from $2.50 went up to eight dollars a pair; terrapin, four dollars apiece. Our forefathers would have been staggered at the cost of hospitality of these days."

There were two reasons for this era of expenditure. One was the natural desire of the

(Continued on Page 121)

Mrs. W. W. Astor, the Leader of New York's 400

The Parlor in the Astor Residence, Famous for its Exclusive Social Functions

CLARIBEL

By ARNOLD BENNETT

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

She Made a New Attempt. "I Say, It's Fearfully Nice of You, But I Can't Accept Presents From You"

CLARIBEL FROSSACK, after attending a rather late tea party at the flat of her only friend in Paris, an American widow named Sonnenschein, was returning home on foot along the Boulevard du Montparnasse on an evening in October. A tall, well-made, nice-looking blond girl, tremendously English, with big bones and a good stride to her gait; she officially gave her age as thirty and her face was a fair confirmation of the statement. The expression on her features was sometimes bright and sometimes overcast, according to her varying attitude toward the phenomena which she encountered; but a sanguine cheerfulness predominated. Her hat and coat were splashed with vivid crimson—the innocent, unconscious signal of the maiden to whomever it might concern.

Rain began to fall, and in falling, to shape her destiny. She was rather beautifully dressed, with all the skill and sense which she had industriously acquired in six months of Paris. Some years earlier she would have enjoyed and scorned the rain, but she had replaced the physical ideals of her athletic sporting youth by quite other ideals; she took meticulous care of her clothes, and even of her complexion, with an anxiety which would have earned merely the contempt of her old self. The sky had given everybody in Paris good notice of a change; but Claribel had ignored it, from a certain vagueness of mind, and she had no umbrella. There was no taxi in sight. Trams and motor busses there were. Claribel, however, had not the courage and decision to try to halt them in their implacable progress, nor did she know where they were going. Moreover, they were all suddenly full.

Putting her trust in the reputation of the Parisian climate, she hoped that the rain would soon cease, unaware that in Paris the rain is capable of raining for three days and three nights without a moment's mercy. And she was optimistic about a taxi, unaware that a sharp shower will miraculously empty every street in Paris of plying taxis. Opposite the Montparnasse station an empty taxi passed her. She timidly hailed it. The driver, with an odious grin, sneered at her simplicity and held his rapid course.

The rain was now pouring down. A serious crisis was at hand in the history of Claribel's attire and complexion. The famous and vast Café de Versailles was in front of her, with its covered *terrasse* full of occupied chairs and tables, and its white-flowing waiters. She hesitated. She certainly could not sit out on the *terrasse;* such a proceeding was in her opinion utterly impossible for an unaccompanied girl. But might she not go inside? She had never been in a café alone.

There is probably not a more decorous public resort on earth than the old-established Café de Versailles. Yet Claribel feared lest terrible things might happen to her if she entered it. She was a solitary creature, wistful, undecided. She felt as though all Paris was leagued against her friendless, unsupported self.

Then, between the rain on one side and the glances of the quizzing people of the *terrasse* on the other, she nerved herself to a frightful, perilous resolve, and strode with beating heart and the most absurd bounce into the crowded interior.

Inside, she took a long breath. The first thing she clearly saw was a young man standing up and smiling and bowing to her with much deference. She blushed a little, just as though she had been caught in a questionable act.

"Just my luck!" she thought, scared.

Like everybody else, when anything untoward happened to her, she imagined that her luck was as a rule worse than other people's. However, he was a very nice young man, whose ingenuous face and dark, lustrous, wistful eyes she well remembered.

"I came to one of your at homes," he explained himself. "A friend of mine brought me—François Polin. We'd been shopping together. My name's Arroll."

One of her at homes! Well, she had had two, and the guests had been almost exclusively her various professors, who taught her French, Italian, music, painting. François Polin was her piano instructor. She was ashamed of her two miserable fiascoes of at homes.

"Yes," said she. "James Arroll, and he introduced you as Jimmie."

"It's awfully nice of you to remember me," said Jimmie, obviously pleased that this tall, opulent, powerful, rather imposing lady did remember his timid little self.

The café was very full. Claribel looked about vaguely for a free table, and saw none.

"Will you sit here—if you don't mind sharing a table?"

"If you're sure you don't mind."

"I should simply love it," said Jimmie eagerly.

She sat down by him, feeling adventurous, imperiled and exalted in spirit. She suddenly loved life; her face shone. Then, of course, she had to account for her entrance into the café. Naturally a fib came first into her mind. She had to meet a friend—a girl—oh, a girl! The friend wouldn't arrive, and the explanation of her absence would be the downpour. Somewhat clumsy.

The truth was simpler, and she told the truth, brushing drops of rain off her shoulders, as it were, in corroboration of her story.

"I came," said Jimmie, "because it was too dark even to draw—bad gas, you know. I usually draw a bit when my painting's done. But I get lonely, and then I have to go out. Paris is fearfully lonely."

"Oh, it is!" she agreed with strong, sympathetic emotion.

She had always assumed that men were never lonely. They were free, with a free code, and they picked up acquaintances easily; they understood and trusted one another. She thought of her desolating loneliness in Paris and liked Jimmie tremendously for being lonely. His admission gave her ease.

A waiter stood in front of her.

"May I ——" Jimmie began.

She cut him short by ordering tea. Jimmie was having a bock. All around, people were drinking colored and exciting liquids out of various shapes of glasses. She would have loved to drink something dangerous out of a glass, but her upbringing compelled her to keep within a traditional respectability; besides, she would not have known what to order.

She was now sufficiently composed to examine the café. She adored its foreignness, its stuffy smell, the click of billiard balls far, far up the great room, the flowing gestures of the waiter as he deposed the shiny tea things on the marble, the murmur of strange tongues, the perpendicular rain through the glass walls, the constant swishing of the revolving doors, the ring of checks on the cashier's counter, the occasional sharp cry of some impatient little bearded customer, the newspapers furled on sticks, the dominoes, the chess, the writing of letters on vile blotting pads. Enchantment!

"Quite a number of Germans here now," observed Jimmie.

"Yes," she said, cautiously hostile.

"I think it's rather a good thing," Jimmie continued. "Of course it's unpleasant in a way, and you wonder how they have the nerve; but it gets people used to what they've got to get used to sooner or later. They can't go on hating and sulking forever. Of course I don't know; but that's how it seems to me." He gave a little nervous laugh.

This piece of political wisdom greatly astonished Claribel for two reasons. First, because it had issued from the almost babyish mouth of one whom she had supposed to be interested solely in the arts—and here he was taking notice of the great world and thinking for himself internationally—he had ideas; and secondly, his ideas were so at variance with those with which she was familiar. Germans had not many years since killed her only brother, and killed her brother-in-law—both professional soldiers. The people whom she knew in England never discussed Germans, save in regard to their brilliant military qualities. Germans had to exist, but they must be ignored as human beings; they were outside the pale. Certainly it was like their unspeakable nerve to force themselves on Paris; but they were Germans, and there was nothing to be said, though much to be suffered in silence. And Jimmie was accepting them with calm, unprejudiced, farseeing satisfaction. It was a feat on his part.

"Oh, I quite agree," she said warmly.

The curious thing was that she did agree. And she was aware in herself of an accession of wisdom and broad-mindedness. Further, she admired the baby James. He was assuredly not of her class, which had owned land and hunted and shot and stuck animals and men for centuries; he did not wear a club necktie, though he wore a necktie which reminded her of the sacred scars of the Eton Wanderers; he had obviously never been to a public school. But his manners were nevertheless perfect; and he was not dull, as she and hers were: and his mind was free and easy and alert and not afraid of new notions; and his accent was faultless. She admitted that his clothes might have shocked her males; his hair, too, not to mention his dark, lustrous eyes.

"It was so beautiful it made me cry," he was saying, the conversation having shifted from politics to river landscapes.

Not a man of hers but would have killed himself rather than confess to such a weakness! Then there was an interruption. Customers were looking with hope into the street. A few departed; a few more departed. The rain had ceased.

Claribel must go. She would have liked to stay; she hated to go. But she must go. She simply could not be free. She had sheltered from the rain; the rain was over; there was no reason for staying. True, neither was there any reason for going, for she had no appointment and naught to do. Still, she must go. She paid—no silly attempt on Jimmie's part to settle for her tea—and she went.

Jimmie also paid and went, and he put her into a taxi. No suggestion about meeting again. He said not a word, and she could not.

Fate, however, had Claribel's affairs in hand. Its method of action was violent but effective. Another taxi, turning the corner, as Paris taxis will, on the wrong side of the road, out of the Rue de Rennes, caught the bonnet of Claribel's taxi before the latter had moved a dozen yards, and in addition to putting it out of action gave Claribel a shaking in body and mind. A small crowd, a policeman, an altercation between two vituperative chauffeurs, a trunk in the roadway, note taking by the policeman! The rain then sharply resumed its baptismal work and did something to tranquilize the fever of men.

"Excuse me—hadn't you better come inside again?"

It was Jimmie, who had apparently witnessed the accident from afar and returned.

"Oh, no, I'm perfectly all right," said Claribel in a voice rendered loud by excitement.

"You look rather pale. I think ——"

"Very well, I will," she agreed.

She did feel a little unsteady. The policeman detained her a moment; Jimmie talked to him, and then they reentered the café.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Jimmie. They sat down. "I think you'd better have some brandy," said Jimmie.

She yielded to his caprice. She did not need the brandy, but she found pleasure in obeying his suggestion. As soon as he had ordered the cognac she suspected that perhaps she did need it, and after drinking it she had an idea that she might have fainted without it. They discussed the accident and the naughtiness of French taxi drivers at great length.

The café was now becoming a restaurant. Waiters covered table after marble table with white linen, and the white linen with cruets and cutlery. Odors multiplied; warmth increased; the place grew even cozier, homelier, more congenial; it proved itself the resort of a race that understood the art of living.

"I think I shall stick here for dinner," said Claribel with a sudden audacity that rather frightened her.

Continued on Page 64

"I Came to One of Your at Homes," He Explained Himself. "A Friend of Mine Brought Me—Francois Pelin. We'd Been Shopping Together. My Name's Arrell"

FLORIDA'S LAND BOOM

By FELIX ISMAN

THE boom in Florida has not been created by reason of something to occur—because a railroad is coming through, because of rumors of the coming of great industrial enterprises, of oil struck or gold found.

The soil itself is the foundation from which all real-estate activities spring. Values may grow quietly, or suddenly run away in an excited rush, as in Florida now; but they will never advance beyond the earning power of the soil in the hands of its ultimate owner. The soil may be city property, with earning power based upon the actual number of square feet of space for stores, offices, theaters, hotels or factories in a section where people congregate, or transportation or other facilities favor business. Or it may be soil from which crops are produced, as in the case of Florida. In a boom, speculation may boost values beyond the fundamental earning power of the soil; but even then, when the ultimate owner arrives, he may make the soil productive up to the speculator's anticipations, and even carry it beyond.

A General View of Miami, Florida

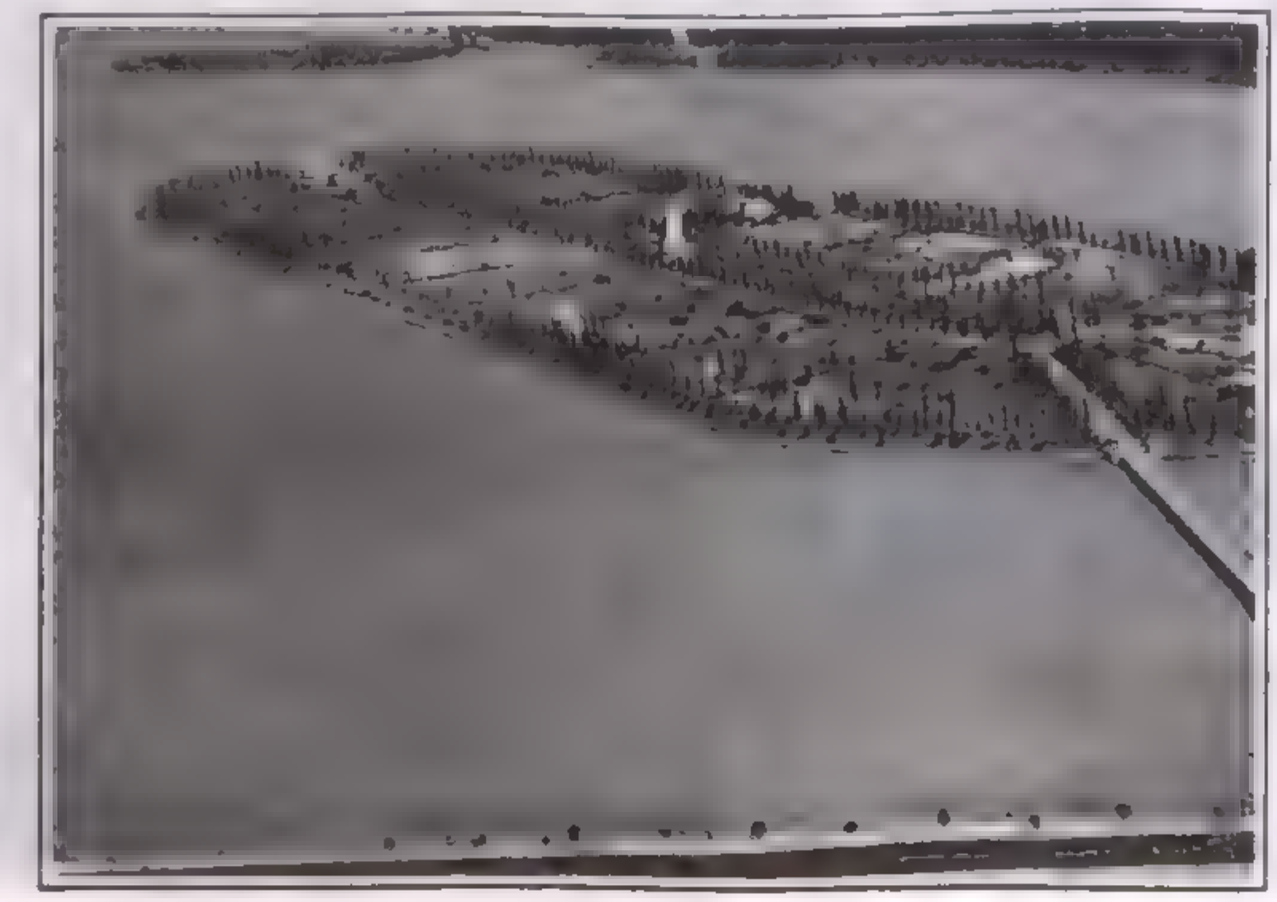
Present-Day Pioneering de Luxe

IT IS perfectly natural that this Florida boom should eclipse all others. Our increase in population has been tremendous since the days of the rush of the 30,000 into Oklahoma when the Indian Territory was thrown open to settlers, the stampede into the Klondike, the opening of government lands in the Northwest and West, the numerous oil booms from Pennsylvania to California, and many other land booms.

This great Florida rush is composed of thousands in automobiles, in many parlor-car trains per day, on steamships, private yachts and every form of luxurious conveyance which modern science can provide. There is none of the privation and deprivation encountered in the opening of the Klondike, the perils of the Pike's-Peak-or-bust rush, and the dangers which have surrounded practically every other stampede to obtain the best locations.

Visitors buy lots in Florida, it has been said, as they buy coral in Naples or glass in Prague, because it's the thing to do.

Practically all over the United States, when the Florida boom started, real estate was and still is in the throes of a mighty upheaval in point of value. The opportunities for successful speculation in fixed centers of the United States without the investment of huge sums have during recent years become very scarce. More and more has property in choice locations found lodgment in the hands of the ultimate consumer. Department stores, chain stores, huge corporations, all the lines of business endeavor, those engaged in mercantile pursuits of every kind and description, have been protecting themselves by the purchase of real estate used in promoting their business; and outlying sections, by reason of the so-called housing situation, in an effort for cities to obtain more elbowroom, have also tremendously enhanced in value.



Joar Island, Which Was Made by Dredging in Biscayne Bay

The Florida boom was accelerated partly by the fact that values were still within the reach of the small investor.

There are more than 37,000,000 acres of land in the state of Florida—6,000,000 acres more than in the entire state of New York; and practically all of it has been thrown on the market at a price.

Values

THE marketing of real estate has very peculiar and distinct features.

One may tell the public exactly why property in a certain section must increase in value, and there is generally but one individual out of many thousands who will even take the trouble to investigate; but let that property start to increase in selling values so that Jones, Smith, Robinson and Brown make money, then traders in that section are microbian in their growth.

Just what constitutes a boom depends, of course, upon the material fact of value. Land may be worth $100 an acre, we will say, but because it started at five dollars an acre and gets up to twenty-five dollars, that condition is defined and classified very often as a boom if the acreage is in sufficient quantity to permit a number of people to profit by the increment; so we must be very careful in considering the condition of the Florida boom to see whether it is one which may result in total collapse or whether it is in the twenty-five-dollar-an-acre-and-worth-more class.

Some years ago in Philadelphia, while property on the main street, which was just then becoming the main street, was selling around $3000 a front foot, I kept advising my clients to purchase the property up to and as high as $10,000 a front foot. It was common rumor that it would result in the financial ruin of anyone who followed my advice.

"It's a boom!" was the cry. "Watch the balloon come down."

Seventy-five feet on one of the prominent corners of the city's main street, which I sold about fifteen years ago at the then unheard-of price of about $12,500 a front foot, has just been purchased for $3,000,000; and $1,000,000 was a "boom" price when I sold it. But at $3,000,000 today it is an investment!

There are similar values developing in Florida.

Don't let the public for a moment consider, as it has, that the boom is only in the cities of Florida. The big underlying basis of Florida's real-estate upheaval lies in the millions of acres which in the main have agricultural potentialities, because from this land must come, if it does come, fixed population and the productive

Clermont, Florida. A Town Noted for its Citrous Production and Beauty

wealth which are necessary for the creation of a state of great magnitude. And here, as to the cities, must come a note of warning to the investing public.

One must liken the cities of Florida at the present time to a main avenue in any large city where the side streets haven't yet been built up. A few blocks farther down along this main avenue, on all the side streets, there are large properties, and rents are high. The owners of the properties a few blocks farther away are anticipating growth. Rents there are almost as high. But here the merchant misses a portion of the public. The population of the side streets has not yet arrived, and until it does, trade which it will supply is lacking, and he can't afford to pay the anticipated rent for something which he doesn't yet enjoy. And the cities of Florida, before they can reach anything like their ultimate worth, must depend upon the side streets—that is, the populating of agricultural districts.

Let us study what is going on in Florida by dividing the boom into three parts: First, investments in land for agricultural and horticultural purposes; second, investments in city property; third, investments made by those in pursuit of health and climate.

The boom would perhaps have been many years more in reaching its present momentum had it not been for the climate. It was climate which sped the wings of publicity and created increasing and ever-increasing interest.

Creating Real-Estate Value

THERE is nothing which creates value so much in the shortest possible space of time as the ability of the owners of real estate to obtain from a short season a full year's revenue. This has been the history of Atlantic City, Coney Island, Long Beach, the California and Florida resorts—of every successful playground. Values increase tremendously because the property becomes so highly productive it finds great favor with an increasing circle who have made the money from income with which they enlarged their holdings.

But as against the experience of other pleasure resorts in the making, the pleasure seekers in Florida did not confine their visits to seashore. There were numerous overflows which seeped pretty much all over the state.

It is of the pleasure development that we hear most—the phenomenal growth of seashore, winter home and playground places along Florida's great coast line and among its myriad interior lakes. And Florida is a national playground that waited fully 400 years for the country to grow up to it in population and wealth.

But the playground aspect of Florida is least important in gauging the boom, and it will be set aside to be considered last.

The Hialeah Race Track, Miami

There is nothing new in the situation of the agricultural lands of Florida. Every state in the Union, every new country in the world was in practically the same position when it started. It's a bid for population to take up and create values from ground never before scratched by a farming implement. The whole of Africa isn't worth a nickel without population.

Manhattan Island was bought from the Indians for twenty-four dollars. That's the price it commanded, and there was plenty more ground thereabouts for sale at the same price and on the same terms. And so today one can obtain land almost for the asking in Australia, Mexico, South and Central America and in other countries. After man, by the sweat of his brow, has created something thereon, then and then only does it become valuable; and then not entirely by reason of the energy expended upon it but because other settlers come in and establish communities whose promptings to enlarge their holdings create value.

Again, a very necessary adjunct to the creation of real-estate value is transportation. Hence the wholesale distribution of lands by various governments throughout the world, to induce transportation, such as the large grants by the United States Government to our transcontinental railroads and those by the Canadian Government for a similar purpose. These railroads in turn offer the lands to settlers, knowing that the pioneer must eventually make money, and also that by attracting population they in turn must reap the benefit of the settlement of the lands.

The United Kingdom has offered tremendous inducements to encourage emigration to Australia—free transportation, free land and means of working the land, and sustenance and support until it can become productive.

The opportunities throughout the United States to obtain cheap lands of this character, rich in fertility, have steadily decreased. Settlers through government grants, purchases from railroads at nominal prices, the staking of claims and breaking up of huge land holdings, have preempted a large part of our Western territory.

When Fame Came to Florida

BUT Florida, by reason of its location and other factors, has lagged behind in this general development and is only now coming into its own. Only a few years ago the people of the state of Florida were fighting the soil, in the main, for a meager existence. Here and there was prosperity; but even some of that was wiped out by the moving of the frost belt south, bringing ruin to what was then the most prosperous land within its borders.

Then the Government stepped in and performed wonders. It still continues to discover new ways in which the land may be used. It taught the farmers of Florida what could be done with this wonderful soil, probably not excelled anywhere throughout the world. Ground formerly used for citrous bearing and other forms of agricultural endeavor became very profitable for the raising of winter vegetables.

Now imagine the effect upon the Florida cracker when his land commenced to yield, after a few years' work, not only a comfortable livelihood but in many instances more per annum than the land was selling for The stories spread. They reached here, there and everywhere, and there is nothing that spreads so fast as the news of money-making. Then the state did exactly what has always been done in like conditions. It called for assistance—and how it called and how it cried!

Then more population. Just the thing, the very thing—the only thing which creates land values. New settlements were formed: cities started to grow; prosperity was in the air.

(Continued on Page 137)

St. John's Casino, Miami Beach

THE INSPIRED LIAR

By Austin Parker

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IT HAPPENED in that little restaurant just across the way from the Théâtre de l'Odéon, a tranquil rendezvous where middle-aged publishers meet for déjeuner and talk of books and food and wine and books, seldom of love. Lovers, too, occasionally meet there, perhaps because for them, surrounded by so much age intent upon its own dull fruitlessness, the restaurant has something of the quality of a desert island with an excellent kitchen attached.

John Llewellyn Page, student, translator from a half dozen languages, expatriate from the States for most of his fifty-two years, ate his déjeuner slowly, with a deference which would have pleased the proprietor had he not a good suspicion that Monsieur Page's thoughts were, as usual, far, far from food. The *patron* paused at the table and ventured to ask if everything were exactly to the liking of his customer.

"Assuredly, assuredly!" exclaimed Monsieur Page, eyes dropping to his plate to make certain if he were eating calves' brains or a mutton chop. "I was thinking," he went on in his perfect French, "of the profound idiocy of putting a statue of Augier in the *place*. Why?" His hands spread in a Latin gesture. "If one has no more imagination than that, there is always Voltaire. Or if one has too much Voltaire, there is always Camille Desmoulins. Right in this very building he wrote his pamphlets. Not a playwright, to be sure, but a man who flowed through the blood of this *quartier* far more hotly than Augier ever did. True, as a playwright Augier was very much of his time, but——" He allowed a shrug of the shoulders to complete the expression of his thought and stroked the closely clipped, grayish-red stubble of his beard.

"I have heard it argued," admitted the *patron*, with a short laugh. "But what difference?"

"True," agreed Monsieur Page; "what difference? They tell me the price of coal is to go up again. That is of vastly greater importance to me."

Her Dark Eyes Flashed in a Quick Search of Faces

"And to me, I assure you. With winter nearly here——"

The outer door opened and the *patron* turned away. A young woman, as comfortably settled in her middle twenties as though she expected to remain that age always, entered. Her dark eyes flashed in a quick search of faces. In the café room a young man arose, galvanized by this glimpse of her—a glimpse for which he had been waiting, smoking nervously and twiddling his apéritif for a quarter of an hour—and made his way to her. Their hands met, and for a moment they clung to each other, tensely, passionately, as though they were unable to find words.

John Llewellyn Page took in this meeting with no particular interest; not that he was cynical about young hearts that beat fiercely, but just that it was a matter which did not concern him. Although his mind gained a distinct impression of the girl's loveliness, he could not have told, at the moment of turning away his eyes, whether she were large or small, blonde or brunette. As for the way in which she was dressed, his answer could have been only "Fully."

As a matter of fact, she was of medium height, slender and dark, with luminous dark eyes which were shining mistily now, and tenderly curved red lips. Her coat was sable, and the frock which she disclosed beneath it was one of those exquisitely simple things which make strong men wring their hands when the price is mentioned—black with a yellow bloom high on the left side.

Trembling, she stripped off suède gloves, only to press bare hands into the young man's. For the moment they were quite oblivious of the *patron*, who, in his most seductive style, was offering them the remaining table, which was next to Page's; then, scarcely taking their eyes from each other, they moved toward it. The table was in the corner; the man sat upon the bench beside Page, while the girl, from the other wall, faced both of them at an angle.

The man, John Llewellyn Page noticed casually, was about thirty; tall, lithely built, carrying with him after ten years or so in a greater world an air of an intensely active university life. Football, perhaps, or rowing. The nervousness he showed in every gesture seemed utterly out of keeping with his character. With a sigh, almost of exasperation, he took up the menu and ordered in French which was scarcely adequate for the purpose—the remnants of wartime French, probably—a simple déjeuner. It was so obvious that what he ate, even if he ate at all, was of the least possible importance.

"Alone!" he exclaimed, voice exultant, as Henri, the waiter, left them. It was odd the way this restaurant, even when full of people, affected youth. "After four grisly, awful months." He swayed, reedlike, toward her. "I love you, Marjorie! Dearest!"

"Oh, Jeff!" Her voice caught and she seemed unable to go on. Instead, her hand slipped over the table to touch his. "I've been so miserable!"

"That's it," thought John Llewellyn Page. "Miserable. They've been suffering for one another. I wonder why." He had sensed, as they had taken their table, the emotional pressure between them, a sort of strangling emotion, and a languid curiosity had been aroused in his mind.

The *patron* moved toward him. "Yes, with coal going up, everything going up, it is most difficult to see how we others are to get along. But"—he shrugged—"one must live."

"I scarcely see why," returned Page.

They were speaking French, of course, that rippling, flowing French which confounds the ears of foreigners.

"But you are a philosopher, monsieur."

"No, not that. It simply strikes me as curious that one actually does go on living in the face of all manner of adversity when there is really no reason for it. If I were a philosopher I would run to the river with a glad cry and jump in. A question of habit, this living. It's one of the strongest habits I have."

As the *patron* moved away again on his ceaseless inspection of tables, the voice of the young man Jeff broke in again upon Page's thoughts.

"Who's here in Paris with you, dear?"

"My mother-in-law and Dick's sister."

"And Dick?"

"Still in New York. Haven't you seen him?"

"No, we've kept out of each other's way. And the youngster's with him?"

"Yes. Why?" asked the girl.

"Just wondering how you were fixed, that's all. They don't know I'm here, do they?"

"Oh, no! Just by luck I went with them to the bank to get our mail. I don't know just why I happened to go. You know that feeling you sometimes have when there is something impending? It was that." Her small white hands moved in quick, nervous gestures as she spoke, sometimes clasping and unclasping. "They were talking about their letter of credit and I got the mail. I slipped your letter to one side, with my heart hammering, and it was three hours before I could get away from them to read it. Imagine!"

"Poor dear!"

"They'd planned to drive out to Versailles today for luncheon—and how's that for luck?—and I pleaded off: said I had a headache. Jeff, my heart was right here"—a hand went to her slender throat—"when I heard your voice over the telephone. How long had you been waiting?"

"Four days."

"But you shouldn't have come to Paris, Jeff! You shouldn't!"

"I couldn't stay away," he answered simply. "It's something stronger than I am. Dearest, I had to see you! It's been ghastly!"

"I s'pose we can talk here without being understood?" asked the girl suddenly.

"Yes, they're all French in this place," Jeff answered negligently. "That's why I suggested that we meet here." He smiled now for the first time. "But I wish I'd made it the Luxembourg Gardens instead. I'd like to hold you in my arms for just a little minute and kiss you. As sure as fate, if we step on the street together we'll bump into someone who knows us."

"This," commented John Llewellyn Page to himself, "is getting a bit thick. Should I let them know I understand, or should I not? If I don't I'm a bally eavesdropper. And if I do I'll ruin their rendezvous. I'd better keep my mouth closed, finish my déjeuner and get out. Awkward position. Nice girl. Nice young fellow too. Marjorie, married to Dick, apparently one youngster between them, being wooed—not to speak of won—by Jeff. Acts as though he really loves her, though. Very Parisian. Thick. Damn embarrassing!" He called Henri, the waiter, ordered his meal rushed along and had a copy of Le Figaro brought to him.

"Great grief, I can't eat!" protested Jeff. "It's ridiculous." He surveyed with dismay the little dishes of hors d'œuvres.

"You'll have to pretend," Marjorie answered. "After all, we're here and we've ordered." She was so calmly practical for the moment. Then: "Oh, what a miserable, miserable time I've had! Thinking about you, wondering what you were doing, wondering what would become of us. Dick's mother and his sister have been watching me every minute. And I've had to pretend to be interested in Egypt and Italy and France, when the only thing I could think of was you!"

"I know. I've been going about as if I were stunned, just waiting for letters from you. And not daring to write to you. It's been ghastly, and I couldn't go it any longer. So I'm here."

"Eat a sardine at least. And some *pâté*. What did you order? I wasn't listening."

He laughed. "Neither was I. The *plat du jour*, whatever it was. Then I got your letter that you'd be in Paris the fourteenth."

"Does Clara know you're here?"

"So that she could tell Dick? Not a chance, my dear. There's too much teamwork there. No—I saw to it that she heard I was going West, to Seattle, on business. No one knows that I'm here. I even told the taxi driver to take me to Grand Central, so that the door man at the club wouldn't know. And I came on a little plug of a boat that wouldn't by any chance have anyone aboard who'd know me."

"Then you've been living at the club, not at the apartment."

"Did you think," he demanded almost angrily, "that I could go back to Clara, after this? No—I've been up to see the youngster every week, but Clara's always stayed away. I love the little kid, but —— Oh, Marjorie, you're the only one in the world I love!"

The girl sighed tremulously. "Eat!" she commanded, and he began to attack, sullenly, the sardine she had put upon his plate.

"This," said John Llewellyn Page to himself, "is becoming thicker and thicker, while I sit here like an eavesdropping ninny, unable to do anything else but eavesdrop. Each of them is married, each has a child, and they're heartbreakingly in love with each other. Trapped! Jove, life's rummy sometimes! Wonder what in the devil the poor youngsters'll do about it?" He mopped perspiration from his forehead. *"Eh, Henri-bon-Dieu-dépêchez-vous!"*

"Oui, Monsieur Page."

If only they'd recognize the good Anglo-Saxon name of Page from the French pronunciation "Pawg" and become suspicious! But Marjorie's clear voice continued: "Haven't you seen Clara at all?"

"Just once since you left. She telephoned and said she wanted to talk with me, so I went up to the apartment. I was hoping that she'd changed her mind, agreed to a divorce, but she hadn't. Just wanted to talk with me about the youngster ——"

"Or to sound you out, to see if you weren't ready to change your mind, come home and be sensible." Bitterness was in the girl's voice and her hands clenched.

"See if I hadn't 'come to my senses,'" he added in acid humor.

"Oh, that damnable strength of hers and Dick's!" she went on explosively. "The strength of being cool and sensible, of not feeling anything. Both of them will go through life with no more feeling than two proud oysters might have." She ended on a little wailing note.

"Yes—pride!" said Jeff. "Pride! I'll take care of their pride for them! I'll wipe my feet on it! I'm no sacrificial lamb!"

She had been watching him fondly, and now she gave a soft laugh, as though she found the idea of anyone taking Jeff for a sacrificial lamb infinitely amusing. There was a moment of silence. "Jeff, we're both so fearfully nervous today, and excited. Let's not try to tell each other everything, all in a breath. Let's just talk. What have you been doing in New York? Working hard?"

"Thinking about you."

Her head went back a trifle, eyes half closed, and she laughed again. "Let's not talk about us for a while."

"There isn't anything except us! There isn't any me or any you left—just us!"

"Has there been very much scandal?"

He shrugged. "Quite a clattering of tongues, I believe. I really don't know, because I haven't talked with people—naturally. Dorothy told me one day that everyone knew Dick had sent you to Europe to get you away from me. You know, I wish we were a bit more primitive—that Dick would try to knock my head off or to shoot me. But as you say, they're so cool and sensible. Lord, I wish we could get Dick and Clara married! Oh, what a match!" His face was aglow. "What an eminently respectable, hygienic, sensible, cool, reasonable match it would be!"

"But they'd probably want to adopt us!"

"They would," he agreed, laughing. Then, intensely, "Marjorie, you can't imagine how I've—oh, how I've ached to see you! And all of these four months I've been wondering what in the devil we should do."

"Have you decided?"

"Perhaps. We'll have to talk it over."

From the tray of cheese which the waiter held for his inspection, John Llewellyn Page selected the Brie and cut off a mere splinter of it. He ordered his coffee brought at once. The prickly heat of embarrassment was subsiding now under a growing curiosity. Just how, he asked himself, would these two young people, such very nice young people, contrive to find a happy way out of their predicament? And he found himself lingering a bit over the cheese, staring into the gray maze of Le Figaro's type.

"You know perfectly well, dear," went on Jeff, leaning toward her, "that Dick will never let you go, never let you divorce him. Just pride, if nothing else. And Clara's the same. They've probably discussed us as though we were a couple of misguided children. Can you imagine anything more humorless than Clara and Dick discussing us? At all events, they've got us tangled in a hundred different ways—property, children, laws and Heaven only knows what else."

The girl nodded solemnly, and a faint "Yes" escaped her lips. His eyes searched her face for some expression by which he could guide himself.

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"This," Commented John Llewellyn Page to Himself, "is Getting a Bit Thick. Should I Let Them Know I Understand, or Should I Not?"

CHILE IN TRANSITION

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

The Braden Copper Company's Camp and Mine at Sewell

IF YOU should by any chance land from an aeroplane on a certain vast plateau where the Andes bulk over the northern part of Chile, you would think that you were back in the United States. You would see the Stars and Stripes floating from a modern clubhouse, with tennis courts and golf links adjoining. You would hear good old American spoken "as she is spoke" anywhere from New York to San Francisco. You would watch giant Yankee electrically driven shovels gouging the rocky hills while North American trains hauled ore to smelters that roar day and night.

This thriving community is at Chuquicamata, the heart of the greatest copper-bearing area in all the world. Here we have employed approximately $100,000,000 in what is the largest single North American investment south of Panama. Yet it is merely part of our mining stake in Chile, which aggregates over three times this amount.

In Peru, as you observed in the preceding article, our penetration, all things considered, exceeds that of any other country; but it is on a retail scale as compared with what we are doing in Chile. Here we not only lead in production but we also have first place both in imports and exports. We operate on a wholesale scale. During a single year—1918—we took $178,483,000 of products, mainly nitrates and copper, out of the country. Of course war needs contributed to this record figure; but in 1924, a normal year, our imports were nearly $100,000,000.

Few people stop to realize the close community of interest that we have with Chile. It does not entirely result from the fact that the Chileans are the Yankees of South America, which means that they have more pep and push perhaps than any of their sister nations. It is because for a century the North American has been conspicuous in the many-sided development of a country that, economically as well as politically, stands today at the beginning of a significant stage in its evolution.

To appraise the Yankee influence in Chile is to reveal an achievement little known overseas. For years it has been an international pose, nor have we escaped it here at home, to put us down as pikers in world trade. Other nations have minimized our efforts and proclaimed the fact that while we are eminently successful as dollar chasers within our own confines, we are really ignorant of the technic of the commercial game abroad.

An examination of what we have done on the west coast of South America, and especially in Chile, shows that we have a genuine tradition of trade, with a background of romance that compares with that of the English firms who set up shop in China and elsewhere back in the good old days of the clipper ships. The rise of the house of Grace, of which I have already told in these columns, is only one instance.

The narrative of Augustus Hemenway, the Boston merchant who established himself in Valparaiso 100 years ago, is packed with details equally picturesque. He launched the first line of iron freight vessels to ply between the United States and Chilean and Peruvian ports, and was a

An American Power Plant on the Pacific Coast of Chile

pioneer in the exploitation, so far as the North American end is concerned, of the nitrate and copper resources which are the backbone of Chile's wealth. These two all-essential commodities provide the nation with its principal meal ticket, because considerably more than half the national revenue is derived from them.

Hemenway was one of a group of Yankees who contributed to the opening up of Chile. No less enterprising, for example, was William Wheelwright, who, after serving as master of a sailing tramp that stranded at Buenos Aires, made his way to Chile in 1824, built the first railway in the country, later on constructed the line from Santiago to Valparaiso, and established the initial steam passenger line on the Southern Pacific. He launched Henry Meiggs in a drama of South American railway construction that subsequently had its star part in the laying down—or rather the going up—of the Central of Peru. It crossed the Andes and remains a performance almost unmatched in engineering skill and fortitude. Wheelwright also erected the first gas and water supply works in Valparaiso, beaconed and buoyed half a dozen ports, and was an indefatigable prospector for borax, lime, nitrate and coal.

Another Yankee merchant name associated with the early commerce of Chile is that of the Alsops, whose house antedates that of Hemenway. A third pioneer, W. H. Aspinwall, was so conspicuous in the Latin-American trade that Colon was often referred to as Aspinwall and not by its real geographical name.

A Group of Chilean Rotos, Workers at the Nitrate Plant

An Alert and Energetic People

ONE interesting fact in connection with our commercial progress in Chile is that various North American concerns sprang up in Valparaiso following the discovery of gold in California. The haul of supplies for the Argonauts was naturally much shorter from Valparaiso to San Francisco than from New York around the Horn.

With this glimpse of our past, we can go on to today. Nowhere in South America is there a stronger good will for the Yankee than in Chile. It is no depreciation of the attitude of other Latin-American republics to say that the Chileans like us better than any other foreigners. Part of this favor is born of our immense financial interests. The second is because the Chileans regard us as their model of what a people and a country should be. If anything were needed to cinch our hold it came last March with the Tacna-Arica decision handed down by President Coolidge, which justified the long Chilean contention for a plebiscite to determine the sovereignty over the two provinces.

The moment you reach Chile you touch life and work at a new angle, more especially if you arrive from Peru. Instead of the Latin languor so obvious in the country over which the masterful little Leguia rules, you find real Anglo-Saxon lift and outlook. The people are alert and energetic. Although they constantly employ the phrase "*como no*," which means "why not"—it corresponds to the Russian *nitchivo* and the French *voilà*—they are anything but casual. They know how to drive a good bargain.

You hear English spoken on every side in Valparaiso—more often referred to as Valpo; and also in Santiago, although German is a good second. Every one of the big nations has its own club. You see statues in the public parks dedicated to men with names like O'Higgins and Cochrane. Even our William Wheelwright has a memorial to him in the Avenida Brazil in Valparaiso.

This foreign atmosphere and the omnipresent Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic cast of countenance, especially among the ruling classes, result from the fact that with Chile you reach the first extensive blending of races which manifests itself increasingly as you move on to Argentina and Brazil. Chile is a real melting pot. The census of 1920 disclosed representatives of forty different nationalities, including nearly 6000 Turks.

Valdivia's Fate

AS IN Peru, the original white man was the conquering Spaniard, who came under Almagro, one of Pizarro's lieutenants. He crossed the coastal desert area, which is now the world's greatest nitrate field. Almagro had much harder sledding than Pizarro, because he encountered fierce and belligerent Indians, notably the Araucanians, who, by the way, practically remained unsubjugated until the middle of the nineteenth century. Even then it was alcohol and not war that put them down and out. The Spaniards found nothing to compare with the treasure of the Incas, but they did find lots of fighting. Here you have the root of the lower-class Chilean, who is conceded to be the doughtiest soldier in all South America.

Almagro was forced to retreat to Peru and was followed by Valdivia, the founder of Santiago, which is now the capital. Valdivia's fate was a tragic example of what the world sometimes calls poetic justice. Like all his compatriots he was hotfoot after gold. When the Araucanians finally captured him they lashed him to a tree, pried open his mouth and poured molten gold down his throat, saying, "Gold is what you are after. You will now have all you want."

The Chilean peasant today—the so-called *roto*—is a descendant of the union of those early Spaniards with native women. Every Hispanic soldier that went south had from six to eight Indian women in his personal train. One of Valdivia's troopers acquired a harem of sixty and is said to have left eighty-seven children. These exploits in parentage, as they have been well called, probably hold the world's record.

Those early Spanish assimilators were the forerunners of the British, German, French, Slav and Italian immigrants, some soldiers, but the majority traders, who came out later and built up the existing Chilean race, which is

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Which Provides Power for the Chuquicamata Mines

AS A WOMAN THINKS

II

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IGNORANCE is a curse, but it depends upon what kind of knowledge you get whether that is not even more of a curse. For this reason I have become a bit squeamish about education. Occasionally, when I am suffering from the effects of some regrettable wisdom I have acquired, the very sight or sound of the word gives me a sinking sensation, as one feels when reminded of fate It smacks too much of Calvinism, of a willful, worldly form of predestination by which the mind, morals and future of a youth are determined. We can teach him a lie by concealing part of the truth, knob him like a hydra-horned monster with false ideals, and he has no defense. We can substitute a code of ethics for religion without letting him know that ethics is a variable and frequently very free translation we make of the will of God in the minds of men.

The product of such a system of education we have in the present generation of young people. They are being deprived of their legal relations to the Almighty. They are running true to form, predestined to their courses by what they have not been taught—obedience to that law which we older people call God. To be brought up illiterate in the spirit seems to me a frightful state of ignorance and very dangerous. I prefer real Calvinism, though I was born and bred a Methodist, because according to that old doctrine some of us at least were elected to salvation.

Methods of education were much more primitive when I was a child. You learned your Catechism and the Ten Commandments first: then your alphabet. I knew who made the heavens and the earth, that Adam was the first man and Eve the first woman, before I was five years old; but I must have been nearly six before I could distinguish between the little *b* and the little *d* of the alphabet. They seemed very small and negligible compared with the hills and skies and trees to which I had been accustomed. I was frightfully lonely with my a, b, abs. What I spelled out by the hardest was not interesting. I had the prescience of all things and must now be turned back to learn little words in a book that I had always used in speaking. I could not be impressed when w-h-a-t turned out to be "what." I lacked the erudite instinct which makes scholars.

My only interest in words today is to find the one needed, preferably a small one; young, active and properly colored to use for expressing that feeling which became a thought, if you can say it or write it down. I have never had the least cultural curiosity about the ancestry of a word, whether Greek or Latin or even older, though I have sometimes had the feeling that I might be using a smooth, wise word which had formerly been in the employ of Socrates. But never one accustomed to Marcus Aurelius' way of thinking—a good man as pagans go, but reduced to a negative state by the quality of his spirit.

I have often wondered if literary people as a class show any aptitude for grammar in their youth. My suspicion is that it is chiefly those who speak correctly—you may say, from a sense of duty; not naturally, nor with any charm—who take to the drudgery of studying English composition. They are of that class who read your book, not for the taste or flavor of the story you tell, but to find a misplaced adverb or the tail of a participle sticking out in the wrong place. Meanness of mind can sink no lower than this, because it is clothed in such outrageous respectability. You cannot call him a hypocrite for directing your attention to a grammatical error on the one hundred and twenty-fifth page of your narrative; yet he is one, plucking at the mote of an outlawed word with a beam in his own eye. I never knew one who could write an interesting sentence, though a child could parse it.

The only indication I showed of literary sense from the beginning was a distaste for the study of grammar. I remember how small I was, and how desolate, being obliged to sit in the house and learn a lesson in Smith's English Grammar. And it is still a queer thing from my point of view that men have been burned at the stake for choosing their own doctrines from the Scriptures; but, so far as I know, the author of a textbook designed to cower the mind of a child has never suffered martyrdom. I am not implying a disposition to thrust a blazing fagot into the beard of a professional grammarian; but it does seem strange when you think about it that no man has ever been punished for devising textbook tortures for children.

My only recollections of this book were the punishments I received because it remained a mystery to me, and the number of hard and fast rules in it that I learned but could not apply. When it was done and over with, the residuum of information left in my mind never to be forgotten was that "Active verbs govern the objective case." I have noticed that they do in every walk of life. In those days I developed a personal sympathy for the poor little noun in the objective case. It was frequently knocked down and trampled upon by the noun in the nominative case. It was the victim of an active verb

I Had the Happier Feeling of Being Very Much Abroad Then, as a Bird Must Have on the Wing in a Wide Space

By this time I have my own ideas about the virtue and value of words. Their worth depends entirely upon the person who uses them. They betray more than the mind; they betray the man. The somnambulant charm of De Quincey's writings was due to his constant use of the passive verb. They are nearly all drugged and recumbent. There are peaks of the purest inspiration in Whitman's poetry, rough tablelands that stretch away into light and darkness, written with a rhythm of words so harsh and strong that one hears the hoarse shouts of a man with a great and joyful heart. But the lowlands of his thoughts are covered with a growth of monstrous words. My belief is that those who revere him as a poet quote him less often on this account than his ostentatious disciples who camp most frequently in the lower regions of his genius.

And there are the decadent writers who use words frequently that bloom like fair frail blossoms on a dung heap—but always a line somewhere which betrays the odor of the soil.

The reason why the minor poets are minor is because the thoughts they have can only be sung in slender, pale, poignant words. It is not beauty they express so much as frailty. Poe's tales and poetry always fascinated me, but they reveal the dipsomaniacal genius of the man.

Job was shrewder than a psalmist is supposed to be when he cried out, "Oh . . . that mine adversary had written a book!" I do not know how the theologians interpret this passage, but it is perfectly clear to me that Job was no mean psychologist. No man ever wrote a book that did not betray him if you know how to read it. If he has an illiterate nature and all the words at a scholar's command, the thing he writes may be useful, like a record; but it will not have the convincing charm of life. He sustains the same relation to literature that a plowman does to a painter, an artisan to an architect—useful, but not nearly so interesting to know.

As for the mere grammar of language, it is essential if you have no ear for composing a sentence, as notes are for one who has no ear for music and must strum it as it is written for him. I am deficient there, having no skill in the harmonies of singing sounds; but I came out of ten generations of men who used words as the winds use the clouds, roughly or gently, according to the velocity of their moods. And I contend that there are some things to be said so quickly by way of interpreting a man or a meaning that if you stop long enough to reduce it to a parsing symmetry you have lost the breath of life in the truth you meant to convey.

My memory is eclectic, so to speak, and would never retain what was repugnant to me, especially in the way of education. I have forgotten most of the multiplication table. The algebraic figure of speech, *x*, is still an unknown quantity to me, though I remember passing creditable examinations in this study. There must have been something wrong with the teachers I had.

Ridpath's History of the United States was the first book I ever read. Vanity was the inspiration of this undertaking. I had been brought up on glorious family legends and I expected to find the volume thickly populated with my ancestors. But it was not. This is characteristic of historians; they omit many men famous in their own families. I think it accounts for the growth and development of the Colonial Dames and the various orders of Daughters. You may set out your family tree in any one of these organizations and enjoy the distinction of being somebody in spite of the negligence of the historians.

After all, I was destined never to finish reading Ridpath's history. I was halted at the Battle of Gettysburg on account of a terrible and unexpected censorship.

Father had been such a good soldier that he was never obliged to boast of his war record until he was a very old man and was compelled to fan up his past glories to confound the current generation of his posterity who fought in gas masks from dugouts during the World War. I was therefore a disciple of Ridpath without sectional animus. I was ignorant of the opprobrious reputation the word "rebel" had in the South. The probability is that I had never heard it spoken, as bad language is not used in the best society.

One night we were at the supper table. I was still sitting on the dictionary in the bottom of my chair in order to be sufficiently elevated for the proper use of my knife and fork. But I had been reading Ridpath that day and suddenly showed forth with some childish remark about what had been done to the rebel army at Gettysburg.

It was as if I had cast a bomb in the midst of this peaceful scene. Mother turned pale and stared at me as if she felt a serpent in her bosom.

"Rebel?" shouted father.

I died beneath his gaze, but kept my eyes open, fascinated by the noble rage that seemed to transform him. He stood up, cast his chair from him, ground his teeth, swept a gesture that made the candle flicker, folded his arms and strode back and forth, lashing the tail of his fury.

He called upon God to witness his sorrow that a man should live to hear his own child call him a rebel!

I keened my nose and wept, still wondering why rebel should be a bad name.

Father laid his hand upon my head and forgave me with a sob. After all, he said, it was not my fault that an honest man who had suffered, bled and died twice for his country should be set down in history as a rebel. His unfortunate child was the victim of a partisan historian. Where was that book?

I slid hastily from my seat and ran to fetch the iniquitous volume. Mother had purchased it from a book agent without suspecting how the author had branded her husband and all brave men of the South.

Father opened it, stared at the printed pages, wrinkled his nose, snarled his lip as if he literally smelled the meanness of ignoble truth, gripped it in his two hands and tossed it through the open window behind him, the pages still tittering maliciously as they fluttered down.

Followed the first and only address I ever heard on the Lost Cause, impassioned, and, I still believe, veracious. He let me have the facts—state sovereignty, slavery, secession—his own part in the struggle. He opened his wounds and bled afresh. Did I see his feet—halting before me and standing at attention upon these members. He had marched without shoes through the snows of Virginia and left his tracks there written in blood! He had slept in this snow without so much as a shawl to cover him. He had fought all day and all night when he was sick from hunger. And he'd never been shot in the back! Only to be besmirched with the title of "rebel"!

Socrates about to die had nothing on him in the way of eloquence, though he may have surpassed father in the logic of his defense. But watch the world; it is ever more easily stirred and convinced by oratory than by logic.

Sitting with my hands clasped in an ecstasy of all emotions attendant upon such a ministry, I was born again and confirmed in the doctrines of my own people. I have let it all go long since. I have praised Lincoln and Grant—not Sherman, of course, though he may deserve it from another point of view—but it has been, you may say, in the way of good sportsmanship. The fact that the South was wrong will never make the methods of the North seem right to me.

I doubt now if any means used which result in war can be right. It comes to me now that the men of the North and the men of the South never were enemies. They fought like growing brothers during the Civil War, leaving no malice behind. It was the ethics practiced by the carpetbaggers that estranged the two sections. I can look back through the whole of my life at incidents like this one which bent the twig of my mind and determined the very nature of my thinking even after I outgrew my prejudices.

I am passing briefly through the educational period of my life. It was relatively unimportant. Textbooks may furnish a good setting-up exercise for the strengthening of the mind; but if one takes them seriously, or imagines they furnish him with the things he should know along the way he must go, they are injurious. It is a fearful thing to be stitched up and certified in a common-school education and later sold out of a university into the markets for what you are worth or not worth to the world. You have really no wisdom of your own. Your mind is a short or long pattern of other men's thoughts, theories and convictions. You aren't anything but an addled egg of information, or a good one that must be hatched later into a mind of your own.

I am not opposed to education, you understand, but to the way we get it. The best ones in my opinion are obtained as a man makes his own living, by work and experience. I would rather learn from a great man or woman traveling a wind-swept road than to study all the textbooks in a school taught by a little fellow who knows the whole course.

I attended the old-field school at broken intervals in these days. What I remember about that is the path across the hills to this school, the scent of ripe maypops in the long grass, the passion flowers blooming like lace among the corn, dew on everything; the way the gray gables of the schoolhouse showed against the sky, the little winds that accompanied me on summer days fragrant as the breath of the fields. They are like verses I learned long ago. If I need one in a cheerful tale now I always go back and copy the little a-b-c breeze that used to blow the grass into billows and turn the leaves on a certain poplar tree like a thousand tiny silver fans as we went by together.

Once when I was very young I was sent to the village school and came for the first time in contact with the bold alacrity of the children of the world, a very small world, but strange to me. They must have bragged and boasted. Anyway, for the first time I remember being troubled about my financial standing. I did not know whether my parents were rich people or poor people, but it was apparent that there was great satisfaction to be had from riches. Still, it was a delicate matter, upon which I was loath to

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I Was So Deeply Moved That I Had to be Led From the Stage in Tears

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 22, 1925

Examinations for Motor Drivers

THE American Medical Association, through one of its committees, has been making a careful study of the causes of motor accidents, with a view to formulating certain physical requirements for motorists who apply for operators' licenses. The toll of automobile fatalities has become so excessive that its tragic importance can scarcely be overestimated, and every serious attempt to reduce it deserves earnest consideration.

Inasmuch as there are something like seventeen million motor cars whizzing to and fro in the land, many of them remote from large cities, it is obviously impracticable to enforce thorough tests of the physical condition of so many drivers. If really searching examinations were to be made they would involve countless local staffs of oculists, aurists, heart specialists, and so on, and not a car could move for the red tape in which motorists would find themselves entangled.

The medical men who have been going into the matter appear to have been aware of the practical difficulties which surround their task, and the text of the report indicates that they have attempted to suggest requirements and procedure well within the bounds of reason and good sense. They believe that no person should be permitted to drive a motor vehicle without a license to do so. They propose that applicants for operators' licenses be required to produce physicians' certificates that they have no disqualifying defects of legs or arms; that they have a certain minimal vision, with or without glasses; that they are able to hear a loud-spoken voice at five feet; that they have adequate mentality and reasonably sound heart action. They further recommend the establishment of local boards of licensure which shall be empowered to make personal examinations of applicants and to modify the accepted standards of fitness in cases in which compensating capacities appear to make up for inability to meet other requirements.

The whole report is framed with such obvious consideration for the rights and convenience of the motoring public that it should make many more friends than enemies. Some such requirements as those suggested by this great and representative medical organization must soon be adopted, and it is to be doubted if the code laid down can be much improved upon until a thorough trial of it has afforded new data upon the subject.

The technical examinations now in vogue in states which require them have much to recommend them; but in many jurisdictions they have been characterized by trick questions, stunt driving and a determined effort to catch the applicant tripping rather than to ascertain how well he can handle his car under all conditions and how thorough is his knowledge of traffic regulations. A college professor who has driven his own car eight years without accident and without collision with the law was recently failed in such a test because when asked to turn his car in a narrow street he permitted his rear wheels to touch the curb, after making sure that no pedestrians were passing. A man half blind and hard of hearing who had been told that touching the curb would disqualify him might have passed the test in triumph and have remained a permanent menace to his fellow townsmen.

Opening Up the Balkans

THE Balkans have always been called, and quite accurately, the powder barrel of Europe. The Great War began there. Another assassin, or a careless king dabbling in national aspirations, might start something again. There is, consequently, very good reason for devising some method of dampening the powder or removing the fuse.

One of the surest methods of lessening the Balkan menace would be to develop the countries in an industrial way. Bulgaria is a nation of peasants. Rumania is still largely agricultural despite its very considerable natural resources. The same applies to Jugo-Slavia. As a result, the people are still comparatively primitive in outlook and in their methods of living. If the countries were opened up in an industrial way, the scale of living would be raised, education would become more general, open communication with the outside world would remove some of the traits which isolation breeds and in time racial hatreds and prejudices would burn less fiercely.

But the advance of European capital to undertake the opening up of the Balkans meets with certain checks. There are the oil fields of Rumania, for instance. Before the war they were in the control almost exclusively of foreign capital. Sixty-five per cent of the capitalization was in German hands, twenty-five per cent in English, the balance largely in American. Only one-tenth of the oil area, however, was being exploited. Since the war the Rumanian Government has taken on itself the task of preserving the natural resources of the country for the benefit of the people of Rumania. The first step was to expropriate the German interests, turning them over to a syndicate of Rumanian engineers, who proceeded to operate on a twenty per cent royalty basis. The second move was the passing in 1923 of a mining law which holds from fifty-five to sixty per cent in all oil ventures for the state and Rumanian private capital, thus preventing outside control.

This applies to new fields only, however, the capital already invested being exempt from the regulations for a period of fifty years. Nevertheless, it is serving to check the further development of the remarkably fine oil fields of Prahova and Ploesti. Foreign investors do not take kindly to the idea of government control, and the fact that Rumania is next door to Russia adds to their nervousness. The country has rich mineral resources as well—coal, manganese deposits, copper, gold, silver and iron; but the government under Bratiano seems wary of foreign capital. They want it, but they want it on their own terms.

Jugo-Slavia has mineral resources which are barely being tapped. More than a million tons of coal are mined each year by rather primitive methods. There is plenty of copper and iron and rather considerable deposits of marble and mercury in Slovenia and Dalmatia. The country is sorely in need of improved transportation, however, and capital seems a little backward in lending itself to the ambitious railroad-building plans the government has formulated. Part of this reluctance is due to the fact that in the past foreign capital was enlisted in Jugo-Slavian enterprises through Viennese bankers, who acted not only as intermediaries but guarantors as well. The Balkan countries lack the capital to undertake the development of their own resources on any extensive basis, but mutual suspicions will have to be dissipated before foreign capital will be given the opportunity.

Some Strictures on Our Colleges

NOT every critic of our colleges and college men lifts up his voice to swell the chorus of those who are declaring that the present generation of undergraduates is beating all the records of fathers and grandfathers for scholarship, application to studies, correctness of behavior and sanity of outlook.

We give the floor to a distinguished educator whose official position unfortunately cramps the style of his public utterances and robs them of much of the piquancy which enlivens his private conversation. This critic keeps in close touch with the activities of scores of American colleges, and has a familiarity with European universities which is scarcely less intimate and extensive. His breadth of outlook is almost unequaled and his opinions therefore carry great weight. He says:

"The reason our colleges do not give undergraduates sounder education is that only about half of them want to be educated. They go to college from a great variety of motives; a few really yearn for higher education, are fitted for it and are prepared to work to get it; many enter simply because, in their set, it is the thing to do and their fathers or mothers insist upon it. Others go for athletics, for campus activities, for club and fraternity life; from every motive, indeed, except for a chance to study and to be taught. Neither they nor their parents desire to have any real pressure put upon them.

"College faculties know only too well that it is next to impossible to impart much sound learning to more than a small proportion of the young men under their charge. Some time ago they tacitly gave it up as a hopeless job. Now they are saying to one another, 'If we cannot educate these youngsters, we will do the next best thing. We will try to keep them rationally entertained during their four years in college. We may not give them much, but it will be better than nothing.' Hence many of the snap courses, hence much of the superficial and showy or futile work.

"We seem to be drifting toward the English classification of pass men and honor men, a system under which a very moderate amount of work is assigned to those who merely desire to win a degree with as little labor as possible, and intensive training, involving the closest application, is provided for those who aspire to substantial academic honors. I have in mind one American college in which a modification of this system is being tried; but it is still too soon to say how it will work out."

In considering these strictures it should be borne in mind that they were made by a critic who had European standards before him, who was thinking of conditions in English and Continental universities whose students come to them so thoroughly prepared, especially in classics and in philosophy, that many enter the first-year class about on a level with the American sophomore, or even junior, classman. There is small room for wonder that young men who enter upon a university career with such a formidable educational armament, who have been trained in systematic and thorough methods of study and who have been taught to depend upon themselves rather than upon question-answering instructors and assigned sections of specified textbooks, should go further and deeper than American-trained boys of equal intellectual capacity. The young people of any age are the product of the civilization into which they were born. We may take them to task for the set of conditions they help to create for the next generation, but we can neither blame nor praise them for those of ancestral making.

Without attempting either to refute or to discredit the witness we have quoted, we must confess that our sympathies are, for the most part, with our own boys. Education of the privileged classes had for centuries been a vital activity in Europe when in the New World it was still a rare adventure, merely a softer phase of the struggle for existence on the edge of a vast wilderness. Give our American lads another hundred years and there will be a very different tale to tell.

LET'S CHECK THE TRUNKS

By John R. Tunis

IT WAS hot; hot even in the great open spaces of the vast terminal with its lofty blue roof. A crowd milled around the long baggage counter, where a dozen perspiring clerks were checking an average of 500 pieces of baggage every eight hours. Jamming his way into the mass burst a tired citizen followed by porters with numerous suitcases. He finally attracted the attention of a clerk and thrust out five pasteboard checks appealingly.

"Any chance of getting these on the Century?"

Despite the heat, the clerk was impassively collected. He glanced over the man's head at the big clock in the center of the room.

"Sixteen minutes! That's not much time. Can't promise—do the best we can. Where's your tickets?"

The man shoved out two long green slips gratefully. Meanwhile the veteran baggageman who had been standing beside me and overheard the conversation, snorted.

"Sixteen minutes to make the Century! Say, mister, got any idea what we have to do in sixteen minutes to get those five trunks aboard that train? No? Well, maybe you'd like to follow those checks up behind the scenes."

I registered a hasty assent, and down we went into the largest baggage room in the world, my guide talking of the trials of his profession that pass unobserved by travelers in the station.

Five Trunks and Sixteen Minutes

"THIRTY-NINE years I've been on this job, mister, and I can testify that the public hasn't changed very much. But the baggageman has. Remember how they used to call us baggage-smashers? You don't hear so much of that nowadays. Know why? Because the modern baggageman is a baggage-preserver, not a baggage-smasher. We had nearly 1,500,000 pieces of baggage go in and out of this terminal last year. We lost one trunk, we damaged three. That tells the story, doesn't it?"

We were in the main baggage room. Cañons of piled-up trunks; sweating men charging in and out with truckloads of stuff; mountains of baggage on every side, reaching high up into the room. But no confusion, no shouting; quiet, order, system; every man on the job, each man doing his own job.

"Hullo, chief," said the superintendent of the outgoing-baggage room to my guide as we came up to his desk.

"Hullo, Carey; lemme see those five checks that just came down to go out on the Century."

The superintendent pawed over his desk. Then he stuck out one hand to the pneumatic tube at one side where the receiver was jingling in the slot. He took it, opened it and removed its contents; five checks clipped together with a RUSH tag on them. The chief took them in his hand.

"This passenger did what 90 per cent of the traveling public does; he came in fifteen minutes before train time and expects us to get his trunks on board for him. We do it under pressure, but it's an awful job on a rush morning like this. Ever stop to think, mister, that most people who go away for a summer vacation leave in three months—June, July and August? And they come back in three days—the three days after Labor Day, today, tomorrow and the next day. And that's the result." And he waved his hand around the overcrowded room.

"Now take these five trunks. Some expressman brought them in probably last night. We knew the owner would want to check them out today, and so we had to put them where we could find them quickly. There's—let's see—all of 20,000 trunks in this room. How are we going to make sure that we can find these five trunks out of 20,000 at a minute's notice?

"Simply by stacking them all together. And we stack them all together by using the third digit system. Look at these numbers; 526,943-944-945-946-947. If we stacked them by the last number, they would all be in different stacks and it would take an hour to find them. By taking the third digit from the right we can stack them all together in the same stack—in this case Number 9. Come and see." And he handed the five checks to one of a line of men waiting with hand trucks, and led me to Stack Number 9.

It took three minutes actual time to locate those five trunks. They were all in Stack 9; they were all together. The man with the hand truck loaded them, first exchanging the expressman's tags for the railway company's destination tags which had come down in the pneumatic tube. With another truckman he wheeled them off to an electric elevator at the end.

"Now they are ready for the train," said the chief as we walked over. "This electric truck is lined up for the Century. It's the last one to go up, and these are the last pieces to go on."

We stepped in beside the truck as the elevator rose to the train platforms. Soon we were beside the Limited, passengers hurrying to their places, and in a minute we saw the baggage car and the trunks going rapidly on board. The operation had taken in all just thirteen minutes.

"Now then," said the chief as we picked our way down the platform, "you've seen how we dispose of outgoing baggage; come and take a look at what happens to incoming stuff."

When the Limited Rolls In

IN A MINUTE we had reached another platform and he led me down past where a gang of men were sitting on an electric truck.

Glancing at his watch, the chief turned to one of them and asked, "What are you waiting for, Jim?"

"The Southwestern. There she comes, now, I think."

Instantly the group was stung into action. They hopped off the truck as the big Limited rolled slowly in and stopped. Passengers piled off, porters came running down the platform to meet them, until at last the crowd thinned away and cleaners with mops and pails assaulted the sleepers. But still the baggage car remained.

"Now our trouble begins," said the chief. "This is a trained crew, six men and a foreman, but they can't start work until everything has been checked up with the baggage crew of the train. Every time baggage is handled in this station a record is made. What's so we can determine responsibility. If we find a damaged trunk, the man who did it gets three days' book suspension—that is, three days without pay. Though we really have very little damage ——"

There was a shout. The electric truck moved off empty save for four of the crew.

"Where are they going?" I asked the chief.

"Another track. We're cramped for space here, so they have to cut the baggage car over to unload her. . . . What is it, Jim—19?" He

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The Main Baggage Room, Grand Central Terminal, New York

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Mr. and Mrs. Beans

"Vi, I Was Just Down on the Beach and I'll Say They're Not Wearing a Lot These Days. Some Sights, Old Girl, Some Sights!" "Beans, I Almost Wish I Had Married a Man Like the New Nurse I Just Hired. Here She Comes Now With the Children" "Great Scott, Vi! I'll Bite. What's the Answer?" "The Answer, Beans, Dear? It's Obvious. You See Altogether Too Much!"

Reverie of a Bachelor

SOME girls marry in boredom,
Some girls marry in haste,
Some girls wed for their daily bread,
Some, lest they be effaced;
Some girls wed on a wager,
Some girls wed on a spree,
Some girls marry to be contrary—
They never will marry me!

Some girls marry on tugboats,
Some girls marry on trains,
Some are light-headed enough to be wedded
Swooping in aeroplanes;
Some girls marry in swimming,
Or in submarines under the sea;
Some girls marry from mere vagary—
They never will marry me!

But some girls marry in earnest,
Some girls marry for life,
Willing to bear the load of care
That commonly lands on a wife;
They are married with all decorum
In a church, by a dominie;
And such a fairy I'm willing to marry—
But they never will marry me!

—Morris Bishop.

A Circus Isn't a Circus Unless You Take a Child

YES, dear, the elephants eat peanuts. I don't know why they eat them. No, I don't know how many they eat in a day. No, they don't make the elephants sick. I don't know why they don't make the elephants sick. No, you mustn't eat any more. Because the elephants' stomachs are bigger than yours. I don't know why they're bigger. Those are giraffes, dear. They call them that because that's their name. How should I know why their necks are long, dear? Yes, they all have long necks like that. I don't know what makes the lemonade pink. I don't know what makes the balloons red, unless they paint them red. No, they don't paint the lemonade. I don't know why they don't. Now look at the animals, dear, and don't ask so many questions. Yes, that's a hyena. Because, dear, that's its name—all animals have names. I don't know why it doesn't stand still. Yes, dear, that's a tiger. Because all tigers are striped and all leopards are spotted. They just are, dear. No, I said no more peanuts. Monkeys are used to them, dear. The poles hold the tent up. Ropes hold the poles, sweetness. Stakes hold the ropes, dearest. They just do—I don't know why. Now do look at the animals and don't ask so many questions. That's a zebra, dear. Because that's its name. But, dear, it's different from the tiger. I don't know why, sweetheart. No, the man wouldn't know either, so don't ask him. Yes. . . . No. . . . No. . . . Yes. . . . There's the band now; we must hurry into the big tent, as the show will start in a minute. Yes. . . . Yes. . . . No. . . . I don't know. I don't know why the fat man was so fat. No, I don't know why the thin man was so thin. I don't know—I don't know why, sweetness. I don't know how. No, nobody knows; don't ask them. I don't know, angel. All right, you may have three bagfuls. Yes, and five ice-cream cones. Yes, two glasses of lemonade. Yes, four boxes of crackajack. Put them all in your mouth at once—there's a sweet child!

—John Forbes.

Mother Goose for Antique Collectors

MARY had a little lamp
When lamps were quite passé;
She gave a junkman twenty cents
To take the thing away.

But when she found "collecting" smart,
Then Mary's heart was sore;
She tracked that junkman and his cart
To get her lamp once more.

And when she reached his vast estate
And found no junkman near,
She went into the lodge to wait
Until he should appear.

"What must I do to get my lamp?"
Our anxious Mary cried.
"Go sell your house and summer camp!"
The junkman quick replied.

Curly birch! Curly birch highboy be mine;
The next time I see relatives coming to dine,
Thou shalt sit in my room while I show thee and gloat,
And watch Cousin Emma turn green in the throat!

The man in the wilderness asked me fair:
How many drawers in a Windsor chair?
I answered him as I thought right:
As many as shelves in a Hepplewhite.

This is the attic that Jack built.

This is the wife who went plumb daft
Over each All-America art and craft,
And filled up the attic that Jack built.

This is the hand-painted laboret
That was made by the wife who went plumb daft
Over each All-America art and craft,
And filled up the attic that Jack built.

This is the burnt-wood ping-pong set
That followed the hand-painted laboret

(Continued on Page 75)

The Editor of "Nou Rot" Meets Some of His Readers

The Tomato Soup that you hope will be served!

12 cents a can

ITS FLAVOR IS SO DELICIOUS !

RIVERS TO CROSS

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

XVIII

BACK at the hotel, I was occupied for an hour writing and coding a report to Ribault of all that had taken place since I landed at Ponta Rico. I did not disguise the fact that things had gone none too well or that the reception of our scheme had been hostile.

"We are up against pig-headedness and personal complications on the one side," I wrote, "and a slippery crew of Continental financiers on the other. We shall find ourselves opposed by obstacles at every turn. Sir Francis is definitely antagonistic to me and asks me to tell you that he thinks I'm rotten. In these circumstances you may feel it would be advisable to send another representative. For my own part, I am wholeheartedly anxious to carry on, but you may not care to take the risk."

I hated sending this advice, but somehow I was easier in my mind after the cable had gone. In common fairness I could not disguise Sir Francis' animosity. Old Ribault, I knew, would stick to me through thick and thin; but there were others on the board who might not hold the same views. Besides, I never had much use for the optimistic prospector who writes up his case in rose-colored ink.

On my way back from the post office I bought a copy of the Ponta Rico newspaper—a one-sheet affair which dealt mainly with matters of local interest, military news in the form of Part II Orders, and a column of wires supplied by an international press bureau.

Thus I learned that the Conservatives were in with a large majority. This was a circumstance that might seriously affect our projects, since the new gaming acts were a Conservative measure which had only been flirted with by the previous government—and then suddenly I saw Philida's name:

"Miss Philida Prothero, the daughter of General Sir Francis Prothero, K.C.M.G., D.S.O., is aboard the Mariana and will land in Ponta Rico at 10:30 A.M. tomorrow. Miss Prothero, who will be accompanied by Mrs. Nunez-Hunter, has been making an extensive tour on the Continent. She will be assured of a very hearty welcome."

Never was a truer word printed. I dropped the paper in my lap and stretched my arms above my head. As I did so I saw Leland Boas coming down the steps from the heights.

To judge from his expression, he had recently been involved in an unpleasant interview. The tolerant and half-pitying smile was absent, and he regarded me with contracted brows and half-closed eyes like a marksman taking a sight.

"Have you found a stool of repentance, Praed," he asked, "to think over the error of your ways? What a mess you have made of things, to be sure! Nobody likes you. It is the same story wherever you go—unpopular—unpopular."

I took a shot in the dark.

"Don't tell me that I failed to make an agreeable impression on His Excellency the governor. Don't tell me that."

"I fear so," he replied. "Yes, even the governor failed to perceive your charms."

"And is it sympathy for my failure that has excited your grief and anxiety, Boas?"

"Grief—anxiety?" he repeated.

"Certainly. I never saw you so depressed. Unless I knew it were impossible, I should begin to think His Excellency has been putting you through the hoops."

Leland Boas checked a retort.

"I am going to talk to you," he said; "a straight and practical talk. You're a nuisance; not you as you, but you as representing a firm that is too big to be ignored."

"That sounds uncommonly like a quotation," said I. "The governor might have made just such a statement as that."

A Splendid, Healthy, Fearless Girl, Unawed by Man, Nature or Even Infinity Itself. I Felt No Harm Could Come to a Woman Who Could Nod at the Stars as to a Gathering of Friends

"Perhaps he did, Praed. Perhaps that is why I am talking to you now. What do you stand to make out of this deal?"

"A little less than you would be prepared to pay me to make a mess of it."

"That's a very sensible answer, Praed, as I'll prove to you."

"Well, go ahead."

"Tomorrow the Mariana will be arriving from England."

"Just so—with a very angry lady on board who will want to know why the sale has fallen through."

"How did you know that?" he exclaimed unguardedly, giving me just the information I wanted.

"Well, never mind," said I; "let's have your proofs."

"Perhaps it doesn't matter. The ship arrives, as I said, tomorrow; and after a cruise round the islands, returns here and sails for England four days later. In the ordinary course of events she will have on board a messenger from His Excellency the governor with a communication advising the cabinet to accept a certain offer for the purchase of real estate."

"Would it not be nearer the truth to say the communication will deal with two offers and will leave the decision in the hands of the cabinet?"

"I do not think there will be two offers—if a little common sense can be drummed into your head."

"Drum away," said I.

"In the first place, I am only discussing an open secret in saying that His Excellency is in rather an embarrassed position."

"That comes of keeping bad company," said I. "*Noscitur ex sociis.*"

Boas ignored my Latin and went on:

"He is embarrassed financially—and also on a point of reputation."

"Please remember," I said, "I have not asked for these confidences."

"His Excellency is a born gambler, and also, where women are concerned, rather an ass. In other words, he loses his head. You remember Mrs. Nunez-Hunter ——"

"Just a minute," I interrupted. "It is possible, Boas, you have no reason for loyalty to the governor except for what you hope to get out of him. I, on the other hand, rather like the old boy. I have a very particular reason to be as loyal to him as I can."

"What reason?"

"Didn't you know I was going to marry his daughter?"

Boas' face went an unpleasant color, but he kept his temper.

"I think," he said, "it is a little premature to discuss that. There are more immediate matters that command our attention. Mrs. Nunez-Hunter, as I was about to tell you, is in possession of certain letters from the governor which the old fellow actually wrote before the decease of her late husband. Very naturally she has kept them to use as occasion demands. I do not think she wants a husband, Praed, but she wants a position—a *belle maison* and those few creature comforts dear to persons of advancing years. Unfortunately, the governor's purse is not long enough to supply all these requirements."

"And that," said I, "is where you come in."

"That," said he, "is where you, if you have any sense at all, will go out. The governor is very jealous of his position—a position which would not be strengthened by the vulgarities of a case for breach of promise. Do I make myself clear?"

"Lucid; but if this is the only difficulty, what is to prevent my firm from offering the lady a handsome reward to remove herself and her obstacles?"

Leland Boas shook his head.

"My dear fellow, you look with one eye. It is not merely cash she wants, but position. She sees herself society queen of what will become a super-Riviera resort. A villa overlooking a flying ground would prove a very poor substitute. The lady hunts lions, and not birds of the air. She has various visions of kings and princes at her table—not of blue-dungareed mechanics. Oh, no, Praed, there are no short cuts to success in what I have told you."

"Except my own personal success?"

"Just so."

"Well?"

"Continue to make a mess of things another fortnight and then report to your firm that the affair is hopeless."

"And then?"

"You will find you have made a lot of money and a number of friends."

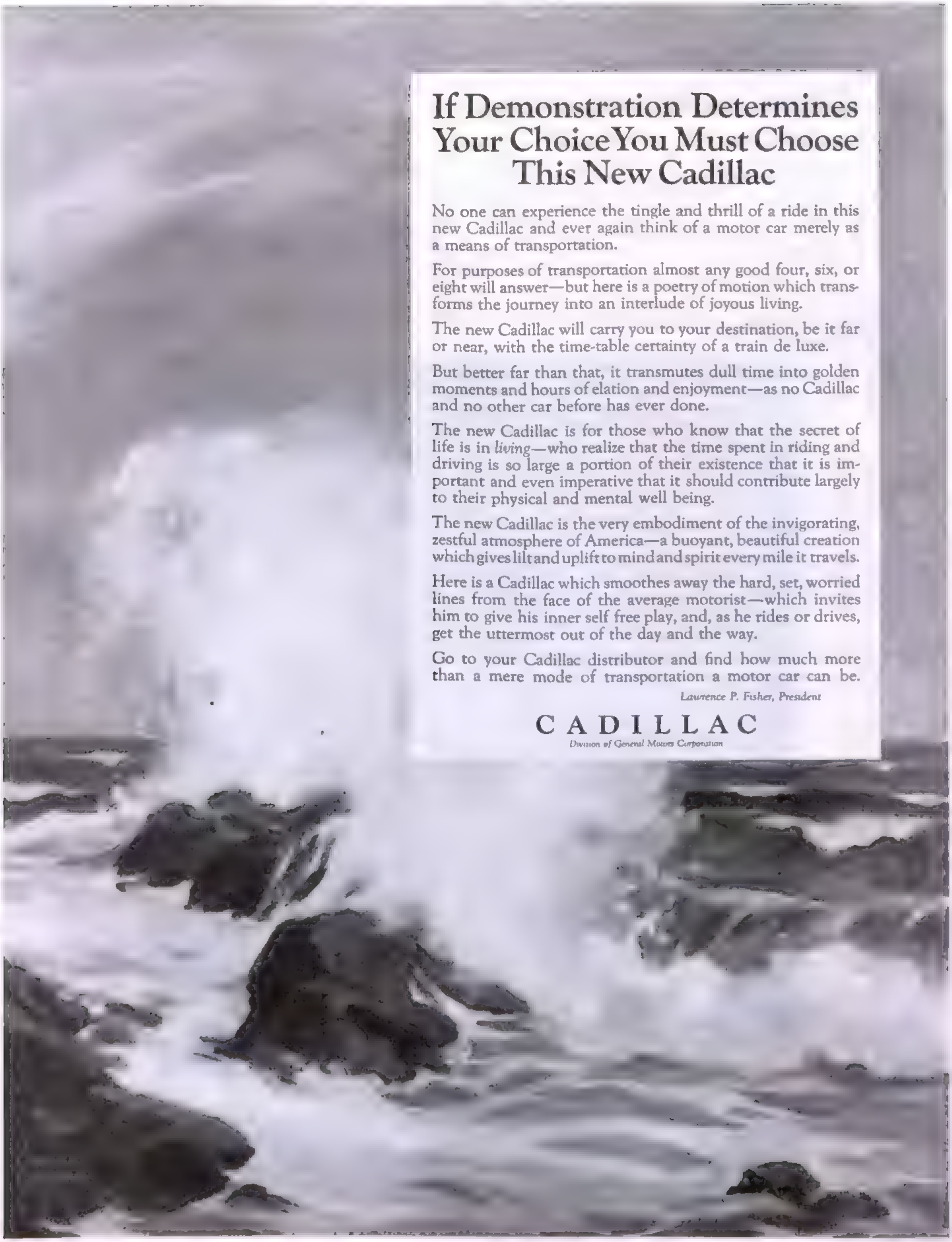
"May I ask whether the Oriental and Teutonic looking gentleman with whom you seem on such excellent terms will be of the number?"

"There will be a variety to choose from."

"It sounds delightful," said I; "but in my present employment there is no obligation for me to know any of these gentlemen. I might not like them, Boas."

"I am making a business proposal; you can take it or leave it. But if you leave it, Praed, you will find life very far from agreeable. There is too much at stake for one man's interference to be tolerated."

(Continued on Page 26)



If Demonstration Determines Your Choice You Must Choose This New Cadillac

No one can experience the tingle and thrill of a ride in this new Cadillac and ever again think of a motor car merely as a means of transportation.

For purposes of transportation almost any good four, six, or eight will answer—but here is a poetry of motion which transforms the journey into an interlude of joyous living.

The new Cadillac will carry you to your destination, be it far or near, with the time-table certainty of a train de luxe.

But better far than that, it transmutes dull time into golden moments and hours of elation and enjoyment—as no Cadillac and no other car before has ever done.

The new Cadillac is for those who know that the secret of life is in *living*—who realize that the time spent in riding and driving is so large a portion of their existence that it is important and even imperative that it should contribute largely to their physical and mental well being.

The new Cadillac is the very embodiment of the invigorating, zestful atmosphere of America—a buoyant, beautiful creation which gives lilt and uplift to mind and spirit every mile it travels.

Here is a Cadillac which smoothes away the hard, set, worried lines from the face of the average motorist—which invites him to give his inner self free play, and, as he rides or drives, get the uttermost out of the day and the way.

Go to your Cadillac distributor and find how much more than a mere mode of transportation a motor car can be.

Laurence P. Fisher, President

CADILLAC

Division of General Motors Corporation

(Continued from Page 26)

"Meaning that I may look forward to a knock on the head?"

"We might even devise something subtler than that."

"It's a curious thing, Boas," said I, "but you seem to be taking me very seriously all of a sudden."

His reply was impressive.

"Once a sparrow stopped Big Ben. It was dead when they got it out. Think over what I've said before sending word to your firm."

"Too late," I said. "I cabled them half an hour ago."

Leland Boas tapped his cane against the toe of his shoe, what time he looked at me with his searching half-closed eyes, which reminded me of a marksman taking a sight. Then, jerking his head, he walked briskly away. Viewed in retreat, there was something Hunnish in the white smooth curve of neck which appeared above the line of his collar. I had never noticed that before, and seeing it for the first time, I had a job to prevent myself helping him down the worn steps with a kick in the back.

XIX

THERE was bunting in the windows. Flags and streamers spanned King George's Way. A battalion of scavengers had been busily employed sweeping the pavements and collecting the paper and peel which littered the town. As the Mariana steamed into the bay a salute was fired from a battery on the cliff, and a brass band on the quay struck up a lively martial air.

At eleven o'clock a mounted escort went by, preceding a carriage in which were the governor and his A. D. C. He was followed by the chief of police on a gray horse of doubtful temper. Next came a platoon of infantry, very shiny as to buttons and boots—fine-looking boys who marched like a single man. The procession ended in an odd assortment of cars, carriages and hired cabs. In one of the cars I saw Leland Boas. He wore a morning coat and a silk hat and looked particularly perfect. On the seat beside him was a bouquet of flowers.

The last of the hired cabs being without a fare, I hailed the driver and without waiting for his assent or refusal hopped in and joined the procession. The driver turned out to be the fellow who had taken me round the old town on the day of my arrival.

He was delighted to renew the acquaintance and asked me over his shoulder if I had a pass to the quay. Hearing I had not, he shook his head and assured me I should not be allowed to enter, adding, as a cheerful afterthought, "Unless for ten shillings."

I told him I was good for that and he drove on optimistically.

Sure enough at the dock gates we were stopped by a policeman, who succumbed at once to the ten-shilling note.

The Mariana had dropped anchor by the head of the mole. A steam tender was alongside, but so far no passengers had been taken aboard.

His Excellency the governor alighted from his carriage, was joined by two members of the executive council and Leland Boas. They went down a flight of carpeted steps to a white motor launch in which a crew of four was standing to attention. The band started to play as the motorboat churned up the glassy waters of the little harbor. A destroyer dipped a flag in salute. The launch came alongside the liner and the governor and some of his party went aboard.

I had managed to worm my way through the crowd to the red cord which formed a barrier at the head of the landing steps, and here, highly unpopular with a gentleman I had dispossessed, I awaited events.

And presently I saw Philida. She was at least three hundred yards away, but I must have recognized her at three miles. She was dressed in white. I saw her throw out a hand to the liner's captain with that quick impulsive gesture of hers, half boyish, almost awkward in its suppleness. Then both hands went above her head in a flickering farewell to friends of the voyage. Next moment she was coming down the companionway at her father's side. Leland Boas, waiting below in the motor launch, pressed forward with an offer of help, which either she did not notice or ignored. Without touching his proffered arm, she sprang aboard and went forward on the tiny deck. Boas followed and with stiff bow presented his flowers. Her hesitation was unmistakable, but with the eyes of so many focused upon her she must have thought it impolitic to refuse. Gladly I would have torn those flowers to pieces, petal by petal.

A flower girl was standing near me with a great basket of pig lilies and roses. I called her over and gathered up an armful.

"Scatter the rest at the top of the steps," I said.

I cannot attempt to describe my feelings as the launch came alongside and disappeared from view under the shelter of the high sea wall.

The chief of police, a few officers and dignitaries of the island gathered round the head of the steps. I saw Philida's face rise up through a palisade of very straight legs and then appear between the heads and shoulders of those who had pressed forward to welcome her.

As she stood shaking hands her eyes traveled round in a half circle as though in search of someone she could not find.

I needed no more by way of excuse. Lifting the rope with my free hand, I slipped beneath it. A sentry tried to check me, but I dodged him and got through to the front rank, to the astonishment of the onlookers. Mrs. Nunez-Hunter was first to see me and I saw her speak a quick word to the governor.

One of the officers turned with, "Look here, sir ——"

But I didn't bother about him. Philida was within a yard of me. When she saw who it was she broke into a smile that was nearly a laugh.

"Hullo," she said. "I wondered where you were."

All white, with Leland Boas' scarlet bouquet stretched along her arm, I came nearer and offered my flowers.

"How lovely!" said she. Then, "Josephine!"

The scarlet bouquet passed into the keeping of her maid. "Thank you for these." And she lifted my flowers to her face.

From pure malice, I chose that moment to bow a greeting to Boas.

He returned it with better grace than it deserved. I could just hear Philida laughing into the ear of the lilies. Then the governor came forward with a hand stretched out for me to take. I had not suspected him of so much tact.

"Good morning, Praed," he said. "I was forgetting you and my daughter were acquainted. You should have had an invitation. We shall see you at the reception tonight, I hope."

"Your Excellency is very kind."

"Delighted. Come, Philida."

She put her hand in mine for a moment; then they moved away among the clicking heels and jingling spur chains. I watched them go, unconscious of Captain Craven, who had stayed and was looking at me with the same puzzled

Continued on Page 30

Sitting Up Sharply, I Looked About Me, Expecting to Find Someone in the Cellar. There Was No One, and Yet the Voices Were Distinct and Near

The New Chrysler Six, with Startling New Results

Startling new results are attained in the new Chrysler Six—results made possible by the kind of engineering and manufacturing genius which never rests satisfied.

Walter P. Chrysler and his staff of brilliant engineers, with the fine Chrysler manufacturing facilities, had every excuse—every reason, some might say—to rest on the laurels their cars have won. Inevitably, the great tide of public approval would have carried the Chrysler Six to still more conspicuous success.

But Mr. Chrysler, his producing organization and his engineers have never relaxed for a moment their labors to emphasize and enhance its wonderful performance qualities.

The most surprising thing about this greater Chrysler Six is not its new lower price—remarkable though *that* achievement is.

Its most impressive feature is the amazing ability which succeeded in improving the quality and the performance of a car that everywhere had met with overwhelming public acclaim—*and which marked a revolutionary advance over all previous practice and results.*

In this new Chrysler Six, the power is increased approximately 10 per cent. The 70-mile speed is more easily and quickly attained. The breath-taking get-away and acceleration are still swifter. In smoothness, this new Chrysler actually excels the former super-smoothness introduced by Chrysler.

The beauty originated by Chrysler—and which still belongs to Chrysler alone—is re-expressed in refined and attractive body lines and new body colors, with Chrysler-designed closed bodies built by Fisher.

Any attempt to describe this new Chrysler Six is bound to fail. That is why we are eager to have you drive it for yourself.

If you will do that, you will realize as we do that there is nothing in the present market, and nothing likely to appear, to equal the Chrysler Six.

The Phaeton - -	$1395
The Coach - - -	$1445
The Roadster - -	$1625
The Sedan - - -	$1695
The Royal Coupe - -	$1795
The Brougham - -	$1865
The Imperial - - -	$1995
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F. O. B. Detroit subject to current Federal excise tax.

Chrysler Four—Touring Car, Club Coupe, Coach and Sedan—attractively priced from $895 to $1095, f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

Bodies by Fisher on all Chrysler enclosed models. All models equipped with balloon tires.

There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

CHRYSLER SIX

(Continued from Page 28

expression of the day before. I turned at the touch of his hand on my sleeve.

"Where was it, Mr. Praed?" he said. "Be a sportsman and give me a lead."

I looked at him and shook my head.

"It puzzles me too."

"But yesterday when we met I was certain you knew—I've still an idea you know, but for some reason won't say."

"I'm as much in the dark as you are, Craven. One meets thousands of men."

"Quite," he acknowledged; "but I've made it my business to remember them. Well, well, perhaps it'll pop out one of these days. I must run."

XX

I WAS dressing for dinner that night when Kenedy brought in my English mail. There was a letter from Marian, devoted entirely to friendship and praises of Philida; and another from James Ribault, concerned with what he had been able to find out about Boas. He wrote:

"There's no doubt in my mind Boas isn't Boas. A Leland Boas went exploring in the Northern Provinces by himself in '13. There are records of him having been seen in various parts of Central Africa in '15, '16 and '17. Then no one heard anything more about him until he turned up in Nairobi after the Armistice. No doubt this Leland Boas is the man who turned up in Nairobi, but whether he is the man who started from the Northern Provinces is open to doubt. I have the assurance of someone I can trust who claims to have found a wooden cross over a grave in the jungle north of Tanganyika. The cross bore the inscription, 'L. Boas; died October 10, 1918.' Beside the grave was a picked skeleton, apparently of the white man who'd carved the cross. My informant met Boas some months later on the East Coast, and being struck by the peculiarity of the name told him of the grave in the jungle. Boas assured him there must be some mistake and challenged him to prove his words. There was a bet, and a year later my informant revisited the ground where he had found the grave. But cross, grave and skeleton had disappeared.

"If this is true, as I believe, our friend Boas may have taken pains to remove evidence which cast a doubt on his identity. Why? I don't know and can't find out. P'raps he has a dirty war record or is wanted in his old name. The story is interesting, but not helpful, and I've wasted a lot of time getting it. Anyway, we won't fight this business by chucking mud about. You may be driven to use weapons of retaliation if they play dirty tricks; but so far as the job is concerned, we'll stick to sound argument and solid cash and an obstinate determination.

"This government business may complicate our arrangements and it might be wise to try to hold off any decision till we see how the elections go. I am trying to arrange for a few loud speakers in the House to keep our cause before the public. If the Conservatives get a majority it'll be anybody's battle, with a shade of favor on the other side because of the gaming act. Try to keep things in the melting pot and don't get angry if they go against you."

I had just finished reading the letter when Kenedy came in with a visiting card from Hugh Chalice, my young friend of the anteroom at Government House.

"Fetch him up," I said.

Hugh Chalice was in evening dress and wore a row of miniature medals on the lapel of his coat.

"Sorry to bother you while you're dressing, Mr. Praed," said he, "but I brought along an official invitation for tonight's show."

I thanked him and pointed to the drinks and a box of cigars.

"Thanks, I'll just have a cigar. . . . I also brought this from Miss Prothero."

He gave me an envelope and turned away to light his cigar as I broke the seal and read the note:

"That welcome of flowers was lovely. I was pleased all through. I knew you would be there. I wanted you to come forward beyond everything, and you did.

"I have kept six and eleven for you. We are old-fashioned and have programs here. Eleven is supper, so we could talk instead.

"Father is full of you almost to the extent of eruption. He regards you as his natural enemy. Don't be distressed, because he loves his enemies. PHILIDA."

I tucked the letter away and turned to Chalice, who was smoking by the window.

"It was good of you to bring this along," I said.

"Yes," he nodded; "you've no idea how good." He made a wry face which broadened into a smile. "Of course I was delighted. Miss Prothero is a trump, ain't she?"

The sentiment was expressed with too much sincerity to need indorsement. Chalice dropped into a chair and looked at his cigar appreciatively.

"You know a good smoke, Praed," he said. "These are the best I've tasted in years. Our climate is punishing to cigars—turns 'em to dust and bitterness. You brought these with you, I suppose." I assented.

"It's a favorite brand of mine."

"No wonder. Marvelous thing, a good cigar—makes a man feel right with the world."

He puffed away in silence while I fixed a white tie before a mirror. I could see the reflection of him looking at me as though he had more to say.

"Well, what is it?" I asked.

"Nothing much. I am wondering if I ought to tell you. Don't see why not though."

I supplied an encouraging silence.

"There was no end of a hick-boo up at the House yesterday after you left. Feathers flying in all directions."

I turned and wagged a finger at him.

"I'm not asking you to disclose any secrets," said I.

"'Tisn't any particular secret. But you know that fellow Leland Boas? Well, he turned up just after you'd gone. As a rule he goes down rather well, but yesterday the old man flew at him in all directions like a split flywheel. It was a devil of a hick-boo! You could have heard it a mile off. 'Too much clever business!' he kept shouting. 'Too much this and too much that, and damned if I don't turn my back on the whole lot of you! You seem to forget this is as much England as the shop at Woolwich!' And all the time that sleek swine was trying to pacify him. I don't know your opinion, Praed, but I can't stand for that fellow Boas, and I can't get it out of my head that he's trying to involve the old man in something sticky."

I thought a moment before replying.

"Look here, Chalice, it's natural you should want to blow off steam, and I dare say your job induces a pretty good deal of it."

"I'll tell the world it does!"

"Exactly," I said; "but I should screw down the valves. It's friendly of you to make a confidant of me, but it isn't sound politics. I'd hate you to get into trouble on my account."

He laughed ruefully.

"I suppose I'm an ass," he acknowledged; "but when I like a chap I'm disposed to talk too much. Thanks for the tip. P'raps you won't take it amiss if I offer one to you. There are folks here who've got their knife into you. So keep your eyes peeled."

"They are peeled," I laughed; "but thanks all the same."

He rose and stood on one leg and then on the other.

"I'd better be off. I suppose there isn't an answer to that letter of Miss Prothero's. I think she expected one."

I sat down and scribbled a note which might perhaps have been of interest to Philida but certainly to no one else.

"You're a good chap, Chalice," I said as I gave it to him. "I should go out by that door, down the service staircase and through the American Bar. This way you have to pass through the hall, where there may be people hanging about."

"Right! I will." He stood for a moment and laughed. "The way you went through that crowd on the quay this morning—oh, it was jam! Did you see Boas' face?"

I nodded.

"Ah! There was a Hun once who drove his bayonet through my groin. He looked just like that. . . . This door, eh? Goo'-by."

XXI

THE cream of Ponta Rico society was at Government House that night. The governor, with Philida on one side and Craven on the other, stood to the right of the ballroom door. As each guest was announced Craven murmured something in the governor's ear—little promptings to be used as conversational aids. There were many foreign-looking gentlemen present with splendid rolling names, and also a number of passengers from the Mariana.

The Mariana was due to sail at six A.M. for Flores and other places of interest in the archipelago. She would return to Ponta Rico in four days' time. It was the business of the ship to combine an ordinary passenger service with health cruises.

In the circumstances it was not difficult to tell who was of the island and who was not. Craven had his work cut out to identify in that crowd of strangers those about whom something ought to be known.

To the left of the doorway stood Mrs. Nunez-Hunter. She wore a gown of gold tissue with a green froth of chiffon about her throat. The white face, with its dabs of cherry red and its crown of purple hair, was nodding greetings to all and sundry. She seemed to have appointed herself senior hostess and was vigorously welcoming each fresh arrival. I judged from the frown on the governor's brow that the arrangement was neither of his making nor to his liking. Some of the guests were secured by her before he had a chance of greeting them. There was a considerable throng at the doorway, and from my place amongst them I had leisure to observe these things and to mark the expression of disapproval on the faces of some of the ladies.

Presently my name was boomed out by the butler and I found myself shaking hands with His Excellency. I could not swear to it, but I had an impression that there was amusement in his eyes as they met mine. However, he said nothing and I passed on to greet and be greeted by Philida. It was obviously no moment to stop and talk, for already others were gathering behind me. I confined myself to "Six and eleven."

She nodded and I was moving away when arrested by the voice of Mrs. Nunez-Hunter.

"Surely it is Mr. Praed! How very rude not to come and pay your respects to me!"

I made a half circle of the little knot of guests and came to her side.

"Forgive me," I said; "but my first duty was to my hostess."

A shadowy frown playing on the white mask of her face was quickly transformed into a smile.

"Excuses," she said, "are the defense of persons without courage, Mr. Praed. Oh, yes! Did you find me so alarming at Hardelot that you are afraid to say how do you do?"

"I hardly expected you would remember me," I replied.

"I remember everyone. So you have made yourself at home in Ponta Rico."

"Thanks to the letters of introduction that preceded my arrival," said I.

As one brushes away a fly, she turned to dispose of a lady who was trying to speak to her.

"Oh, yes; yes, yes. How do you do—yes."

Then to me again:

"To show that I at least have nothing but the friendliest feelings, you shall have two dances, Mr. Praed. Write down Number Six and Number Eleven."

I shook my head.

"Is that friendly," I asked, "since you know they had already gone?"

"How would I know, Mr. Praed?"

"I thought you might have overheard."

"No. You shall have Number Seven. There are things I wish to talk to you about."

I marked my program, looked up and found myself confronted by the lovely smiling face of Nancy Vansiter, of Marian's eligible trio at Hardelot.

"Nancy!" I exclaimed. "This is marvelous!"

"Not marvelous, but simple," she returned with the smile that showed her perfect teeth; "and there's no call to look at me as if I'd been shot up through a star trap like a pantomime fairy."

"But what are you doing at Ponta Rico?"

"Taking a look at it. Set your mind at rest if you're afraid I'm playing page to your Wenceslaus and following two paces to the rear."

Her outspoken insolence was delightful.

"I've no such illusions, Nancy, but it's very nice to see you again."

"The idea is on Philida. She spoke of the beauties of the island, so I figured I'd take a look-see. All knowledge is venerable; the same applies to travel. I've a round ticket on the Mariana, and as I have to be aboard round about dawn, it 'ud be a pity to let that jazz tune run to waste."

As we made our way through the crowd to the dancing floor Philida threw a smile at me as who should say, "Jolly, isn't it?"

"Are your people here?" I asked.

"I've got no people 'cept father, who's in St. Louis; but if it's a chaperon you mean, there's a whole ship's company, and I've gone by the twenty-one mark into years of discretion. Say, how are you getting on with marrying Philida?"

"Hush!" I said. "It hasn't reached the public yet."

"I believe in saying things through the loud speaker. Philida and I are great friends and I'd do my best to do her a turn. I told her you kissed me in that flivver. Do you mind that?"

"I've always been very pleased about it."

"She seemed pleased too. Anyway, she said, 'What else are woods for?' Hullo, and here's another!"

She turned to greet Leland Boas, who was full of smiles, compliments and requests for dances. She promised him the next and we moved off again to the music.

"You and he in some deal together?" she asked.

"On the contrary, we're in opposite camps."

"I'd have it that way," she said. "He puts me in mind of a cat in silk socks. . . . These military bands may fire the patriotic spirit, but they put the snuffer on Terpsichore. Let's have a look round for an ice or something."

We found an ice and took it to the veranda to melt.

"This place is drowsy and fierce at the same time," said Nancy. "Any sort of thing might happen here, from a flight of angels to a real out-West shoot-up. There's instability in the air. I wouldn't mind putting in a week here and making a study of the atmosphere."

The music, which had stopped, started again.

"That means I must find my other half, doesn't it? It's an uncivilized way of spending an evening, breaking it into small pieces with a number to each."

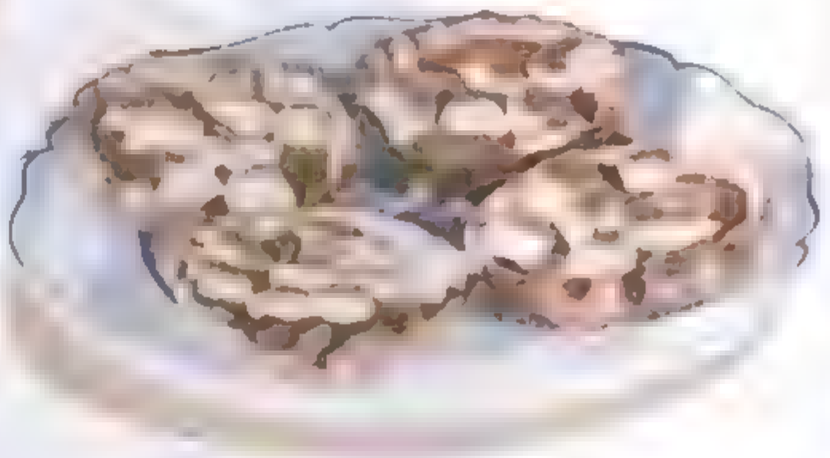
Before she went in she took a sniff of the night scents and nodded at the stars. A splendid, healthy, fearless girl,

(Continued on Page 86)

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

Marshmallow Peach Tarts

Cut ⅓ cup of Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard into 1 cup flour and ¼ teaspoon salt, add water to make a stiff paste. Roll thin and cover the backs of tart or muffin pans, prick with a fork and bake in a moderate oven. Fill shells with fresh sliced peaches, sprinkle with sugar and cover with quartered marshmallows. Place in a hot oven until marshmallows puff and brown



Pie crust is a *real* delicacy when it has this special, tempting flavor

At one time or another, perhaps when you have been "eating out", haven't you had pie crust that seemed flat, or just a little displeasing in flavor? It may have *looked* ever so good. But the taste was a distinct disappointment.

Often the trouble is in the shortening. Not all shortenings give that delicate, tempting flavor that you like to have in your own pie crust.

That is why so many women are particular to use Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard. Rendered so pure and sweet from the choicest pork fat, it gives crust a real flavor—fine and appetizing.

It makes crust flaky and tender, too. For it's creamy smooth, and of just the right consistency to mix with the flour.

Try this pure lard in the recipe for Marshmallow Peach Tarts given above; and see what delicate, tasty crust it makes! You'll want it then for the fine flavor that it gives to biscuits and muffins; and to all sorts of fried foods, too.

"Silverleaf" comes in various quantities to suit your needs—in special one-pound measuring cartons and in pails of 2, 4 and 8 pounds. Ask your dealer today for "Silverleaf" in one of these convenient forms.

Swift & Company

This exclusive new "Silverleaf" carton saves you all the old bother of packing measuring cups and spoons. You just score the print as shown on the flap of the carton, and in a twinkling cut the EXACT amount you need

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

This pretty floral pattern is No. 544

CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL GUARANTEE

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

$100 Reward!

There is one "Congoleum" manufactured [illegible] Congoleum Rugs are stamped with the Gold Seal guarantee. All "Congoleums" are centered with [illegible]

We [illegible] ask for a [illegible] Gold [illegible]

"I think your rug is charming —and it goes so well with the furniture!"

An attractive room, lifted out of yesterday! Four-poster bed, rush bottomed chairs; and on the floor a gayly flowered Congoleum Gold Seal Rug which actually heightens the Colonial effect. Yet the rug is as modern as the athletic young girl who seems to admire it so much!

Easily and Quickly Cleaned

For, in the first place, Congoleum Rugs are so easy to clean. They need no heavy sweeping or beating. A few strokes of a damp mop make the firm, smooth surface immaculate as new.

These rugs are waterproof through and through, and there are no seams to harbor dust and germs.

Then, they are easy to lay. No fastening of any kind is required, yet they cling tightly to the floor.

Patterns for Every Room

Pattern No. 544, shown above, is but one of many floral designs suitable for bedrooms. In addition, there are elaborate effects in rich colors to set off living and dining-room furnishings; tile and wood-block reproductions to make kitchen and bathroom neat and cheerful.

The unvarying excellence of the materials used in Congoleum Rugs, the scientific methods used in their manufacture and the broad money-back guarantee insure you years of satisfactory service.

Big in Value—Low in Price

In no other sanitary floor-covering can you find such value at so little cost. When you buy a Congoleum Rug you have secured the utmost floor-covering value that your money can buy anywhere!

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

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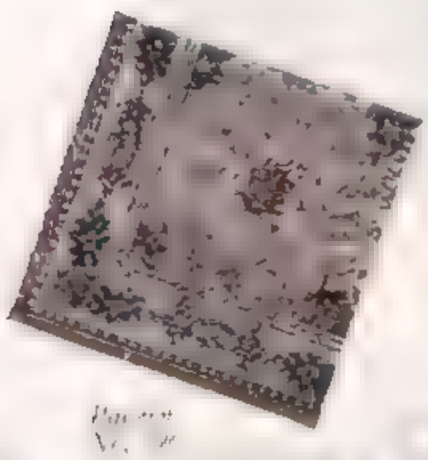


Pattern No. [illegible]

CONGOLEUM GOLD-SEAL ART-RUGS

Pattern No. [illegible]

OUT-OF-DOORS

Ourselves and Our Eagle

THE bald eagle is the American national bird; yet we treat him as though he were the hated emblem of some enemy country. He is the grandest of all our feathered creatures; yet he gets less consideration from us than the commonplace English sparrow. What is the result? In most parts of the United States the bald eagle is now so rare as to be almost unknown. This is all wrong. There is no good reason for it. Except in isolated instances, the bald or white-headed eagle, the true American eagle, does no harm worth mentioning. He subsists mainly on fish, and most of these fish are unfit for human consumption. Only rarely and only in the wilder, less settled districts does he take an occasional lamb or kid. The few wild ducks—most of them wounded birds—that he kills are as nothing compared with the service which he renders as a stimulus to American patriotism.

During the World War we got out posters, some of them splendid ones, in which superb American eagles, screaming their battle cry, were the central figures. They represented in our minds embattled America, and with their magnificent strength, their wonderful swiftness and their regal bearing, they seemed an ideal personification of our country. If any man had spat upon one of those poster eagles some true American would have knocked him down.

But in everyday life what do we do when we see a real American eagle? Ten chances to one we shoot him and get some taxidermist to stuff him as a trophy. This, as just now remarked, is all wrong. It is lamentable and stupid.

In the region where I live eagles are still abundant. Last spring, according to our custom, Charles Livingston Bull and I made some trips together through the region about Charleston, South Carolina. Wherever we went we saw eagles. We could count on our daily eagle or eagles with as much confidence as in Massachusetts or Ohio you can count on your chickadee.

Now if I could make every lover of the outdoors realize how much the eagles added to the interest of these trips and how much the presence of eagles always adds to the charm of the outdoors, the rest would be easy. We should soon make an end to the wanton killing of eagles. But in many cases it is hard to instill into people who don't know the eagle the idea that one living eagle is better than ten stuffed ones and that when they kill one of these royal birds they destroy something which enhances immeasurably the wildness of the woods and of the waters, that wildness which all outdoors people love.

Perhaps it may not be so hard to instill the thought that as good Americans we owe the American eagle something because he is our national bird and because, in spite of our ill treatment of him, he has helped to make the national spirit of America what it is.

Let your mind dwell upon those superb characteristics of the bald eagle which have made him in song and story the American bird; and then think of what you owe him as a contributor to the national morale of America. If we will all do this and govern ourselves accordingly, the bald eagle may come back to many regions which now seldom or never see him, and to our children and our children's children the Bird of Freedom will be something more than a name.

H. R. SASS.

The Dance of Gray Raccoon

CURLED in his black-ringed tail drowsed he,
Gray Raccoon of the hollow tree;
But the North Wind called and he woke too soon;
Out from his hole came Gray Raccoon.

Sharp-faced, keen-eared, shrewdly wise,
Mischief bright in his dark brown eyes,
Over the frost-ridged path he crept
To the bowldered cave where the Black Bear slept.

Warm in his fur and his donjon keep,
Moween the Black Bear slept his sleep.
Led by the light of the wintry moon,
Into the den came Gray Raccoon.

There he came and there he saw;
Quick of eye and deft of paw,
He stole the Black Bear's magic flask,
His medicine lance and his medicine mask!

Warned by the cry of the Great Horned Owl,
Moween awoke with a wrathful growl;
Down he came like the mad typhoon,
Hard on the trail of Gray Raccoon.

Gray Raccoon shook the magic flask,
He covered his face with the medicine mask,
He drove to the sky the wizard lance,
He danced the North Wind's medicine dance.

The North Wind stormed with a trumpet blare,
Full in the way of the raging Bear;
Heaping the snow like a lake-shore dune,
Saving the hide of Gray Raccoon.

Gray Raccoon is a hardened case
With the Black Bear's mask on his elfin face;
And his dark brown eyes have an impish gleam
As he washes his food in the purling stream.

And you'll know that he wakes from his winter sleep
When the North Wind comes with a rollicking sweep
And the snow wraiths whirl to the eldritch tune
Of the medicine dance of Gray Raccoon.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

The Cotton Thread Fishing Club

In days gone by our mothers sewed
With Clark's thread, fine but strong;
Though since Jim Jordan fished the Point,
This use has been forgone.

THIS is one of the ballads of the Cotton Thread Fishing Club of America, and it tells the use to which mother's spool, with which she sews, has been put by fishermen who believe in giving a square deal to fish, or, as Jimmy Jordan, the father of cotton-thread fishing, once remarked to the writer, "There is no fun after the fish is in the boat."

The Cotton Thread Fishing Club of America was organized thirteen years ago to give a square deal to fish, and since then the gospel of cotton thread has been carried through the United States by these disciples of Jimmy Jordan, who began to fish with the line that mother uses to sew the rip in Willie's pants, the club starting with fourteen members, and now having thousands of adherents wherever fishermen congregate, who use the standard line on game fish on which it can be used.

Before one scoffs at the cotton-thread line, let us take a look and see what has been accomplished in the taking of game fish by this means. The club began to fish with cotton thread in 1913 at the Raunt, Jamaica Bay, a body of water that was excellent fishing grounds before pollution got in its disastrous work. Jamaica Bay is the angling Mecca for the man who fishes from a rowboat, and thousands of New Yorkers and Brooklynites make it their headquarters from spring until fall, for there come into the bay during the season weakfish—called squeteague in New England waters and sea trout in Southern waters—in large numbers, and there are also to be taken, in season, striped bass, lafayette, eel, fluke, flounder, herring, mackerel, sea bass, blackfish, porgy and other fish.

In 1913 no weakfish of any considerable size were taken because it was a period of experimenting, but in 1914 all the members of the club eagerly contested for prizes, and the records showed trolling for striped bass on Number 24 cotton thread.

Lou Sprung, on rod and wheel, captured a striped bass weighing five pounds, seven ounces.

Still-fishing on Number 24 cotton thread, James Jordan landed a weakfish of five pounds, fifteen ounces. During the year members of the club on Number 24 cotton thread caught 764 weakfish and other fish to a total of 1960. These 1960 fish, were made up of 764 weakfish, taken on Number 24 cotton thread, game fish, and so-called non-game fish. Of these game fish and non-game fish, more hereafter.

As a stunt the experiment of Number 24 cotton thread made men so expert with the use of the rod and thread line that a number of men in the club decided to use a much finer cotton thread, known as Number 100, and using this line, 54 weakfish were taken, the heaviest of which weighed three pounds, two ounces, taken by H. S. Tibbs.

Now let us take a look at the club records to show the progress made by anglers using cotton thread for a line. They follow—1915:

Trolling Number 24 cotton thread, striped bass, six pounds, fifteen ounces—Lou Sprung.

(Continued on Page 52)

Tourist Camp Grounds in Paradise Valley South of Seattle

Willie Painter, Matchmaker

But it Genally Always Happens That When He is Here Little Auntbell Comes, Too, and I Can Tell That She is Sick in Tired of Him

By Frank Mann Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

In Hosspital, June 18.

Well, it is some time since I done any literatury writeing, but a guy does not feel like writeing down the story of their life, so far, when he is laying on a hosspital bed with a frackured collar bone; at lease the Dr. says it is only a collar bone, but the way I feel it is every bone in my poor body is frackured. Mr. Tom Robbins says that only I had the good jugment to land on my dome when the mare flang me over her head, and so broke the force of the blow with the part of me is toughest, I would now be laying in some good cemitry with a lilly in my hand instead of in bed, and I bet there are not many boys tough enough to take what I took and live to tell the tail.

It was up to Thornchiffe Track it happened just a few days after I had covered myself with fame by pilateing Red Albert home a winner at the Woodbine when everybody but me thought he didn't have no chance. I was standeing on the track 1 morning close to the paddock lane takeing a little rest after working 3 of our beetles, and I heard Mr. Robbins in convesation with Mr. Jerry Gormaly.

"What's the matter with that little black mare of yours, Jerry?" Mr. R. says. "Don't you never work her no more?"

"Oh, her," Mr. Gormaly repplies; "I have about decided to pressent her to some zoo where she can live in the same cage with a nice quiet man-eating tiger."

"Why, how is that?" the boss says. "I thought she was a gentle little thing which anybody could handle."

"Sure she's gentle," Mr. Gormaly ansers. "Just so long as you leave her in the stall she is like a lamb; but oncet you take her on a track she seems to think she is acting in a Tom Mix movie flim, and she's throwed so many of the bugs that none of them want any part of her no more."

"That's because she ain't never been handled right," I interrupts. "These here cheap punks don't know how to set a sofa even, let alone a horse. I bet if some high-class rider like I or Redgie Fisher or Pete Walls was to give her a work, you would be supprised how good she would go."

Mr. Gormaly looks at me kind of astonish.

"And who might you be, sticking your fork into somebody else's bale of hay?" he asta.

"Why," my boss says, "surely, Jerry, you must of heard of Willie Painter, 1 of the world's comeing great jockeys if he ever gets over the case of ingrowing moddesty which is his only weakness at pressent."

"Oh, so this is Willie," Mr. Gormaly says. "Well, I certainly have heard a lot about you, Willie. You are the boy which learned Earl Sande all the fine points of the game, ain't you?"

"No, sir," I repplies, very polite, like always, "I haven't never met Sande personable as yet, although him or any other boy is welcome to all the help or coaching I can give them any time."

"Good for you, my boy," he ansers. "Don't you never let yourself get too proud to help the deserving in time of need. And do you think you would like to give this mare of mine a little whirl, Willie?"

"I don't mind doing a flavor for any freind of Mr. Robbins," I repplies. "If you would like me to take a little of the vishusness out of your mare, why I am agreeable."

So Mr. Gormaly sends a swipe over to his barn and pretty soon he come back leading this black mare all saddled and bridled.

"I see that they have saddled her already," Mr. Gormaly says. "I don't suppose a boy like you will condescend to set in any saddle but your own."

"Saddles don't mean notheing to me," I ansers. "All this talk about not being able to ride in a strange saddle is just plain apple sauce. If a man is a real rider, he can ride without notheing but a blanket."

"Well, if you're satisfried I'm sure I am," Mr. Gormaly says, giveing me a leg up; "but be sure and take good care of yourself, Willie, and keep out in the middle of the track where the falling is more softer."

So I starts to jog the mare around the track slow and she recognized at once she had met her master and acted like a perfeck lady. After we had jogged to the 3-furlong pole I started galloping her and she still handled swell; so, after we made the turn into the stretch I took her over to the rail and shook her up; and just when I was expecking her to break into a run she seemed to kind of prop her 2 front feet together someway. Well, of course, nobody can't do theirself justice in a strange saddle; and besides I hadn't been feeling none too good all morning and wouldn't of ever of thought of rideing no strange horse in that condition only for not wanting to disappoint a freind of the bosses. Anyways, the next thing I knew I was flying through the air faster than any airyoplane that ever was built, and the next thing I knew after that somebody was holding my head up off of a pillow and saying to me, "Try and drink this."

Well, I am too stiff and sore to do any more writeing today and the nurse has just told me I must lay down and take a rest. But I just want to say that even if me and all my folks are all Baptists, the nurses and sisters in this St. Malachi's Hosspital couldn't of used me no eleganter; no, not even if my father had of been an Arkbishop.

In Hosspital, June 20.

I just seen a copy of a evening paper and there is a piece about me on the sporting page, and as soon as I am well again and get my strength I will go down to that newspaper and make whoever wrote it retrack his words; yes, even if he is as big as a house. This piece about me says, "Reports from St. Malachi's Hosspital are to the effect that Willie Painter, apprentice rider for the Robbins Stable, is resting quietly after his recent accident. It is said he finds the mattress easier rideing than Jerry Gormaly's mare."

What kind of a thing is that to print about a boy which just mearly happened to slip off a mare who was notoriable as a bad actor and every jockey at the track a-scared to even try and ride? But all them writers is alike—just give them 3 or 4 lead pencils and a free badge for the track, and they go swelling theirself all over the place, letting on they know more about horses than us men who have made raceing our life work from infantsy almost.

Like 1 of them come noseing around our barn 1 morning, asting questions and acting like he owned the place.

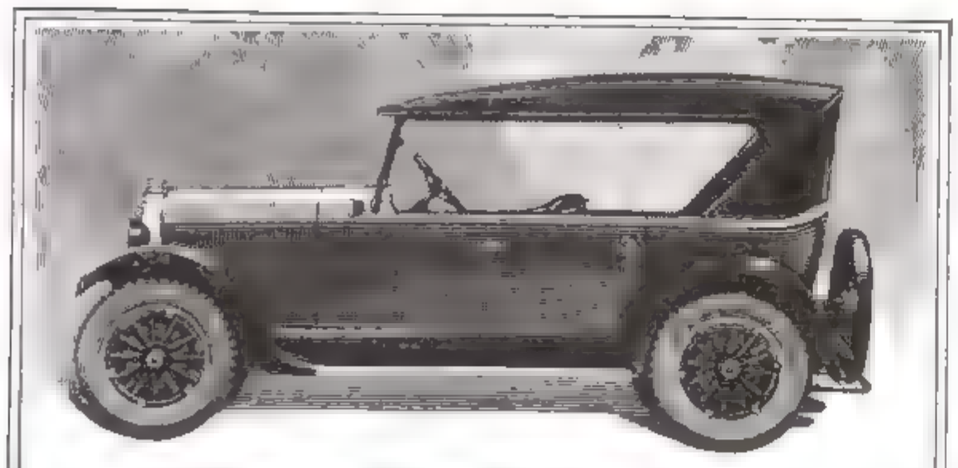
"And who in the aitch are you and what in the aitch do you want?" I says to him.

"Oh," he says in 1 of them high buttermilk voices, "I am a friction writer and I am lookeing for atmosfear for a raceing story I am writeing for a magazine."

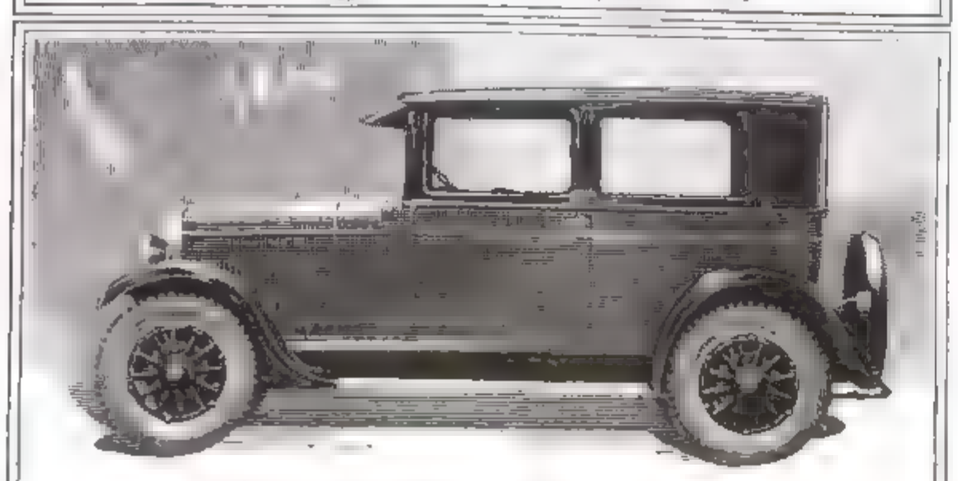
"Well, if it's atmosfear you want," I says, "just you come in here."

So I shoves him into Number 4 Stall and shut the door behind him, and by the time I let him out again he sure looked like he had got all the atmosfear he wanted; and no wonder, because in that stall there were no less than 3 billy goats. I just wisht I could catch the writer which printed that dirty piece about me the same way; I would keep him locked up with the goats till he strangled.

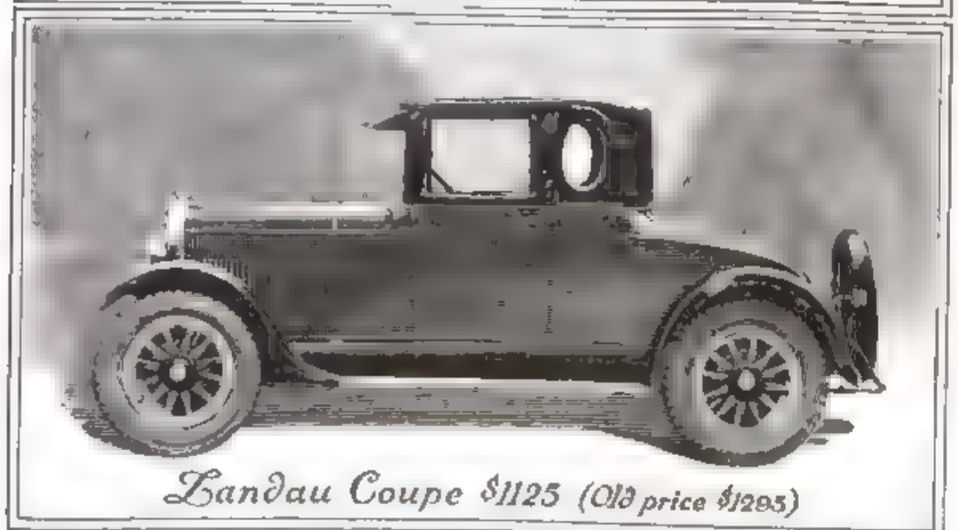
(Continued on Page 36)



Touring $1025 (Old price $1095)



Coach $1095 (Old price $1215)



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WINNING AND HOLDING GOOD WILL

OAKLAND SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 34)

This laying in a hosspital bed is not such a rotten job after all. At 1st. I was sort of lonesome, especially at nights, and sometimes I wished Mr. Robbins had not of insisted on renting me a private room all by myself but had let me go in a ward where I would have company. But now it is not so bad because there is a little nurse who is on duty nights in a ward down the hall, and every little wile she comes in to chat with me. She is a awful pretty little thing, and seems very motional and greatly inpressed with knowing a prominent character like me.

I kid back and fourth with her all the time, but of course I will take good care and not let her think I am series, as I do not want to bust no more loveing hearts, so I will let her know that women are notheing or less in my life. She is a awful pretty little girl and has a swell complection and hair that reminds me just the same as the chestnut filly Alf Mahoney grabbed off us in the claiming race at Bowie. Her name is Annibell. The nurse's name, I mean, not the filly's name.

In Hosspital, June 23.

This little nurse Annibell is sure a funny 1, and would probly be a mystery to anybody which don't understand women like I do. Sometimes she talks like she didn't have a brain in her head, nor yet a place to put 1; and then sometimes she will say things that are real wise.

Like the other night she says to me, "Willie, don't you never have no company in the evenings?"

And I repplies, "No, because pop and mom come afternoons on account it takes quite a while to get back to Pineville, and all my freinds are out of town with the horses."

So Annibell thought for a minute or 2, then she says, "Well, a swell rider like you must have thousands of admirers, and I bet there would be plenty of them calleing to see you only they think you are probly too sick for visiters." So I showed her the piece on the sporting page where it says how I am getteing better, and she says, "There now, I bet when they see that, some of your admirers will be along pretty soon."

Of course, I just sort of laughed the compliment off like I had not heard same, I am like that; but the very next evening who should come along but a man which intraduced hisself as Mr. Walters, a raceing fan who had followed my career ever since I started rideing, and hopped he was not intruding on me but wanted to pay his respecks. He stayed over a hour, and we had a very pleasant vissit. He brung me some fruit and a magazine to read, and wile he was here Annibell happened to come in and greatly to everybody's supprise her and this Mr. Walters knew each other—that is, he use to be a friend of Annibell's father's, but hadn't saw notheing of them lately and didn't even know she had started to get trained for a nurse.

"The world is sure a small place," I says to them, and they both agread with me and said I sure knew what I was talkeing about.

After he was gone, Annibell come in to see me again and I starts to kid her about this fellow being a old sweatheart of hers.

"Don't talk to me about no sweathearts," she says. "A nurse has got plenty on her mind trying to please about 40 matrons and asst. matrons and other bosses who don't never say the same thing twice alike, without bothering her head about sweathearts."

"Didn't you never have 1?" I presists.

"Only oncet," she repplies, "and believe me, Willie, that oncet was plenty."

"Does that mean you don't never want another?" I asts, not that I cared, but just to make the little thing think I took a intrest in her.

"Now you're asting something, Willie," she ansers with a lovely smile, "and if I was to anser you it would be telleing."

And just then she heard the night souperintendint pussy-footing down the hall and had to do a sneak; but from the look she give me as she slid out the door it was easy seen that it would not be very hard for the right man to make her forget all about her good resolutions in regards to sweathearts. She is a awful pretty little thing; but of course that don't mean notheing to me, as my career is everything to me and I will not let no girl interfear with my intention to become the world's greatest rider, I am like that.

In Hosspital, June 25

This morning the Dr. ezamined me and says if I will promise to set quiet and not take no reckless chances for a couple of weeks or 2, he will let me go home tomorrow or the next day; but after thinkeing things over I come to the conclusion that it would not be fair for me to make mom go to the trouble of waiting on me hand and feet all that time so I says to him, No, I don't think I better leave the hosspital yet because a man who his physic means as much to his career as mine does can't afford to run no risks. So the Dr. just smiles and says, "Well, Willie, you must find the seenry around here more attractive than what most patience does; but if you insist on staying with us a little longer, why we must try and bear up under the strain."

Of course, I know he was only jokeing, because I guess there hasn't never been anybody in this hosspital as popular as what I have got. Pretty near all day long nurses and house sturgeons keep dropping in to hear me entertrain them with stories of my life and experience, and often after they have left I can still hear them snickering and laughing among each other in the corridor. 1 house sturgeon says that when I am through as a jock I should ought to go on the stage, because it ain't everybody can make folks laugh theirself to death even when trying to be series, like I can.

But even if I do have a good time enduring the day, it is nights I like best, because then is when little Annibell comes to see me, and it was partly on her account I decided to not go home right away yet. Not that I am getteing stuck on her or anything of that kind, but more because I seem to have a good influents on her and she confides all her troubles to me and I give her lots of good advice and all like that. So I think it is my duty to stick around as long as possible, because if I had not came into her life I am afraid she would of done something foolish.

It seems that a while back she thought she was in love with some guy named Fred and was all set to run away with him and get married, only her old man found out about it and throwed the guy out of the house and made Annibell come here and get trained for a nurse so as to forget this guy.

"How did he ever find out about it?" I asts her.

"Oh," she says, "that darned radio, of course."

"Why," I says, "did your sweatheart go broadcasting his love to the wide world?"

"No," she repplies, "but 1 night me and Freddie was standing on our verandagh sort of talkeing things over and we thought everybody had went to bed because it was after midnight and the house all dark. And of course dad had to be setting in the parlor trying to get Los Angels or some place on his 2-burner radio, and of course he has to hear everything we say and only Freddie was high-hurdle champion at school dad would of merdered him sure."

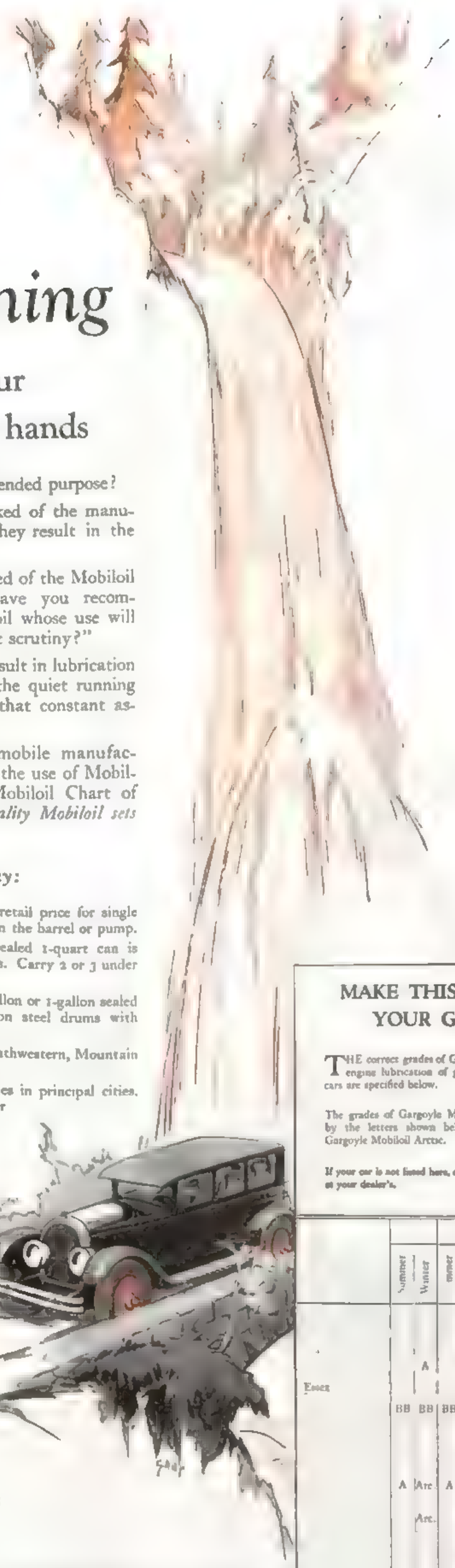
"What does this Freddie do for a liveing?" I asts.

"Why, he hasn't really settled on anything definite," Annibell says. "He's only been out of college a couple of years or so and he's kind of been lookeing around for something is suited to his tallents."

"He's sure takeing a good long look, isn't he?" I says. "How did he think he was going to sport a wife then, or was he going to let you starve to death?"

(Continued on Page 50)

"Oh," He Says in 1 of Them High Buttermilk Voices, "I am a Fiction Writer and I am Lookeing for Atmosfear for a Raceing Story I am Writeing for a Magazine"



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If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
							A	
		A		A		Arc	Arc	Arc
Essex	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
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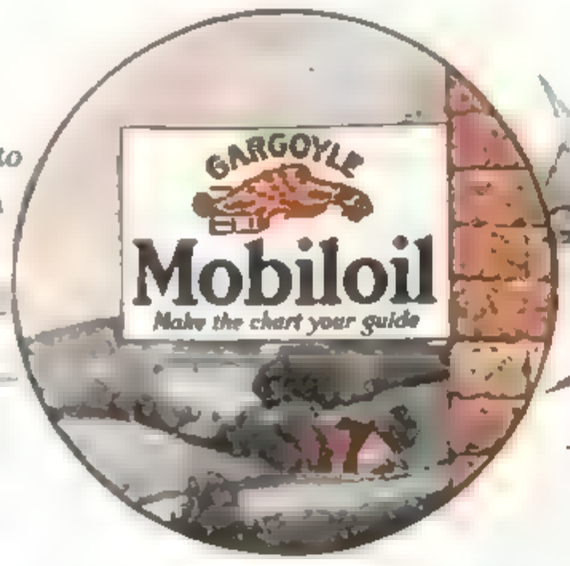
The guide sign to scientific lubrication



For 59 years the Vacuum Oil Company has specialized in lubrication

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Which were you to-day *Dr. Jekyll or Mr. Hyde?*

SOME days everything goes fine. You wake up refreshed and full of energy. The few minutes spent with your family are pleasant minutes. You are able to say "Good morning," and *mean* it, to the men you work with. You turn the work out easily. Everybody seems to like you. You're appreciated!

You go home at night with plenty of energy left. There are welcoming voices when your quick step and cheerful greeting are heard. Dinner is entertaining. Then the evening! Maybe it's the radio, or a ride in the car, or the movies, or a good book, or a visit. A worthwhile evening! Bedtime. Yawns. Pleasant physical tiredness—nerves relaxed and peaceful. A fine day! A pretty good world! Good night, Dr. Jekyll!

ANOTHER day. You wake up with a grouch. The family breathes a sigh of relief when you leave. Your "Good morning" at the office is a grunt. Everything goes wrong. The work piles up.

At home that night you're a bore, and you know it. You mildly hate everything, but chiefly and most thoroughly you hate yourself. What's the use of anything? *Good night*—and may you never wake up—Mr. Hyde!

THERE'S a little of both Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in every man. Dr. Jekyll would be a great success in the world if Mr. Hyde weren't lurking in the background. Everybody likes Dr. Jekyll. His business relationships are most agreeable. His wife and children love him. Everything goes along so smoothly—and then that fellow Hyde pops up.

In a good many men, Mr. Hyde has the upper hand most of the time—a real disaster.

It isn't that Mr. Hyde doesn't know any better. He's just a wrong-headed blunderer. He eats food which he knows isn't good for him. He stays up too late at night. He doesn't take any regular exercise. He scorns fresh air. Worst of all, perhaps, he loads himself with artificial stimulants, meal after meal. He feels surly, and tired, and naturally he acts the same way.

This is the nature of such a stimulant as caffein: it deadens the sense of fatigue, and withdraws energy from the body's vital reserve. Bit by bit this reserve is lowered.

Without an abundant reserve of vital energy, we travel perilously close to the breaking point. We tire easily. We are easily discouraged. We are, in truth, half-sick.

We are taught in school that we should avoid caffein, but so often we disregard that knowledge. We don't enjoy the nervousness, the sleeplessness, the headache and indigestion, but we are careless—or "won't have our habits interfered with." Often these "trifling" bad habits get us into serious difficulty.

It is so easy to avoid caffein, and still enjoy a hot drink at mealtime. Change to Postum! It is made of whole wheat and bran, roasted to bring out the full, rich flavor. It contains no trace of any artificial stimulant. It *contributes* to health and well-being. And its delicious flavor has made it the favorite drink in millions of homes!

Take this easy step in the right direction! Make the thirty-day test of Postum. This has given Mr. Hyde his walking papers in the case of many a man, and left only the pleasant, agreeable, successful Dr. Jekyll—left the man *you* are on your good days.

Give this plan a trial! Accept the offer of Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator!

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to make a thirty-day test of Postum. I want to give you, free, your first week's supply, and my personal directions for preparing it—both in the usual way, for yourself, and with hot milk, for children. I will tell you how to make Iced Postum, too.

"Or if you wish to begin the test today, you can get Postum at your grocer's. You will be glad to know that Postum costs much less—only one-half cent a cup.

"For the week's free supply, please send me your name and address, and indicate whether you prefer Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

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I C A P P

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

W. H. D. Koerner and Ruth Ann Koerner

C. E. Scoggins

W. H. D. Koerner

HERE are two of us—1, 2, 3, 4 Koerners—the other two are sketching on another wharf. You can tell we are in Gloucester, Massachusetts, by the sniff on our noses, but we like it; and every breath we draw we seem to draw better.

I draw everything—but a crowd; got the habit when I was a kid. I earned two dollars a picture painting cows' heads and green pastures where the cows were supposed to be, on milk wagons; then, later, I had the nerve to teach art in my home town of Clinton, Iowa, in the public schools.

To be a newspaper artist was my mad ambition; began by being office boy in The Chicago Tribune, and ended the spectacular career of special assignments and hairbreadth escapes as assistant art editor. Went to art school one morning to study art; saw a girl instead of the model, drew the girl, stopped studying art to study the girl, drew a proposal. She accepted and my "model" sweetheart became my "model" wife; and, like a wedding gift to us, I became art editor of a Middle Western magazine and worked with such men as Willis J. Abbot and Karl E. Harriman as editors.

Then we came to New York! Also down, down, down in our estimations of our success as artists. My wife quit art; I went doggedly on, drew on my imagination of what I might be, aimed high, worked hard, starved—a little, learned a lot, went to art school and studied hard this time, took scholarships, hoped, feared; look over a bunch of my illustrations; you'll see it all in them, for I've drawn my history.

After all the scholarships were won, after the bank account had gone dry, we went to Wilmington, Delaware.

Howard Pyle's school was closed, but he lectured and gave criticisms, and his pupils, such men as Dunn, Wyeth, Arthurs, Schoonover, were ever ready to help an earnest student; to these I owe much gratitude. I was doing advertising to pay expenses when THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and I first met; we've been friends—staunch friends ever since.

And today, here we are living at Interlaken, New Jersey, us 1, 2, 3, 4 Koerners, still hoping and working and looking for the top rung of the ladder—drawing, drawing, drawing; sometimes I call it painting, sometimes sketching, sometimes just enjoying myself.

C. E. Scoggins

THERE seems to be some difference of opinion as to whether writers are born or made. I quote: "Republica Mexicana, Estado de Sinaloa. . . . En el puerto de Mazatlan . . . compareció el Ciudadano Jefferson Davis Scoggins . . . y presentó un niño vivo." This, from the official document, should forestall any controversy in my case. I was born. But it took me thirty years to find out what for.

My father was a Methodist preacher, which, I am told, explains something or other. When I was six months old I rolled off a high bench in a cobbled patio, alighting head first, bringing on some seventeen hours' argument between my mother and the authorities as to whether I was ready for final disposition. My mother won. This, I am told, throws more light on the subject.

My father died on my sixth birthday, leaving the usual estate of Methodist preachers; whereupon my mother, with no business training whatever, with nothing in fact but her needle and her valiant heart, turned to and earned a living for three young children and herself—herself last—until we were able to do for ourselves. When you next start counting the able citizens who are preachers' sons, please remember that they got at least half their stuff from preachers' wives.

I went to school in Henrietta, Ballinger, Denton and Austin, Texas. I sold candy on the street; worked in a drug store, in an ice factory, on an ice wagon and as collector for the ice company; put in my spare time, my last two years in high school, as cub for a sign painter; this last accomplishment helped me halfway through the University of Texas. I meant to be an electrical engineer. But half an E. E. degree doesn't go far. So I went back to Mexico and dragged a chain on railroad location, kept time for a construction camp, was foreman of another, where the nearest white man was six miles east and a mile and a half straight down: I was then twenty-one years old.

Believe me, I leave much unsaid. When railroad construction stopped—there were financial stringencies besides my own—I got a job on the construction of the Necaxa dam, the biggest in the world of its kind. I was on it when it broke, toward the end of a graveyard shift in May, 1909. . . . I sold machinery for three years.

In 1912, being tired of running around, I took a job as traveling salesman for a saw manufacturer in the States, covering Georgia, Florida and Cuba; I was being trained for the Latin trade exclusively, but they forgot about me and left me there seven years; the eighth, they suddenly remembered and sent me on a year's trip to look over the Latin territory.

Roland Pertwee

But in the meantime I had acquired a wife and a daughter. . . . In Mexico I had a pal, and he came from Muncie, Indiana. He used to get letters from a girl there. I envied him. I married her. I liked the novel sensation of putting my feet under my own table. . . . On a trip to Cuba I chanced to be on the train and boat with Mary Roberts Rinehart. I should put that in italics; but I won't. It's not her fault. She knew not what she did. She can't help being human and kindly; she was born that way.

Of course, writers have to be human, more human than other people. But it was a shock to me—an eye-opener. She talked as if I, even I, might write. . . . I tried. I wrote Jerry Remembers Something. A magazine refused it; I dropped it in a drawer of my desk and forgot it. My daughter, then at the paper-tearing age, discovered it. Collecting the fragments, I read a paragraph and found myself grinning. Said I to myself, "Why, it's actually funny!" So I rewrote it, and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST bought it for as much as I could earn in two months selling saws.

That was a fluke, of course. I tried again and again. Editors, I found, were human too. . . . I'd found the thing I always yearned to do, without ever dreaming that I actually could. So I quit work and went to writing stories.

I work harder than I ever did in my life; I mean, it takes all the faculties, all the energy I've got. But the reward is great. There's money, of course; there has to be; my daughter is growing up. There are the interesting associations in the craft. There's the freedom to live where I like, which happens to be Muncie, Indiana. My wife has lifelong friends here. I have no lifelong friends anywhere—how could I have, with a life scattered all over the map?—but hers have come to be more or less mine.

People say to me, "But, of course, you've got a lot to write about, living all over as you have!" I only wish I could write what I see right here in Muncie, Indiana, an American town. I see what people who've had homes all their lives can't see. And some day the way to write it will come to me.

Roland Pertwee

THERE is something to be said for the phrase "who's who"—it is so noncommittal. No one, however great his modesty, need mind writing a line or so under this heading. Probably "who" has a wider horizon than any other word of equal length, since every breathing organism in the world is a who of sorts and simply cannot fight against it. To the exposition then:

I left school barren of scholastic honors at the age of fifteen and entered the Westminster School of Art, where, in the belief of my masters and fellow students, I showed excellent promise of maintaining a reputation—for little achievement. Later to my intense surprise I won a scholarship at the Royal Academy, and at the age of nineteen—I thought it meteoric at the time, but have since concluded it was an accident—I had a picture hung—at a very high altitude—on the walls of those much-discussed galleries.

Thereafter I went to Paris, still in pursuance of the fugitive craft of painting, and acquired many strange opinions in the politics of art. And since from Paris to Chelsea

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TEN-TWENTY-THIRTY

The Passing of the Popular-Priced Circuit

By MARIAN SPITZER

ON A CERTAIN night in the first week of June, last year, The Fatal Wedding, an old-time favorite melodrama, was being exhibited as a museum piece for the delectation of a sophisticated metropolitan first-night audience, who, from the comfortable chairs of the theater, viewed the proceedings with a determined hilarity. But their laughter had a hollow ring. Somehow the thing didn't quite come off. It just missed being convulsively diverting. Even the between-the-acts rendition of Just Another Fatal Wedding, sung by a boy tenor to the accompaniment of illustrated slides, failed to click. And the revival of the melodrama, which, when it was originally produced, ran for months and months at the old Grand Opera House on the Bowery, lasted exactly eight performances.

There were two distinct reasons for this failure. One was the attitude of the audiences, and the other the attitude of the performers. The audience came in a patronizing frame of mind to laugh a shade contemptuously at the stuff that had passed for serious entertainment a quarter of a century ago, and to think smugly of how far they had progressed artistically since that time. And the performers, eager that their spectators should be aware that they, too, were in on the joke, played the piece in a burlesque spirit, thus completely missing the spirit of the play. Of the entire company, only one, a yellow-haired child actress, listed on the program as Little Georgianna, threw herself seriously into the business at hand, and played her part as Theodore Kremer, author of The Fatal Wedding and countless other melodramas of the theatrical age of innocence, meant it to be played, and as it undoubtedly was played by its original protagonist, also a yellow-haired child actress, who was later to make rather a success in the movies under the name of Mary Pickford.

PHOTO FROM THE COLLECTION OF EDWARD LE ROY PIKE, GLENDALE, N. Y.

Victory Bateman, the Original "Dearest" in Little Lord Fauntleroy

Modern audiences, especially in big cities, are inclined to be Smart Aleck, and it is that tendency, together with certain obvious economic conditions, that has been largely contributory to the gradual passing of the good old institution generically known as the ten-twenty-thirty. It has become rather a matter of course since the tremendous development of the motion-picture and vaudeville industries to assume that many of the cherished theatrical institutions of the past twenty-five to fifty years have fallen before their progressive march; and to a certain extent this is true, especially in regard to the movies. Most of the typical melodramas of the ten-twenty-thirty era were built around some effect—the human bridge across a cañon, the forest fire, storm at sea, the hero tied to the railroad tracks, or some such thing. Early movies, especially the serials, which were extremely popular in the beginning, were built on the same principle, and with the resources at their command they could obtain much better effects than the dramas could, which naturally hurt the dramas.

On the Blood-and-Thunder Circuit

BUT the movies did not deal the real death blow, according to the showmen who used to produce these quondam hair raisers. Harry Clay Blaney, for many years a popular actor-manager of thrillers, and now a play broker and producer, declares that what really put them out of business was the increasing cost of production.

"Actors who used to consider themselves well paid," Mr. Blaney told me, "if they drew fifty dollars a week—principals these were, and the secondary players got around thirty—began asking a hundred and a hundred and fifty. Stagehands' wages jumped from twenty-five to seventy-five dollars a week, and unions began to demand the employment of three or four men where one originally sufficed. Traveling expenses mounted, hotel bills jumped—everything went up except the price of admission."

Since they were established definitely in the minds of the public as popular-priced shows, it was impossible to raise the admission fee in proportion to the expenses. People wouldn't pay more than fifty or seventy-five cents to see a show of this type, and since it was futile to try to make a profit on such a basis the shows gradually began to withdraw, until now they exist mainly as the memories of another day, although the pages of The Billboard reveal the fact that there are still a number of traveling companies flourishing in rural communities. And even in metropolitan communities one stumbles upon one occasional survival or revival of the ten-twenty-thirty idea, although the old prices are unlikely to prevail.

Strictly speaking, the term ten-twenty-thirty is a catch phrase, a colloquialism used to describe several different varieties of low-priced entertainment, although actually some of them went above the thirty-cent limit. The credit for originating the term is given to Corse Payton, long and triumphantly known as the king of the ten-twenty-thirty.

Under this general head the two most important divisions were the rep shows and the blood-and-thunder shows. The latter, more dignifiedly known as the popular-priced road shows, were of that type of lusty, roaring, highly lithographic melodrama in which the villain pursued the heroine relentlessly through three acts, to fall dead at the final curtain, with the hero's boot planted firmly on his prostrate form. These shows, each with its own star or stars, toured the country yearly, for a season of forty or forty-five weeks, playing week stands, and generally cleaning up a neat little profit, even with fifty cents the top price of admission. These same shows would sometimes play a protracted New York engagement, usually in one of the Lower East Side theaters that were the accepted homes of melodrama, before setting out on tour. This blood-and-thunder circuit had its own particular brand of plays, represented by such thrilling titles as The King of the Opium Ring, From Sing Sing to Liberty, Fallen Among Thieves, The Great Train Robbery, and so on, as well as its own pet stars. The above-mentioned Harry Clay Blaney and his wife, Kitty Wolfe, Beulah Poynter, Lottie Williams, Laura Biggers, Barry Gilmore, were names to conjure with when the melodrama was at its height.

The rep shows—repertoire companies, to use their polite name—were quite a different matter from the blood-and-thunder shows. This division of the ten-twenty-thirty might best be described as the tomorrow-night-East-Lynne school of drama. These companies would tour small areas of the country, also playing week stands—they went to much smaller communities, incidentally, than the popular-priced shows did—only instead of giving one show they would give eight, a different one every night, and two matinées. Sometimes they held forth elegantly in the op'ry house, if the community boasted one, sometimes in the town hall, and more frequently than not in a barn.

From East Lynne to Quo Vadis

THERE were standard plays for the repertoire companies—hundreds of them—and a troupe when it went out at the beginning of a season would have a repertoire that included dozens of staple shows, so that it could vary its offerings according to the requirements of the different towns visited. Naturally there were certain obvious limitations to the plays. The number of characters, for instance, had to be approximately the same as the number of people in the troupe. Sometimes they managed to be amazingly flexible about this though. I did hear of a rep company that gave a performance of Quo Vadis with a cast of seven. If a newcomer joined up with a rep show in some town, he was handed a stack of parts a foot thick to learn, but the chances were that he was already up in most of them, since all the troupes had about the same repertoire.

Cecil Spooner, a Star of the 10-20-30 Days

These companies included in their repertoire quite a varied assortment of shows. There would be a main group of melodramas, probably the most popular of which was East Lynne. The Two Orphans was another favorite, and so were Her Great Awakening, Hazel Kirke, Ten Nights in a Barroom, Kathleen Mavourneen, The Octoroon, and others of that school. Then there were always some classical or semi-classical pieces like Quo Vadis, Julius Cæsar, Pygmalion, Damon and Pythias, Ingomar the Barbarian, Virginius, and so on. These were referred to by the rep-show people as Roman-shirt shows. And there were scores of book plays—dramatizations of popular novels or standard works that had been published in book form, on which an almost infinitesimal royalty was paid, if any. The accepted royalty was ten dollars a performance, and the companies usually leased the plays for a season of thirty to forty weeks at one performance a week. Then it was a case of try and get it. Authors who wail today about the small proportion of profit accruing to them from their work might find some small measure of comfort in glancing backward and regarding the plight of their brothers of earlier days.

Nobody paid any royalty at all if he could possibly get away with not paying it, and play pirating was developed into a profession all by itself. There was a man who made a fortune out of preparing what were termed reading versions of these popular book plays—that is, he would make up hundreds of typed or mimeographed copies and sell them to the rep-show people for a few dollars a copy. They

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(Continued from Page 40)

would learn their parts from these and simply neglect to notify the author, or whoever held the rights, that they were including the piece in their repertoire. If those concerned discovered that fact and went to considerable trouble, they might get what was coming to them, but on the other hand they might not. The really shrewd ones collected the full amount of royalty in advance. That was the only way they could be sure of getting it.

Here is a typical week's bill of a repertoire company of twenty-five or thirty-five years ago, as recalled by a man of my acquaintance, a Broadway actor and stage manager, who began his career as a juvenile in the rep shows sometime in the middle nineties:

MONDAY NIGHT—Reaping the Whirlwind, a spectacular opening piece with effects.

TUESDAY NIGHT—Jack Sheppard, a favorite melodrama about the infamous English bandit.

WEDNESDAY MATINÉE—East Lynne, because it had a special appeal for the womenfolk.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT—The Smugglers, another thriller.

THURSDAY NIGHT—Don Cæsar de Bazan or maybe Cyrano de Bergerac in a pieced-together, pirated version of their own fashioning. Thursday night was usually a dress bill—that is, a costume play.

FRIDAY NIGHT—The Hidden Hand, a real hair raiser.

SATURDAY MATINÉE—Lady Audley's Secret, another appeal to the women.

SATURDAY NIGHT—Fanchon the Cricket, always a good closing bill.

The life of an actor in a rep show wasn't exactly an easy one. Besides having to be familiar with a terrific number of parts, he usually had to know how to do some specialty between the acts, so that audiences wouldn't get restive while the scenes were being shifted. It was not an uncommon experience to see the handsome hero fall wounded at the end of Act Two, only to come out a minute or two later and do a little hoofing or sing a tenor solo while the stage was being set for Act Three.

And of course there was doubling in brass. Many of the rep shows used to give band concerts in front of the op'ry house every night before the performance, and members of the troupe had to contribute their share of the music. And in some cases, although not all, there were street parades in the afternoon. Altogether, it was what might be called an active existence. It was an old rep-show actor who originated the phrase, later to be the title and theme of a popular song, "Nothing to do until tomorrow."

Another version of the ten-twenty-thirty drama was the one-night-stand companies. These troupes would go out for a season with one show, playing anywhere from thirty to forty-five weeks if they were successful. As a rule they traveled in their own car, like the circus or the minstrel show. Usually there was one particular feature to distinguish the play. There were, for instance, the companies which played nothing but Uncle Tom's Cabin season after season. With these Tom shows, as they were and still are known—there are several of them playing even now—the important feature was the bloodhounds. The first Tom show to be recorded was presented by a trouping actor-manager named George C. Howard, in 1852, and, according to the record, was the Abie's Irish Rose of its day. That is to say, it did not meet with any great success when it was first put on, but Howard nursed it along, and after a few months it began to catch on, and has been running more or less ever since. The original dramatization was made by one George L. Aiken from Mrs. Stowe's novel. George Howard, in addition to presenting the piece, played St. Clair, his wife was the Topsy, his daughter Cordelia started Little Eva on her skyward journey, and the first Uncle Tom known to history was contributed by G. E. Germon.

George Thompson's Three-in-One Show

AMONG other favorites of the one-night-stand companies were a piece called Uncle Josh Spruceby, the feature of which was the hero's race with death in the form of a sawmill, and The Light Eternal, which used to knock its audiences cold with the spectacular effect of an electric cross at the finish. Sometimes the star of the company was a character actor who specialized in dialect parts. There was a series of Swedish shows which used to be exceedingly popular in the Scandinavian settlements of the Middle West. Chief among them were Yon Yonson and Ole Olesen, tremendous favorites with the rural spectators. Ben Hendricks, who is at the present time playing in Abie's Irish Rose on tour, was popular in these rôles some thirty years ago, and so was George Thompson, now playing a character part in a Broadway play.

Mr. Thompson tells an amusing story of his trouping days. Having played Yon Yonson with much success in a little Minnesota town, he decided to play a return engagement. Just by way of diversion, he resorted to the simple expedient of giving Yon Yonson again, calling it Ole Olesen, and changing the name of its central character and rechristening the supporting characters as well. The stunt worked so well that when, later in the season, Thompson found it necessary to play the same town one night in order to break a long jump, he gave them Yon Yonson a third time, merely changing the title and the name of the main character to Swan Swanson.

The ruse was so successful that after the performance the proprietor of the op'ry house, who was also general storekeeper, the chairman of the town council, leader of the volunteer firemen's band and congressman from the district, came to him and said: "Thompson, I didn't believe it could happen. When you played Yon Yonson I thought it was good, and when you played Ole Oleson I thought that better. But I'm darned if this new one, Swan Swanson, isn't the best of all. I missed the opening of Congress to see your performance, and I must say it was worth it."

There were, too, the tent shows—repertoire and one-night-stand companies who worked under canvas, following the warm weather, playing Southern territory during the winter months and going North in the spring. Also the boat shows, which plied up and down the Mississippi, the Ohio and the Missouri Rivers, operating on the same principle. It would be a great surprise, I am sure, for those sophisticated city theatergoers who think only in terms of

FROM THE COLLECTION OF EDWARD LE ROY RICE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Jessie Bonstelle, a 16-Year-Old Star

Broadway, to know that there are still quite a number of rep, Tom, tent and boat shows successfully working their way through those portions of the United States referred to by some New Yorkers as the sticks.

It is a curious thing that with all the ponderous and scholarly volumes that have been written on the history of the stage in America, and with all the gay and intimate reminiscences of theatrical celebrities, nobody has deemed it worth while to set down this chapter, to chronicle the activities of these nomadic mummers who were the temperamental if not the lineal descendants of the strolling players of the middle ages. Traditions there are, and legends by the score, to be picked up somewhat painstakingly out of the garrulities of old troupers, managers, company agents, and those occasional unaccountable men who may be found here and there in musty little offices or walking up and down Broadway in the smart attire of another generation—brown derby, cloth-top shoes, et al.—or sitting around the theatrical clubs telling one another how much better things were in the halcyon days when the century was new. But of authentic record there is none.

While from an artistic point of view the ten-twenty-thirty school of drama may not be important, it certainly contributed a colorful and picturesque chapter to the history of the American stage, and for that reason alone is entitled to a place in that history. In addition to its picturesqueness it furnished the early training for not a few of the more prominent dramatic and musical-comedy stars of the present time. Laurette Taylor and Richard Bennett, two of the most important players of the current dramatic stage, began their careers in its environs. Margaret Anglin started in a traveling stock company, and so did Rose Stahl, popular on Broadway a short time ago.

At least one important dramatist, Owen Davis, whose play of American life, Icebound, was awarded the Pulitzer prize for 1923, served his dramatic apprenticeship in the ten-twenty-thirty, and Willard Mack, whose current success, The Dove, is very much like the old-time thriller dressed up in beautiful clothes and scenery, was the author, early in his career, of a popular blood-and-thunder piece called In Wyoming.

A number of the most successful of today's producers, notably Sam H. Harris and A. H. Woods, began their careers as impresarios in the exciting environs of the hair raisers. But more of that anon.

Perhaps the chief claim to recognition of the ten-twenty-thirty lies in the fact that it was in its day the purveyor of entertainment to the multitude. At the risk of outraging the dignity of the whole tribe I am constrained to say that the ten-twenty-thirty occupied during its ascendancy almost exactly the same position in regard to the legitimate stage that the movies do today. Tens of thousands attend the theater today, but millions attend the movies. The same thing was true a quarter of a century ago proportionately. Thousands attended the theater then, but hundreds of thousands attended the ten-twenty-thirty.

Certainly the attitude of the public toward the stars of the blood-and-thunder shows bore a greater resemblance to the present-day attitude toward picture stars than toward the stars of the stage. There is no actor or actress in the legitimate theater that can stir a multitude in the way that movie people can. No dramatic event within my memory has required the assistance of the police force in controlling the enthusiasm of the excited populace, but let Mary Pickford or Doug Fairbanks come to New York for the première of a picture, and their very lives are endangered by the ardor of the mobs who flock to greet them. Well, in a lesser degree the heroes of the ten-twenty-thirty had the same kind of following. They were personal idols, not merely revered and admired performers.

Idols of Their Audiences

TAKE Corse Payton, for instance. This self-termed "best worst actor in America" held his public in the hollow of his hand. No Drew or Barrymore was ever so personally worshiped as he was—and still is, for that matter—in his Brooklyn stronghold. His every appearance on the stage was the signal for rapturous cheers and storms of applause, and when he walked on the streets he was followed by idolatrous crowds of small boys, giggling matinée girls and moonstruck matrons. He was the recipient of hundreds of gifts and countless letters, and he accepted them all with the matchless grace of an emperor secure in the adoration of his subjects.

And Harry Clay Blaney, who as Willie Live, the Boy Detective, toured the country for years and reigned supreme as the king of the popular-priced road show, was equally idolized by his public, which was an enormous one. Blaney, who is still a young man, might be said to have been the Doug Fairbanks of his day. When he arrived at a town for a week's engagement in The Boy Detective, or Across the Pacific, or any one of the numberless thrillers in which he saved the heroine after a fierce battle with the villain, he was met at the station by delegations from all the local organizations, the Volunteer Firemen, the Newsboys' League, and what not—always accompanied by a brass band—and escorted to his hotel or theater. His advent was as important as a circus day or a minstrel parade.

It is a rather difficult thing to ascertain just how and when the first ten-twenty-thirty shows originated. The institution, it seems, just grew out of the groups of straggling players who were barnstorming their way around the country as early as the War of 1812. The first attempt at organization, so far as I could gather, was made about 1882, when the Jacobs and Proctor Circuit of Popular Priced Theaters was formed, taking in territory around New York, New England and Canada. The Proctor of this combination was F. F. Proctor, who in later years gave up his interest in this firm and joined B. F. Keith in the Keith and Proctor Vaudeville Circuit. Mr. Proctor is still active, and the head of his own vaudeville interests, separate from but affiliated with the Keith Circuit. Along about the same time, two other circuits, the Bijou and the Harris, were formed, taking in territory farther South and West. Even with these organizations the method of procedure was informal, to say the least. Many of the companies would be got together on an almost infinitesimal capital; a show rehearsed for a week or so, some billboard advertising matter, which was of far greater importance then than it is now, purchased cheap from a printer, and the tour was on. Booking was made from week to week. If they made enough money in one town to proceed to the next they proceeded; if not they walked home.

Eventually, around 1900, the Jacobs and Proctor Circuit and the two other small ones were amalgamated into or superseded by the Stair and Havlin Circuit, owned and operated by two wealthy showmen. This circuit included all the territory formerly covered by the three others and considerably more besides, and it was under this régime

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CONSIDER THE STREET CAR

By CHESTER T. CROWELL

PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Traffic in Liverpool at a Standstill During Labor Demonstration

YOU may have observed that there is quite a variety of experts nowadays, experting up and down and across this continent. Recently I encountered a comparatively rare specimen. His profession is responding to SOS calls from municipalities whose streets fail to perform their function. He assists the local authorities in guessing what they ought to do about it. I use the word "guess" with all respect to the gentleman and his profession, because solving the problem of street congestion is not yet a mature science. If it were, we should have less congestion. Nevertheless, some of these experts make very good guesses. Every twice in a while they depart with the blessing of those who employed them. It isn't necessary to take their word for it; the reports speak for themselves. I have just finished reading the surveys of sixteen important American cities and shall have more to say about them later in this article.

The before-mentioned expert and I were walking along Broadway when a traffic policeman blew his whistle and forthwith a street car came staggering, clanging and banging around a corner. Some six or seven automobiles that had also been waiting for that signal shot ahead of it.

The expert said, "Now you take that type of car ——"

But the details were technical and seemed to me unimportant, so I interrupted: "It's about the ugliest thing I ever saw—slow too. But more especially, I am impressed by its ugliness. It seems to me that the car is a veritable achievement in unsightliness. It shows the work of genius."

The expert grinned.

"You probably don't know it," he said, "but that is a serious part of the street-car problem right now. The blamed things are ugly and they are getting a raw deal for it. Sometimes I have to laugh when the proposal is seriously made to clear them off the streets. A lot of companies have sensed this trouble and some are putting on better-looking cars; even a new coat of paint helps."

Street Cars Have Turned the Corner

"IT WOULDN'T help that one," I said, pointing. "A man with smoked glasses can see that it is going to die anyway."

"You are mistaken about that," he replied. "It has had a lot of trouble in the past five years, almost continuous sickness, but it is recovering."

"You think it may live?" I queried.

"There isn't anything to take its place."

"What about busses?"

"Well," he said, "let us consider the bus in this little town of New York. The total number of passengers in the fiscal year 1924 on all electric lines in New York City was, in round numbers, 2,673,000,000. Of these the surface lines carried somewhat more than 1,000,000,000. Now it takes about two and one-half busses to equal one street car in carrying capacity for the peak load. Where would you put those busses? The streets are somewhat crowded right now."

"But aren't a lot of the street-car companies going broke?" I asked.

"No," was the prompt reply. "They are doing better now. The American city can't get along without them. They carry about 16,000,000,000 passengers a year. They constitute one of the most important businesses in this country."

Later I looked up the statistics on receiverships. Here they are:

COMPANIES GOING INTO THE HANDS OF RECEIVERS

YEAR	NUMBER OF COMPANIES	MILES OF SINGLE TRACK INVOLVED	OUTSTANDING STOCK
1918	29	2,017.16	$ 92,140,388
1919	48	3,78[illegible].12	221,250,454
1920	19	1,06[illegible].31	28,758,455
1921	19	986.42	32,889,525
1922	14	695.43	18,240,170
1923	12	333.63	8,832,100

COMPANIES EMERGING FROM RECEIVERSHIPS

YEAR	NUMBER OF COMPANIES	MILES OF SINGLE TRACK INVOLVED	OUTSTANDING STOCK
1918	23	524.22	$ 37,740,325
1919	28	2,625.48	83,804,440
1920	11	224.20	6,182,400
1921	13	777.97	34,642,255
1922	25	719.53	22,171,500
1923	31	1,793.88	126,664,543

In the course of looking for these figures I found the U. S. Department of Commerce report on electric railways made in 1922, and it tells in two figures the details of a blow that put the street railways down for a count of nine—and

The increase in wages was about 66.8 per cent. A very large part of these increases took place in 1918, and in 1919 forty-eight companies went into receivership. In most instances the companies were ordered by governmental agencies to pay higher wages. Unfortunately for the companies, the same agencies did not have authority to increase fares. Later, however, fares were quite generally increased, thus inaugurating an era of recovery. Today the average fare for the whole country is computed by the American Electric Railway Association to be 7.4 cents. But increased fares are only a part of the story. Thirty-five states have now passed legislation placing the motor-vehicle common carrier under regulation. In those states irresponsible operators are no longer permitted to establish bus service on routes adequately served by electric lines.

This doesn't mean that there is no longer bus competition; neither does it mean that all bus operators are irresponsible. The statement means precisely what it says—irresponsible operators are no longer permitted, and so on. And that was a great help to the electric lines. But neither is this chapter the whole story. A great many street-railway companies have been wholly or partly relieved of the expense of maintaining pavement that they neither use nor destroy. Forty-six big companies have been relieved of their paving burdens; and two states, Connecticut and Massachusetts, have granted relief by legislative enactment.

Staging a Comeback

IN THE first half of 1924 electric railways raised $50,000,000 by sales of their securities and since then have been winning back their former place in the financial world. However, they are having to pay a higher rate of interest, and in some instances they are arranging to mail interest checks monthly in order to reassure the small investor. The Chicago Rapid Transit Company has issued $5,000,000 of prior preferred stock to pay 7.8 per cent. Employes took $1,500,000 of this issue. Customer and employe ownership is proceeding apace.

These are the more important factors in a recovery that is nothing less than sensational when one contrasts it with the situation described by Secretary of Commerce William C. Redfield and Secretary of Labor W. B. Wilson on May 15, 1919. I quote a few lines from a letter they addressed to President Wilson on that date:

"Already fifty or more urban systems are in the hands of receivers. The communities affected are among the most important—New York, Providence, Buffalo, New Orleans, Denver, St. Louis, Birmingham, Montgomery, Pittsburgh, Memphis, Fort Wayne, Des Moines, St. Paul, Spokane, Chattanooga. Other large systems are on the verge of insolvency, for the industry as a whole is virtually bankrupt."

Today the street car is staging a comeback, but nearly every time street congestion is taken up for public discussion someone suggests that the things take up too much room; and frankly, I thought so myself. It is a very natural thought if you don't happen to use the surface cars, or use them very infrequently. Millions of people in metropolitan areas do not ride on surface cars five times a year;

they use the subways or elevated lines. In smaller communities there are other millions who use their automobiles.

But in spite of both automobile and bus competition, it appears from official figures that street cars are being used more than ever.

On this point I quote the testimony of Henry G. Bradlee, president of the Stone and Webster Corporation, given October 1, 1919, before the Federal Electric Railways Commission:

"It would appear that something has been and is still stimulating the street-railway business; possibly the automobiles themselves have helped in this direction. People may be acquiring to a greater extent than ever before the riding habit and may be more and more inclined to move about and spend less time in their own homes or with their own neighbors. The moving picture is probably also a factor in the situation; but whatever may be the cause, the fact seems pretty clear that the demand for transportation service is still growing apace. This fact, I think, is generally not understood; in fact, I am free to confess that we ourselves were surprised to see the extent of the increased demand for service."

The Federal Electric Railways Commission, in its report submitted to President Wilson in August of 1920, said:

"It is estimated that on December 31, 1917, there were 4,643,481 passenger automobiles, and that two-thirds of the development of that industry was subsequent to 1912; but the number of revenue passengers carried by the electric railways was approximately 1,800,000,000 more in 1917 than in 1912. During the year ending June 30, 1919, the total number of revenue passengers carried by the transportation lines of New York City was 46 per cent more than in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1909. On the basis of the estimated population served, the number of revenue rides per capita in New York City in 1909 was 304, and in 1919, 370, an increase of nearly 22 per cent in the riding habit."

Evidently the street car will remain with us quite a while, also the automobile, not to mention the horse. And strange as it may seem, some people still walk. Therefore all this diverse and conflicting traffic has to find its way through the public streets. The quick solution for this whole problem becomes apparent to the layman after brief study; it is to widen the streets. To accommodate present-day requirements they ought to be from 80 to 100 feet wide. Since the expense of such a solution is prohibitive, alternatives are sought, usually in the form of traffic regulations designed to obtain a maximum flow through such channels as we have. And this leads back to the previously mentioned surveys of sixteen American cities.

In twelve of these, recommendations were made and adopted on the subject of restriction of parking privileges for private automobiles. No other single recommendation made such a high score, therefore one may safely draw the conclusion that a large majority of the experts and other persons who studied congestion decided that the parking of private automobiles contributed to it.

To Speed Up Street Traffic

THESE vehicles have been treated very tenderly by traffic regulators ever since they appeared. One of the first restrictions required them to draw in to the curb on the right-hand side, facing in the right direction. There is still a great deal of difficulty about this simple regulation, because so many automobile accidents occur as the driver maneuvers his car out of its narrow berth. A far more successful regulation is that which permits the automobile to face the curb, but lack of width makes this impossible in most streets.

The next regulation limited the parking time for automobiles. This was hailed as nothing less than an inspiration, but today many experts regard it as lacking in value so far as street movement is concerned. Experience and careful observation have shown that one automobile drawn up to the curb in a crowded street offers precisely the same obstacle to flow of traffic as a solid line of them. If you doubt this, consider for a moment the similarity between a street and a bottle—no matter how large your bottle, its contents can be released only in proportion to the size of the neck. A street has precisely the same limitations; if traffic has to flow around one standing automobile it might just as well be confined all along the line. So there is now a tendency toward designating certain streets to be reserved exclusively for rapid movement. In some places this includes not only total prohibition of the parking privilege, but a ban upon all slow-moving vehicles.

For many years—even before the automobile appeared—there was popular demand for a limit upon the speed of vehicles as a safeguard to life and limb. At present it is highly probable that this whole theory of regulation is going into the discard and that certain streets will be set apart for speed, perhaps even over thirty miles an hour. The plan toward which evolution is now tending would be the designation of two principal streets as one-way streets, each carrying traffic in an opposite direction to the other.

We may expect some day to hear a traffic cop bawl out, "Get off this street, you mud turtle! You're making less than twenty-five an hour!"

At intervals this stream of traffic would be stopped to permit right-hand turns into side streets, and to allow pedestrians to cross. Certain streets running at right angles to these main thoroughfares would also be cleared for rapid transit. Naturally east-west and north-south traffic would interfere with each other at the points of intersection, but there is no cure for that. Many other streets would be liberated for extensive use of the parking privilege. Experience and local conditions would determine which streets might be used for parking private automobiles.

And where does the street car land in such an arrangement? The general opinion seems to be that it might as well proceed along the usual lines, though that is not a final opinion. The principal argument in favor of granting the street car a sort of immunity is that the sidewalks in congested areas are inadequate to carry their share of the traffic burden alone; in other words, the street car packs in more people and removes them with less use of space than the people would require if moving by their own foot power. Statistics on this point gathered with the aid of stop watches do not conflict.

Many changes of street-car routes are made annually in large cities to accommodate new schemes of traffic regulation, and some of these are important. For instance, the Chicago lines have recently rerouted their cars in such a way that the management could announce cancellation of 11,000 daily turns. Naturally that helps. About half the 11,000 were right-hand turns and the other half left. All over the country the left-hand turn appears to be doomed.

The Peak-Load Problem

ANOTHER struggle street-railway companies are making is to speed up the loading of cars in congested areas. Safety islands and platforms are the commonest means in use, but Kansas City has successfully demonstrated a system of collecting fares before the passengers board the cars. This system is now spreading rapidly. An odd fact about the loading problem is that it causes more trouble in this country than abroad. Here is an astonishing paragraph from the report of the American Electric Railway Committee on Foreign Operation read before the last convention of that body at Atlantic City in October of 1924:

"A general characteristic of travel in British cities, over which an American marvels, is the universal practice of permitting passengers to jump on and off moving cars, buses, and even underground trains. Englishwomen have certainly mastered the face-forward rule. Half the time tramways and buses seem hardly to stop at all, or at least the interchange of passengers is almost wholly made while the vehicle is in motion. London's tunnel trains come in and leave the stations with several of the doors open. Many passengers hop off before the train stops and some even rush out, open the doors and jump on after the train has started. One would think that the companies would spend half their revenue in accident claims, but actually such expenditures are quite low."

The subject of speeding up the loading of cars and buses scored second place in the surveys of American city-traffic problems. Eight municipalities sought relief through such means. Eight cities also resorted to rerouting of traffic of all sorts; in some places this included banishing certain types of slow-moving traffic from certain streets. Three cities out of the sixteen mentioned gave street cars prior right of way over all other traffic. Three cities adopted one-way streets. However, scores of others are doing that without having made special surveys. Six cities recommended that car fares be collected on the street before the passengers enter the car. Seventeen recommendations may be classified as scattering, but I mention that figure because it indicates how very little is yet certain in the field of traffic regulation.

The greatest obstacle to all systems for relieving street congestion is the peak load. Detroit, with its enormous industrial organization, faces that problem in its most acute form; but it is common to all cities. Frequently recommendations are made for stagger hours, which is a way of saying that industrial plants should not all open and close at the same time; but this is not always feasible. The stagger hour is now being tried in New York's theatrical district, and according to reports is not proving overly popular with a majority of patrons. Public opinion reacts peculiarly; for instance, there was the skip stop. It is one of the easiest and most efficient aids to rapid transit, but nearly all cities bitterly resented it. The skip stop and a clear track constitute the only advantages of a subway; street cars can travel just as fast if given the same conditions.

The peak load is really the heart of the traffic problem. Vast and intricate regulations designed to meet conditions between eight and 9:30 A.M. become a nuisance until five o'clock in the afternoon. By seven o'clock they are again a nuisance. But for the peak-load problem municipal transportation costs would be much lower. Both rolling stock and men must be available every day for only a few hours, and any transportation system finds its operating costs just about as high without passengers as with them.

Nearly all rerouting of buses and street cars results from peak-load conditions, and this rerouting has to be handled with diplomatic consideration for the shopping district, for it no longer despises any vehicle that brings customers to the door. Once it viewed the street car with horror, but those days are gone forever. Only bitter memories of them remain. Merchants feared the trolley car at first and were powerful enough to push it onto side streets. In the course of a few years they had to follow it, for wherever transportation facilities exist, there is the principal street. As a matter of fact, the street car today is a victim of poetic justice, for it contributed more perhaps than any other factor to concentration of population in small areas. In many instances it performed part of this doubtful service at a loss. The cost of carrying a passenger varies not only between cities but between different lines in a city.

On this point I asked an expert what, in his opinion, would be the lowest possible reasonable fare for a short haul with every condition favorable. This, of course, is in the realm of fancy, for there is no such electric-railway line in existence, but his answer was, "One cent and a half." Then I asked him for an example of very heavy loss due to long haul and a multitude of adverse conditions. He named a line where the cost was estimated to be twenty-eight cents for each passenger. Other lines in the same city made up the deficit. That line ought never to have been built. I am not at liberty to disclose its location, but there is another example of transportation at a loss known to thousands. When a resident of Yonkers, New York, boards a Subway train at Two Hundred and Forty-Second Street he pays five cents and may ride to Brooklyn if he pleases. Hundreds ride to Wall Street. The cost of that ride is officially estimated at between fifteen and twenty cents. Fortunately for the company, not everyone travels quite so far.

Some years ago it was the accepted custom to construct street-car lines with no prospect of immediate profit. They were hostages to fortune. Quite a number of them failed. Nowadays these experiments are undertaken with buses, though the trackless trolley also is used. Electric-railway lines in this country now own and operate more than 2000 buses, a fact which is causing the manufacturers of such vehicles to meditate deeply on the subject of city transportation. Briefly, they would like to know whether fate has cast them for the rôle of enemy or friend to street railways. At one time they were fairly certain that a war of no quarter was impending. Now many of them think they see a customer in the traction company. Others are advancing the opinion that all means of municipal transportation should be coördinated, and in this the spokesmen for electric railways heartily agree both by word and deed.

The Public be Pleased

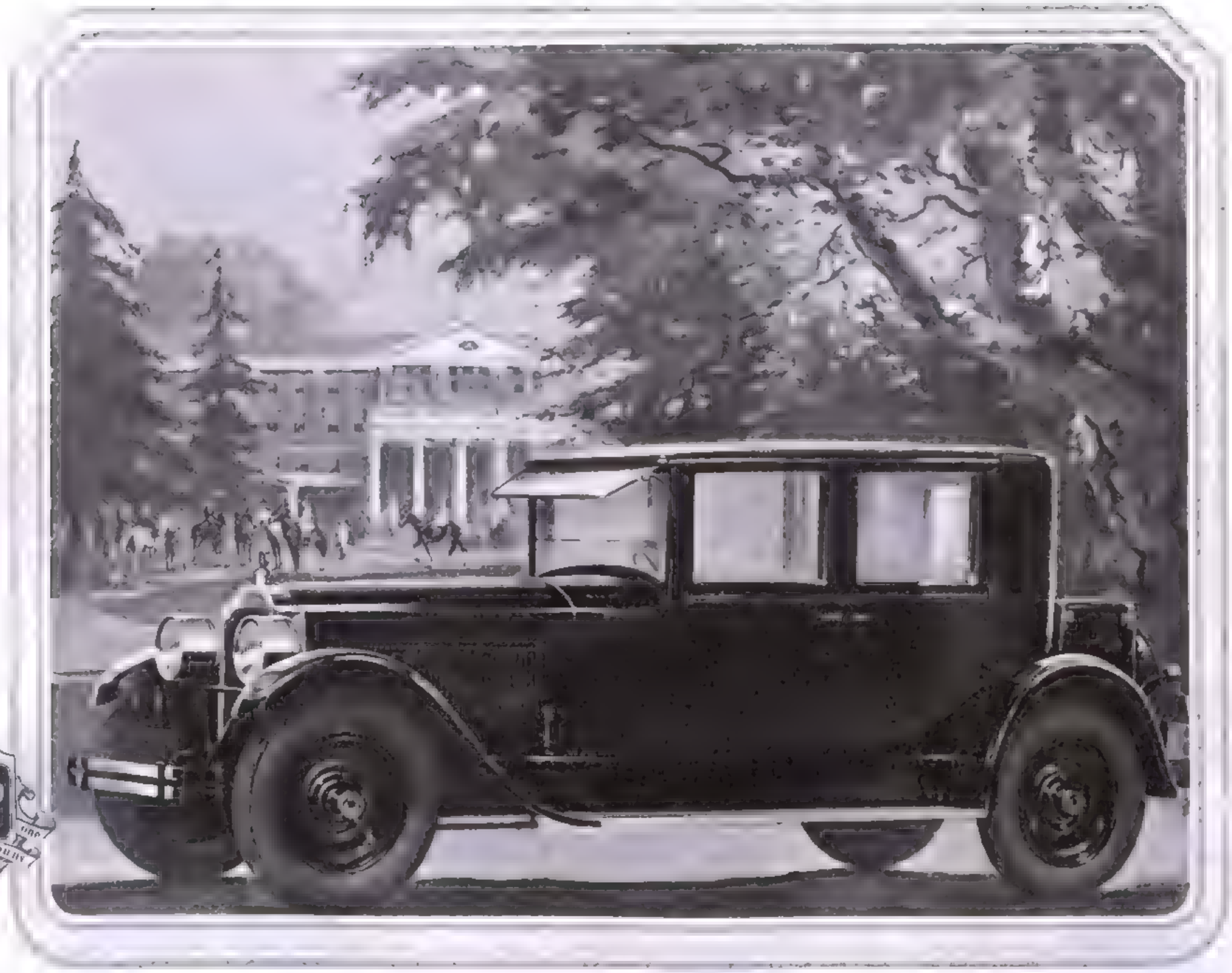
IN SOME places they have abandoned street-car track and substituted buses for no other reason than that the buses please the public. Street-railway managers never knew an era of "the public be damned," such as once made so much trouble for the steam railways. They have always realized their problem of public relations and never more so than at present. In 1924 they spent about $3,000,000 in advertising, most of it simply on appeals for good will which they have found results from frank statements about their problems.

Electric-railway managers are in a peculiarly mellow and thankful frame of mind; suffering has accomplished its usual effect. Only the most optimistic had dared to hope that the traditional five-cent fare could be discarded, even if the whole industry was virtually bankrupt. But the American public fooled them by looking the problem squarely in the face and answering with astonishing promptness, "Street cars gotta live too." Up went the fares and presto! recovery was under way.

Ever since then the managers of these properties detect a peculiarly sweet musical note in *vox populi*. They like to take two columns—ten inches—in the daily paper and, as it were, ride home with the beloved customer, chatting cordially about business. The United States, in their opinion, has a very good form of government. Things are looking up. They say that nothing has ever happened in their business to equal the adjustment of fares; that their faith in public fairness is so great they are going to bend every effort toward making lower fares possible. In short, they will not be afraid to lower fares when it becomes possible, because if another emergency should arise they believe the public would again respond. It is an interesting situation and doubtless a monumental development in the direction of what is sometimes called socialized industry.

The street-car business has been an exciting adventure for three-quarters of a century. One veteran said to me, "Trouble? Huh! These young squirrels don't know anything about trouble. I'm the one that had trouble. We used to put salt on the tracks to clear away the snow and people would roar that it ruined their horses' hoofs. You'll find bales of testimony on that subject if the worms haven't eaten it. Salt doesn't hurt a horse's hoofs. All rot! Then they got after us because we killed off our horses in icy

(Continued on Page 48)



Packard Presents a Club Sedan

THE new Packard club sedan might well be called the sport model enclosed car.

This beautiful new body combines the roominess of a sedan with the intimacy of a coupe.

But unlike a coupe, the club sedan has four doors. There is no crowding when the rear compartment passengers enter or leave.

Those who tour will appreciate the new watertight and dust-proof enameled trunk, which is removable without affecting the car's beauty of line.

For all social uses the new club sedan is destined to be very popular. It will appeal also to the business or professional man who wants beauty, distinction and comfort combined with unfailing performance in his motor car.

The new club sedan body is mounted on the improved chassis of both the Packard Eight and the Packard Six.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

The Packard Eight club sedan is illustrated—$4890 at Detroit. The Packard Six club sedan is priced at $2725 at the factory. Packard dealers welcome the buyer who prefers to purchase his Packard out of income instead of capital.

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weather. We didn't want to kill horses; couldn't help it; people wouldn't walk. They'd ride and then try to have us arrested. Starting heavily loaded cars was what killed off most of the horses.

"Finally we found a starter that worked by compressed air. But do you know what happened? Shucks! The horses got used to those starters and wouldn't pull even an empty car until it was started. Our equipment was distributed to start only loaded cars, so the compressed-air machines caused about as much trouble as they settled.

"In slushy weather we used to put straw on the floors, and people would kick about the kind of straw we used. Either it was too fine or too coarse or it caused hay fever and asthma. If we didn't put stoves in the cars they were too cold; and if we had stoves they were too hot.

"Then there were the inventors always driving us crazy. More than 1000 varieties of starters and boosters were patented. Next thing was the cable car. Some liked it and some didn't; the cable didn't work well on turns. But the big event was an announcement by the committee on electricity made before the convention of 1884 in New York City. This committee reported that an electric car was being demonstrated in Cleveland, Ohio. It was just one car on one mile of track, but they said it appeared to run all right. Sounded fishy to most of us. Maybe it would have sounded better if so many other inventions hadn't been offered; but there were steam cars and compressed-air cars, springs and gas engines. All failed except electricity.

"Trouble? Huh! These young squirrels don't know anything about trouble. I'm the one that had trouble."

And then I talked to a younger veteran.

"It was a gay game when I started," he said. "Open cars in all weather; passengers could get off on either side and stand on the running boards. We killed one or more every day, but the survivors were delighted. Every youngster took his sweetie for a street-car ride; some of them had only ten cents, so they walked back. It was a gay life. Country boys came to town just to be conductors or motormen. You ought to have seen us swaggering when we first got uniforms; many a cop lost his best girl. The companies didn't know whether they were public utilities or in the entertainment business; dozens of them financed amusement parks to stimulate business. Most of these ventures failed. Willow Grove, in Philadelphia, is one of the few conspicuous successes.

"The entertainment feature was so important that beautiful cars were ordered, mahogany, maple, shiny brass and nickel, little mirrors, and all that sort of thing. You'll find those cars down in South America now. Coal went up and they were too heavy for us.

"Then there were the tears about the poor abused motorman standing out on the open platform with his ears freezing. Politicians went to the legislature on that issue. Next thing the companies knew it had saved them millions of dollars, because they designed convertible cars for winter and summer use. As coal went up cars became lighter and lighter, until finally the one-man safety car was invented. About 10,000 are in use now. They have saved dozens of companies from bankruptcy. Since then we have developed the one-man two-man car. It is larger and carries a conductor during the rush hours. The rest of the time it is a one-man car.

"Kansas City is carrying this still further with what they call the safety train. It is the same principle as the one-man car, but applied to two cars and reënforced with a lot of newly devised safety equipment.

"We've had a hard time, but the street car is coming through all right, in my opinion. However, we'll have more bus competition in the future than we have now. The bus is still too young to be disposed of by a final opinion. When you get right down to brass tacks, we don't know exactly what the word 'bus' means: there are big buses and little ones, jitneys and imitation Pullman cars. Types are not yet fixed, and operating costs vary over an enormous range.

"The first type was the jitney, and very satisfactory it was too. People liked to swing on with one leg dangling in midair. They liked the jitney's speed. It was like our original open street car, full of appeal to the adventurous spirit. But the present tendency is toward very large, heavy, elaborate buses; they attract patronage just as our old mahogany street cars did. But they are expensive to operate. Eventually bus types will become fixed and then we may have quite a struggle with them. But the struggle will not be any more dramatic than that between horse power and electricity.

"I will tell you something about this street-railway business that interests me a whole lot. From the beginning it has been managed by men who worked from the neck up. If buses ever chase street cars off the public thoroughfares, I make my little bet right now that the traction companies will own a fair share of the victorious buses. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes," I said, "I think you do."

TEN-TWENTY-THIRTY

(Continued from Page 42)

that the blood-and-thunder school of play blossomed forth in its fullest flower.

It was this era that saw the fullest development of such plays as No Mother to Guide Her, Only a Shop Girl, The Curse of Drink, On the Bowery—a play, by the way, which served as a starring vehicle for none other than Steve Brodie, who earned undying fame, in New York anyway, by leaping off the Brooklyn Bridge. Then there was The Road to Ruin, featuring Terry McGovern; Gentleman Jim, in which James J. Corbett made one of his earliest appearances in the profession which he has only just abandoned for a career as a lecturer. The boxing profession was well represented then as now on the stage; another famous pugilist of that era who took to grease paint was Bob Fitzsimmons, who toured the Stair and Havlin Circuit in a play called The Honest Blacksmith.

It is amusing to note that these plays were as often as not written around a title or some particularly lurid bit of lithography, the paper of a show that had gone out and failed or had never reached the road at all. An ambitious young road agent, for instance, with producing aspirations and capital amounting to a couple of hundred dollars, would drop in to see a neighborhood printer. Looking over his old stock the agent would discover some hectic-looking lithographs, buy as many sheets as he could afford, at five cents each, and set forth on a career as an impresario. At least one famous producer who now sits in a gorgeous velvet-carpeted office, surrounded by antique furniture and anxious secretaries, began his managerial activities in precisely that manner.

That producer is A. H. Woods. As this is written Mr. Woods is preparing to give the New York public its first taste of Mr. Michael Arlen as a dramatist. The Green Hat, his sophisticated, languishing novel of the English *haut monde*, all studded with duchesses, thus and thuses, and what have you, has been made into a play by the romantic Anglo-Armenian, and will shortly be seen in New York with the radiant Katharine Cornell as its heroine. But even in this rarefied atmosphere, Mr. Woods pauses to chuckle fondly over his beginnings.

Being in the essence that once famous but now almost forgotten character, a typical Bowery boy, it is only right that Mr. Woods should have had the roots of his success in that erstwhile glamorous street. As a youth who went on tour in the capacity of advance agent for occasional shows, he had a hankering to be a power in the theatrical world, like his friend Harry Miner, maestro of the Bowery Theater, and most of his time was spent hanging around that temple of the drama. One spring evening just as dusk was falling he left the theater after an especially exciting matinée, and walking along the Bowery in the failing light a phrase leaped out at him from the twinkling lamp-posts: The Bowery After Dark. What a great title for a show, he mused. All over America the Bowery was a magic name, and such a play would probably make a fortune for its owner. He confided this notion to his young friend, Sam Harris, who approved it, and together they went to Tim Sullivan, boss of the district. The firm of Sullivan, Harris & Woods was thus formed. The first step toward production was a visit to the printer, and the purchase of some secondhand lithographs, violently chromatic, and lurid as to detail. Armed with these and the precious title, young Woods paid a visit to a busy young playwright named Theodore Kremer.

"Have you got a good play?" the embryo producer asked.

"Sure thing," said the playwright modestly, fishing a manuscript out of his bureau drawer. "A great play. Got a swell title too. The Power of the Cross."

"Well, I'll tell you," replied Woods. "I'll take the play if you'll change the title to The Bowery After Dark."

"Don't you want to read it?"

"Naw, never mind," said Woods. "If you'll change the title I'll take it."

And so the career of A. H. Woods was born. The Bowery After Dark proved, just as his hunch had told him, a title with a tremendous drawing power. It ran for many months in New York, and then went out on the blood-and-thunder circuit, where it created a sensation in the hinterlands as a genuine slice of wicked Bowery life.

There followed a long series of melodramas, among them The Fatal Wedding, which Mr. Woods told me was inspired by a lachrymose ballad, Just Another Fatal Wedding, which an organ grinder was playing beneath his window one afternoon while he was in the midst of a conversation with this same Theodore Kremer.

The Queen of the White Slaves, written by Charles Taylor, author of scores of these thrillers, was another of the Sullivan, Harris & Woods productions. The star of this piece was a little Irish girl, a girl with flaming hair and equally flaming aspirations. She was the wife of the playwright, and her name was Laurette Taylor. It might be of interest to report that this morning, as I write this, the New York papers are ringing with praises of Miss Taylor's performance of Pierrot in the French pantomime, Pierrot the Prodigal, which was presented by the Actors Theater. Laurette Taylor spent a good many years in the ten-twenty-thirty, playing such pieces as The Child Wife, Ten Nights in a Barroom, From Rags to Riches, and so on. It is even on record that she once appeared as Topsy in Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Miss Taylor, who occasionally diverts herself and her friends with reminiscences of her ten-twenty-thirty days, tells an amusing story about an experience that befell her once while playing The Bridge Tender's Daughter, or something like that. One of the things she had to do as Little Nell, the brave and fearless daughter of the old bridge keeper, was to swing herself over the side of a railroad bridge, spanning a chasm distinctly stated to be seven thousand feet deep, and to hang from the end of the ties while the train thundered by. That was the end of the act. One night, though, something went wrong, and the train failed to arrive on schedule. There she was, hanging over the side of the bridge with her feet about a foot from the floor, and nothing happened. The strain began to tell, and she raised herself until her head was above the level of the tracks, and turned to peer into the wings to see what was the trouble. Just at that moment the difficulty was adjusted and the train shot out, knocking her unconscious and releasing her hold upon the ties. She dropped to the bottom of the stage, but so far as the audience was concerned it was a seven-thousand-foot plunge she took, and they were all greatly relieved when she appeared in the third act with nothing more serious than a bandaged head.

Opposite Miss Taylor in From Rags to Riches as well as in many other thrillers, was a very handsome hero of the ten-twenty-thirty who later developed into a musical-comedy star of the highest magnitude. That handsome young hero was Joseph Santley, who prior to this engagement had been starred in several other melodramas. Santley began his stage career at the age of three and a half, in Salt Lake City, and had come East with one of Corse Payton's companies. Young Joseph was a full-fledged star by the time he was nine years old, and toured the country for seasons in the ten-twenty-thirty. He achieved his greatest popularity in a play of which he was co-author, called Billy the Kid.

Still another famous personage of the current theater who began his career on the blood-and-thunder circuit was Richard Bennett, this season a Theater Guild star in They Knew What They Wanted. Mr. Bennett, according to Harry Clay Blaney, made his debut in Logansport, Indiana, playing the part of a cowboy, Tombstone Jake, in a melodrama called The Limited Mail, of which Blaney was the star.

Al Woods is responsible to a degree for the development, if not for the original launching of Owen Davis' career. This now revered dramatist's first work, Through the Breakers, was put on by Gus Hill, a producer of popular-priced road dramas, musical comedies and minstrel shows. It was a tremendous success, and for a long time after, the young Harvard graduate was busy writing more thrillers and building the foundation of a fortune. Under the Woods ægis he gave to the world such traditional favorites as Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model, which has only recently been modernized into a movie, and Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl, which, believe it or not, served as the basis, a few seasons back, of that very popular musical comedy, Good Morning, Dearie.

A considerable number of plays originally produced in high-priced theaters with big stars eventually found their way down to the ten-twenty-thirty, just as the best Broadway successes of today wind up their careers in the obscure stock theaters of small towns. One such was The Two Orphans, and another was The White Slave, Bartley Campbell's romantic melodrama of plantation life. In spite of the fact that an impression prevails among the current generation that this piece was a perfect example of the ten-twenty-thirty art, it did not reach the popular-priced circuit until fifteen years after its première at Haverly's Theater, with Georgie Cayvan, the famous actress, as its star.

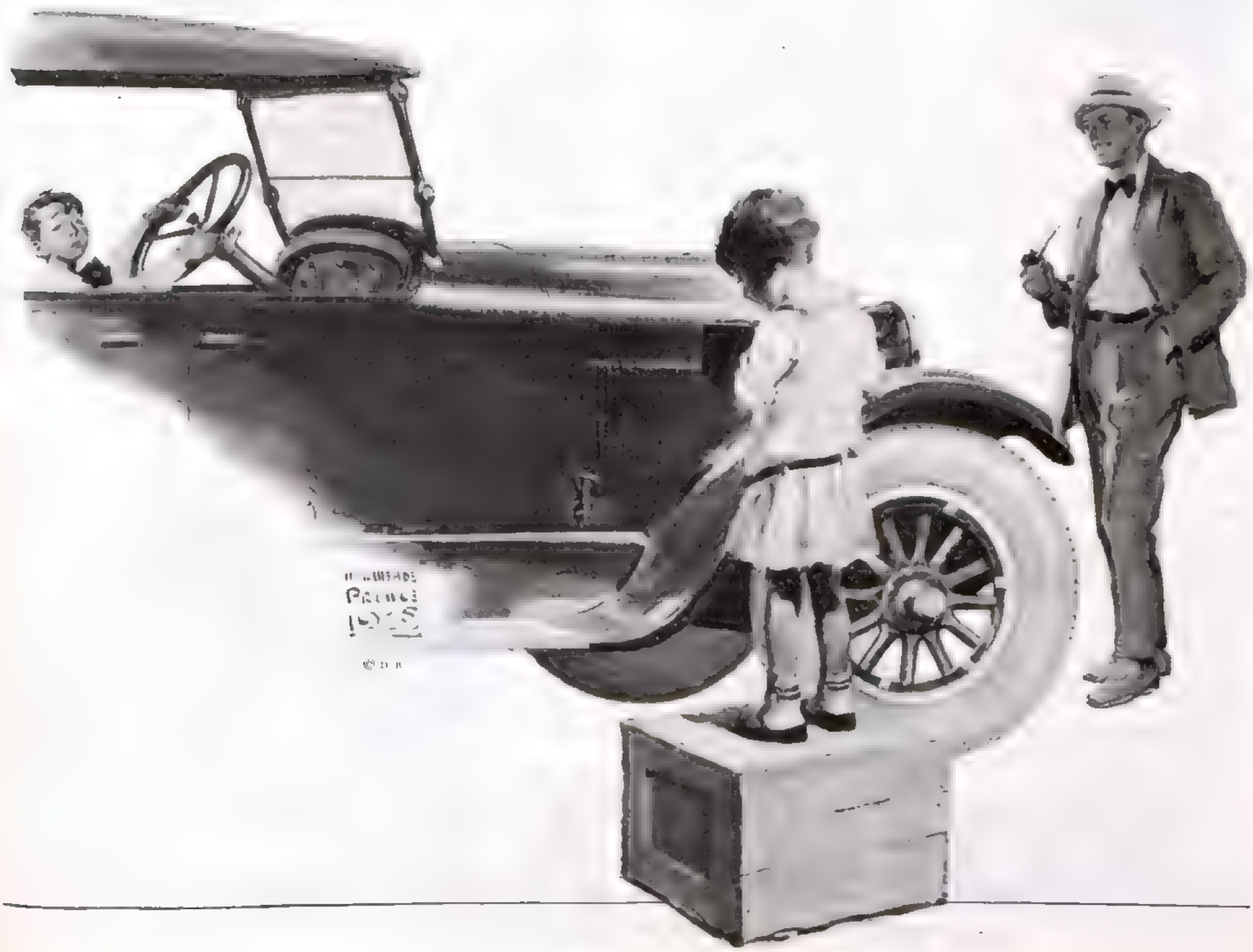
It was in The White Slave, incidentally, that the deathless words, "Rags are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake," were first declaimed by the pure and noble gal. Bartley Campbell, I was told by his son, Robert Campbell, wrote that line in much the same spirit as a sophisticated movie titler would now write "Came the dawn," but the sentiment was seized upon as a lofty one by all who heard it, and it contributed as much as any other single element to the play's tremendous success.

DODGE BROTHERS
TOURING CAR

The owner knows that the value of his Dodge Brothers Motor Car will not be lowered by periodic announcements of new models.

Improvements in appearance and quality are made from time to time, but they are never made for the purpose of stimulating a seasonal demand.

This has been Dodge Brothers policy from the first. It is fair to the owner and the dealer. It is particularly fair to the product because it permits a continuous program of betterment over a period of years—uninterrupted by experimental changes in basic design.



WILLIE PAINTER, MATCHMAKER

(Continued from Page 36)

"Oh, Willie," she repplies, "when folks are in love they don't think of sorded details like that; but I guess you're too young to understand about love, ain't you?"

"Not too young, but too hard-boil," I answers. "If you knew how many swell janes keep pestering a suxessful jockey with their intentions you would appresiate how cold and distant we have to be to the opposing sect. But surely this Freddie must of had some idea how he was going to raise the grocery money."

"Of course he did," she repplies, "but dad had to go and spoil it all. You see, Freddie had it all figured out that if we were married dad would loosen up and lone him enough to buy a ½ intrest in a fruit-and-chicken farm a friend of Freddie's wants to start over near Niagara. But when a man chases you off the front verandagh and threatens he will break your neck if he catches you on the block again, it is kind of difficult to approach him on the subject of finance."

"What does Freddie know about running a chicken farm?" I asts.

"Why," she says, "him and his freind had the most wonderful book which explains all about how you can start with a mearly dozen or so hens and in no time at all be rich beyond the dreams of average. And of course the fruit would be all extra. It was Freddie's own idea about the fruit, because he says chickens can't fly up and ruin a crop of cherries or peaches like they can peas or beans."

"G, this Freddie must be 1 of them financial wizzuds," I says. "Well, girlie, if you want my opinion, you are well rid of him, because in my opinion no guy has any right to think about marriage unlest he has plenty of jack or else the prospeck of a suxessful career, like a jockey or something."

"Well, Willie," she says, "you must understand that every man isn't lucky enough to have all the natural advantages you great athaletes and jockeys has. But maybe I was lucky that dad discovered our little skeme. Just think, Willie, if he hadn't of caught us, I might now be married and never of known you except from reading about you in the papers."

"Well, there is that about it," I repplies, not letteing on I had heard the compliment, I am like that. "And it must be quite a experience for a girl like you to meet a man who has travelled far or wide, like to Maryland and Baltimore and other distant places. Tell me, girlie, you don't never see this Freddie now, do you?"

"How would I ever see him, silly," she ansers, "with me in the hosspital all the time and dad or either mother waiting for me at the door every time I have my day off?"

"And do you still think about him?" I presists.

"Oh, oncet in a wile, when I haven't got something better to think about."

"What do you mean—something better?" I says. "Do you mean you have met somebody else that you think more of than him?"

"Now you're asting personable questions again, Willie," she repphes; and before I could say any more this admirer of mine, Mr. Walters, comes in for his regular evening visit, so we had to talk about other things.

Annibell stuck around all the time he was here, and I could see that in her heart she was wishing he would beat it; but she was nice and pleasant to him, because he is such a freind of mine, I guess. And when it was time for him to go she seen him out into the corridor and I could hear them wispering together for a long time, at least it seemed kind of long. But when she come back she said he was just asting her what he could fetch me that would please me; and then she says she must beat it and see if any of her patience have died while she is away, so I couldn't inquire further into the subjeck of her present feelings—her present feelings for Freddie, I mean.

In Hosspital, June 26.

Most genally I do my literatury writeing in the mornings; but this evening I got notheing else to do, as it happens to be Annibell's day off and I won't see her again till tomorrow evening, and it is supprising how I miss the little thing with her merry chatter. Only I am far too sensible and hard-boil for such foolishness, I might almost think I am getteing fond of her. And that admirer of mine, Mr. Walters, has to go and make this the only night he hasn't showed up, so I got notheing to do but lay here and inhail the fragrance of iotheform and cloride of lime and listen to the ravings of a stew 2 doors down the hall which has got deliries tremens and kills more big game every night than Buffalo Bill did all his life.

However, it has been a pretty good day and several visitors to break the deadly monopoly. Mom came this afternoon and fetched a cherry pie that was so lovely and jucey that my nurse had to change all my bedcloths after. She was pretty mad about it, but I would like to see anybody eat 1 of mom's cherry pies with a crippled wing and not make a few spots. Mom wanted to know when I am comeing home, so I told her that Dr. wants I should stay longer on account he is bound he will make a perfeck job of this collar bone of mine. I might of told her the truth that I wouldn't go home because of the trouble it would be to her, but I was afraid she would feel bad because I was so thoughtful about her.

And after she was gone who should arrive but Mr. Tom Robbins on his way to Hamilton and Fort Erie after raceing 2 weeks down in Ottawa and Montreal. He was sure awful glad to see me oncet more, although kiddeing as usual, of course.

"You sure look grand, Willie," he says. "A few weeks more laying and doing notheing but eat your head off and you will have a hard time makeing weight for elephant races."

"This weight will soon come off oncet I am able to get my regular exercise," I says. "Besides I guess I won't have to be reducing so fine very long."

"What do you mean, Willie?" he says. "You surely ain't telling me you are thinkeing of retireing and leaving the grand old sport of horse raceing flat on its back."

"Notheing like that, Mr. Robbins," I repplies, quick so as to clam his fears; "notheing like that; but I guess before long I won't be rideing no more of these cheap platers, but only getting mounts on steak horses, where the weights aren't so light."

"So that's the case, is it?" he says. "I knew something like this would happen if I took my watchful eye off of you, Willie. I suppose in my absents all these big guys like sam Hildreth and Bradley and the rest of the plutocracks have been sneaking up here to see you and temp you with their ill-gotten gold."

Well, I had not intended notheing like that; but when he got the notion out of his own head I did not contradick him, because no matter how much a man idolizes you it is always a good thing for him to think that others are after you. So I just shut my mouth and looked kind of mysteries and important; and although Mr Robbins kept on grinning as usual, I could see he was worried underneath.

"Oh, well," he says, "I can see you are keeping something from me, Willie; but I suppose it's the way of the world. You can't keep a fast horse in a poor man's barn, and some of these days somebody will be makeing me a offer for you that I will not be able to refuse. Anything is liable to happen in the raceing game, especially with all these wealthy nuts that are busting in with more money than brains. Some of them might even take a fancy to you, Willie, far-fetched though it may sound."

"I would be sorry to part from you, Mr. Robbins," I says to him, "not only for your sake but because you have taught me quite a bit of what I know. Still, as I always say, business is business, and a boy like me has to think of his career."

"Oh, well," he says, "I see you're like the rest, Willie. The loor of gold and glory is in your eye, and some day you will leave me without a sigh of reggret, and then what will the stable do for amusement? But don't forget I got a ironbound contrack on you, Willie; and the next time Hildreth or McDaniel or any of them appear to you in the middle of your dreams, you tell them I think so much of you that I wouldn't trade you for Snapper Garrison."

"But Snapper Garrison is dead, Mr. Robbins," I says

"Oh, G, so he is," Mr. R. repplies. "Well, in spite of that, I still stick to what I said; I wouldn't trade you for him, Willie."

He is 1 awful kidder, Mr. Robbins, and sometimes it is hard to tell if he is series or not, especially when he talks about big owners trying to grab me. But I guess he knows as well as I do that my day is bound to come; and he still thinks the world of me, because just before leaving he hands me a hundred bucks and says that Red Albert has win a race in Ottawa and that he bet twenty for me.

"It would of been a whole lot more if you had been there to ride him, Willie," Mr. Robbins says.

"Why, how could that be?" I says moddestly. "The horse couldn't of done more than win, could he, even if I had been there to pilate him?"

"True enough, Willie," he ansers; "but if you had been in the saddle your reputation would undoubtlessly have had a big effect on the prices."

Then he ducks out of the door before I had time to thank him for either the dough or the compliment.

And a few minutes later Srimp McGarrigle come in, bringing about 2 bushel of weeners and a lb. of limburger cheese, which was pretty thoughtful of Srimp, as he knows how fond I am of both from seeing me eat them at evening suppers in the tack room often. He managed to smuggle them in O. K., but somehow my nurse discovered the chease later on and confriscated it, darn her.

Me and Srimp had a very pleasant vissit together and I was sorry when it come time for him to catch his train for Hamilton. He says there is something good comeing off either there or at Fort Erie, and he will send me a wire when it does.

"I suppose I better send it to your home address," he says, "because you will likely be out of here before then."

"You send it here," I tells him; "I am liable to be here some time yet."

"It sure takes you a whale of a long time to grow a new collar bone," he says. "When I busted mine I was out in a week."

"Maybe you was," I repplies dignifried. "But you see it don't make no difference to nobody weather yours growed straight or cock-eyed; whereas everybody knows that my collar bone is a matter of importants to the hole raceing world."

And I guess that must of knocked Srimp dizzey, because he left without saying another word, and it sure takes something to send him speachless, because he is noted for having more gab than any other bug in the game.

In Hosspital, June 28.

Sometimes I kind of wisht this Walters guy would quit comeing to see me so often. Not that it ain't pretty nice to have such a admirer as he is of mine; but it genally always happens that when he is here little Annibell comes, too, and I can tell that she is sick in tired of him being there and wishing he was to hitch and gone so she could be alone with me and confide in me and get good advice and all like that. Of course, she always acks pleasant and polite; still for her sake, not mine, I wisht he would come some other time.

I tried to give him a little hint about it last night, but I guess he is 1 of the kind that is too dumb to take hints. He was asting me would it be all right if he called me Willie, as it sounded too formal to be saying Jockey Painter all the time.

"Sure thing," I says to him, gracious, "call me Willie if you like, because that is how I am knowed far and wide wherever there is horse raceing."

"Well then," he says, "why don't you call me by my 1st. name too?"

"Because I don't know what it is," I replies.

"Well," he says, "it is Fred."

"Well then," I says, "I better call you something diffrent, because Fred is not a popular name around here."

"Why," he says, "did somebody of the name of Fred do you a bad term some time, Willie?"

"No," I repplies, "the name is O. K. with me personable, but there is others pressent to who it is like poison."

And I looks at little Annibell and give her a wink and she looks back at me and then got all red and embarriss lookeing so that I was a little bit sorry I had said anything.

"Oh, I see," this Walters says, "a affair of the heart, I persume. Well, I guess I must be going now."

"And so must I be going, too," the little girlie says.

"What have you got to be going for?" I says to her kind of stern. "Mr. Walters must know the way out alone by this time."

"Sure he does," she agrease; "but we got a new head in our ward this week and she is watching me like a hock, so I must duck now, Willie, and try and come back later on."

So they both went out together and I could of swore I heard them wispering in the corridor for a good 15 minutes; but when Annibell come back later she says that all this Walters done was just stop to ast her was there any fruit or anything I needed, so maybe it was just my imagination.

Not that it makes a dam bit of diffrence to me, of course, only I can see that this Walters is pretty inpressed with Annibell's good looks, and I would not want any freind of mine to go falling in love with her, because there is not no hope for anybody with that little girlie unlest it is 1 man, and that man's name is not no Fred neither.

In Hosspital, June 29.

Well, it sure looks as if I had not took suffricient care to inpress little Annibell with how cold I am to women, and I am afraid she has got far too fond on me for her own good, poor little girlie. A girl sure don't go worrying about a man's morrals and habits like she does mine unlest she thinks an awful lot of him.

Last night I was telleing her I was expecking word of a good thing from Hamilton or Fort Erie and jokeingly I ast her if she wanted to make a little extra jack.

"Surely you don't mean gambleing, Willie," she says, "because I think gambleing is a dreadful sin and it would bust my heart if anybody I am fond of was to do it. You don't never gamble, do you, Willie?"

"Oh," I says, "I don't never bet no important dough, but occasionally I wagger maybe a hundred bucks or so if my experience tells me the horse is right."

"A hundred dollars!" she says. "Why, you talk like that was mearly chicken food! Where would a boy like you get a hundred dollars, Willie?"

"I guess you got no idea how much jack a suxesful jockey makes," I repplies. "Why, there is a hundred bucks over there in my pants pocket right now, and as soon as a important horseman I know sends me word from Hamilton I am going to bet it."

Continued on Page 52

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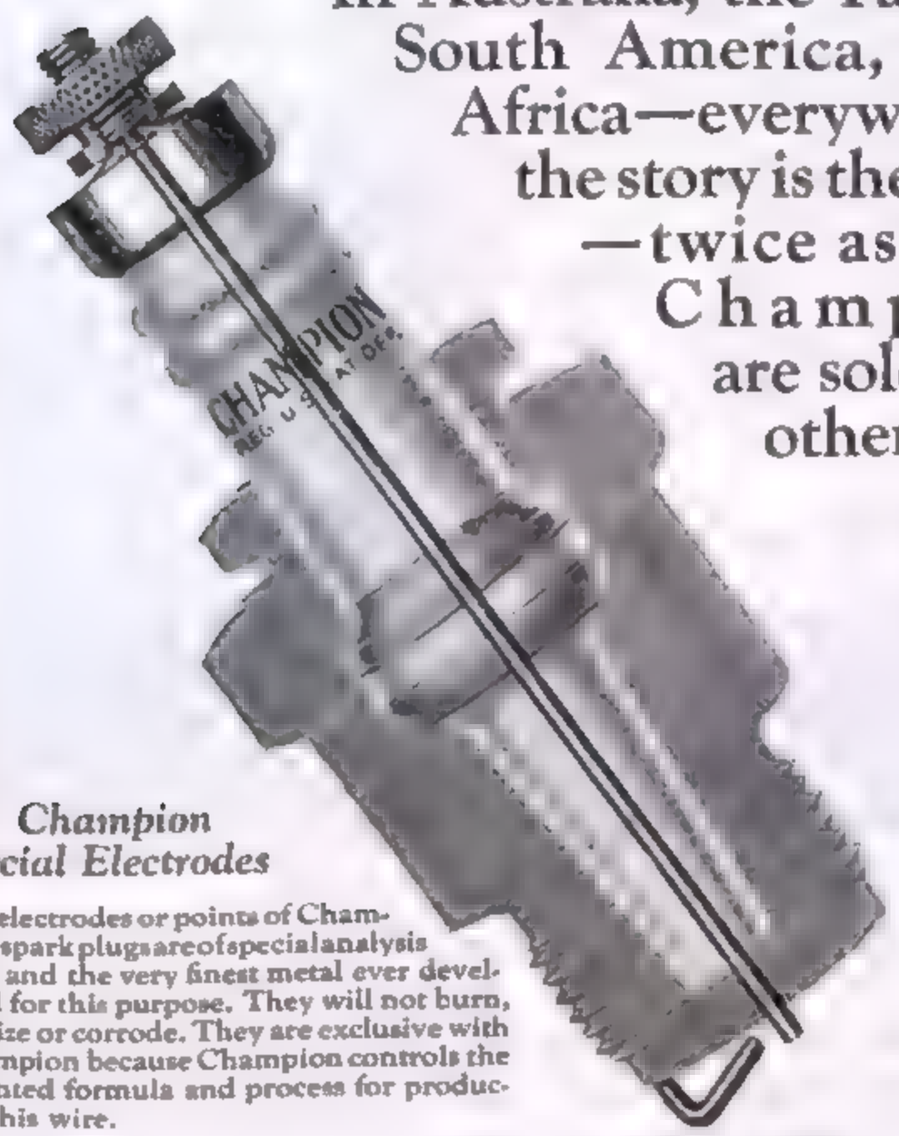

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DePaolo, McDonough, Hartz and other winning racing drivers at the Laurel track at Baltimore on July 11th, all used Champion Spark Plugs in establishing a new record of 123.33 miles per hour.

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

(Continued from Page 50)

"You'll not do no such a thing then," she says. "You give me that hundred dollars and let me put it in some good bank for you, and some day when you want to get married or something you will be thankful I started you saveing your money."

"What do you care?" I says. "What diffrence does it make to you if I save my jack or not, when you say that you don't care a dam for no man alive? And yet here you are trying to make a mizer out of me."

"Oh, well," she says, "of course you are diffrent, Willie; I guest I have come to look on you as a sort of a brother or something."

"Brother notheing," I repplies. "Girls don't go worrying their head over no brother. Tell me, girlie ——"

Well, I don't know just what I was going to say, because right then I seemed to sort of forget all about my career and reputation and everything else except what a pretty little thing she is and how much she needs somebody strong and wise to look after her. Anyways, before I could get any further this dam Walters comes butting in as usual and busted up our little talk. I was pretty sour with him, but he is 1 of these guys with a skin like pig iron, and no matter how many dirty looks I give him he just set there, although I was hopeing he would choke and I bet somebody else was hopeing the same thing.

In Hosspital, June 30.

Well, it kind of looks like maybe little Annibell was not the only 1 whose whole life may of been changed by that mare busting my collar bone. It is all very well for a guy to say they are hard-boil and don't care notheing about women, but when you meet the right girl everything seems diffrent.

Last evening I was laying here and a telegram come for me. It was from Srimp at Hamilton and it said, "King Solomon in the 4th. put everything you got on his beezer." Well, I was just thinkeing who I could get to make a bet for me when Annibell come in; so I showed her the telegram and ast her could she take a message for me in the morning to a guy I know.

"Oh, Willie," she says, very sorrowful, "I thought you promised me to quit gambleing."

"I didn't promise no such thing," I ansers; "besides, what difference does it make to you what I do or what I don't do?"

"It makes this diffrence," she repplies, "that I don't want no dear freind of mine a gambler."

"Well," I says, "this King Solomon should ought to be 10 or 12 to 1, and a 1000 or 1200 bucks would come in pretty handy for anybody that is thinkeing of getting married or anything."

"Oh, so that's it," she says, "and you told me you didn't have no girl."

"Neither I did have 1 when I told you," I repplies. "Still, supposeing I had 1 now, wouldn't it be nice to have a thousand or so to start right?"

"If she was the right kind of a girl," Annibell ansers, "she would far rather start on a hundred bucks that was earnet honest than a 1000 that was win gambleing."

"But this isn't no gamble," I says, "because any time the guy that owns this King Solomon turns 1 loose the only way he can possibly lose is for the track to turn upside down."

"Oh, you won't never be series," she repplies. "Well, of course it isn't none of my business, and I was just telleing you how I would feel. Some other girl might look at it diffrent."

"If that's the case," I says, "you get that hundred fish out of my pants pocket and stick it in the bank or throw it in the lake or whatever you like. I guess that should ought to show you what I think of how you feel about things."

"Oh, Willie, I'm so glad," she says, "and believe me you'll never reggret starting saveing your money."

So she got the jack out of my pocket, and then she had to go back to the ward; and as she went out the door she give me such a loveing look that it made me feel so good all over I was even pleasant to that dam Walters pest when he come as usual. But I told him to not come round tonight because I was going to have some of the fambly in to see me and maybe he would be bored. Of course that was not exackly the truth; but truth or not no truth, I don't want nobody butting in this evening, because there is something very important I want to ast little Annibell. And maybe it was not so far from the truth neither, because it will not be long after I have ast her before she will be 1 of the fambly, because I guess there is not much doubt what that little girlie's anser will be.

Pineville, July 3.

Well, thank Goodness I am back here in my own home oncet more and glad to be away from that dam hosspital, where I was good and sick of everything and would of left long ago only for Drs. and nurses persuadeing me to stay long after I wanted to leave. I would of insisted on comeing away before only for thinkeing I could drive a little sense into that Annibell, although my better jugment told me all the time she was 1 of them brainless chickens without no brains; but I guess I was so sorry for her my tender heart got the best of my jugment for oncet.

I suppose right now she thinks I am brakeing my heart over her, on account of me kiddeing her along that I was fond of her. If she only knew the way I seen through her from the very beginneing and only showed her a few kind intentions just to pass the time away and break the monopoly, I guess she would not be so stuck on herself. But she must of knew that she didn't have no chance with me, because time in again I told her that no woman couldn't ever come between me and my career; so she has got only her own self to blame if she got any delusions about ever being a jockey's wife; and if sometimes in the future she sets sad and lonely on that fruit farm with notheing but the sound of the chickens squawking to drowned the sound of that dam husband of hers infermal chatter—well, as I said before, it is only herself she has got to blame, because my conscients is clear.

And as for that dam Walters, at 1st after I got the letter I felt a little bit sore at him; but after I had thought things over I could see how I had suxpected him from the very 1st time he called on me; and little does he think that when he was bringeing me fruit and bananas and so forth and letteing on he was such a admirer of mine, I was laying there on my bed suxpecting him all the time and saying to myself, "Yes, dam you, maybe you think you are deceiving me, but if you do you got another guess comeing to you."

And I bet they will both feel pretty cheap when I send Annibell's letter back with a snearing message wrote on the back of same which I am going to do this afternoon. But before I do that I am going to make a copy of it so that some day years from now when I am maybe sad and wanting a good laugh I can read it over and have a good laugh when I think of the way they tried to take me for a sucker, little knowing that smarter brains than theirs had tried the same thing and failed just the way they done.

And when I have became the most famous jockey in the world and my life and pictures are printed in the papers, maybe I will let them print this letter too so that all my readers will understand the way a great rider is pestered all the time by women. So here is the letter which I got a few hours before I left the hosspital, and that house sturgeon who said that the reason I left so quick was because my heart was broke is a liar, because who would brake their heart over a girl who would write a letter like this, even if he had not saw through her from the 1st minute he laid eyes on her:

Dear Willie: Honest, Willie, I did not have no intention of borrowing your hundred dollars when I took it out of your pants pocket, but when I told Fred about the tip you gave me on King Solomon he said it would be flying in the face of Providence to overlook it. So we borrowed the hundred and bet it on King Solomon and he won as you said he would, Willie. So here is your hundred back again and Fred says to thank you very much for the lone and for the tip, because now he has enough to buy the ½ intrest in the fruit and chicken farm; and I hope you will not gamble your money away, Willie, because talk as you like, gambleing is a sin except when the horse is bound to win like you said King Solomon was, and if you had not said he was bound to win I would not ever of consented to Fred betting on him.

Well, Willie, I must close now in hopes that you are feeling better and some day you will forgive me and Fred for deceiving you into thinking him and me was mearly acquaintances; but it was the only way we could see each other, Willie, on account of dad acting so darned mean to Fred. And some day, Willie, when you are a little older you will marry some nice girl and you and her will always find a warm welcome on our little farm. And as I will be married by the time you receive this I will sign it by my new name, so good-by, Willie, with kindest regards from

Yours sincerely,

Annibell Walters.

So now I am going to take that letter and mail it back to her; and when she gets it she will wonder why I have sent it back and then she will turn it over and read what I have wrote on it as following:

"Yes, maybe you think you were fooling me, but you were only fooling yourself, Annibell, because a man with the experience I got is too wise to be fooled by any girl which has not got no more ambition than be chambermade to a flock of chickens all her life."

And when she reads that she will feel good and mean, I bet; but not so mean as she will some day after I have rode the winner of the Kentucky Dearby and all my pictures is in all the papers; because after that happens, some fine day her and that husband of hers is going to hear a automobile horn tooting outside their humble cottage.

And when they come out to see who it is they will see a great big yellow automobile with my initials W. P. painted in red inside a green horseshoe on both sides of it; and after I have let them gaze at it in envy for a few minutes I will turn to my chauffure and say, "Fred, what in aitch are you stopping so long in a low neighborhood like this for?"

And as the chauffure starts my automobile I will kind of glance at her and him sort of proud and grand-like, and just mearly snear as we drive away.

OUT-OF-DOORS

(Continued from Page 33)

Still-fishing Number 24 cotton thread, bonefish, four pounds—Thomas Cleary.

Still-fishing Number 24 cotton thread, skate, ten pounds five ounces—Thomas Cleary.

The total number of weakfish taken this year was 865; striped bass, 150; and all fish, 1586.

In 1916 Lou Sprung, who made a specialty of striped bass, trolling, captured one of six pounds five and three-quarter ounces, on Number 24 cotton thread. Still-fishing on the same type of thread, C. D. Cummings took a prize weakfish of five pounds nine and a half ounces, and Frank Reynolds, using the same type of line, Number 24 cotton thread, landed a skate of seven pounds two and three-quarter ounces. The total number of weakfish taken during the year was 805, and of all fish, 2341.

The Cotton Thread Fishing Club recognizes as salt-water game fish that may be caught on cotton thread the following species: Alewife, Bermuda chub or rudder fish, bluefish, bonito, bonefish, crevalle, cocinero, croaker, herring, hickory shad, horse-eye jack, jurel or sard tail, kingfish, mackerel—common—pollock, sea trout, snappers, gray or mangrove, schoolmaster, mutton fish, striped bass, weakfish or squeteague, yellow tail and yellow grunt.

Fresh-water cotton-thread game fish are recognized as follows: Brown trout, cutthroat series, rainbow series, steelhead series, chars, black bass, grayling, moon-eyes, pickerel, pike, wall-eyed pike, white bass and yellow bass.

There is no telling when the first fish was taken with cotton thread. As long ago as the days of Seth Green, he was a pioneer, but he never used it except in an emergency when he was waiting for a boat to take him back to Rochester one day in the sixties. He noticed a pickerel in the water near by, and finding a spool of cotton thread in his pocket, he bent a pin in the shape of his needle-point hook and tied it to the thread. He then caught a small green frog and dropped it in the water.

W. C. Green tells what happened: "In a few moments he had hooked the pickerel, which immediately started for the cradle of the deep, taking the thread off the spool faster than it ever went on; but after a long fight; which required very careful and skillful handling—especially as no rod and reel were available—the pickerel was landed and weighed one and a half pounds."

How James L. Jordan, the father of the Cotton Thread Fishing Club, came to fish with this line was in this wise: John Calvey, an old striped-bass fisherman of Jamaica Bay, in describing the part the reel played in the capture of game fish, made the assertion that he could capture, without breaking the line, a ten-pound bluefish on a 200-yard length of Number 24 cotton thread. Incidentally, the feat has never been performed, to the knowledge of the writer, who is familiar with cotton-thread records.

Jordan treasured the idea, talked about it, saw the possibilities of the cotton-thread line, its sportsmanship, and tried it out. He succeeded, and the attention he created brought a group of sportsmen to see its opportunities for sport—not more fish, but more fun—and every year the members get together, have a dinner, and pay tribute to the cotton-thread line. The proper rod is practically any rod, including butt, not less than six feet, which will not weigh over five ounces. If the weight is decreased to four ounces the chances for success are better, as the angler will have to handle the fish lightly. An agate tip and first guide of agate are essential.

The reel mostly used is a smooth-running quadruple one of the type used for bait casting. Cotton thread being thin, it is necessary to wind on the reel sufficient packing, old line being used for the purpose.

Skill in thumbing is most essential. Care must be used in playing the fish, and when the captive runs it is absolutely essential to give line. The whole theory of using cotton thread is this: A game fish's struggles are made up of a series of rushes, pauses, moderate fighting, rushes toward the captor, and in some cases leaping. The cotton-thread angler must apply light pressure at first, gradually increasing it as the fish's rushes continue and lessen in strength, until the fish is brought to a final stop.

SUMMER AND HEINZ KETCHUP

In summer time your appetite needs jogging. What could be more tempting, cooling, and satisfying than a slice of cold meat served with Heinz Tomato Ketchup?

As you enjoy this delicious appetizer you instinctively think of plump, sun-ripened tomatoes grown under Heinz supervision from seed developed by Heinz, and cooked immediately with all their "just-picked" freshness.

Words cannot express the unusual goodness of Heinz Tomato Ketchup. You must leave that to the Ketchup itself. Every drop awakens appetite.

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THE PURIFICATION OF RODNEY SPELVIN

(Continued from Page 7)

Spelvin looked somehow different from the Rodney she remembered. His handsome face had a deeper and more thoughtful expression, as if he had been through some ennobling experience.

"Well, here I am," she said, going to him and affecting a jauntiness which she did not feel.

He looked at her, and there was in his eyes that unmistakable goggle which comes to men suddenly addressed in a public spot by women whom, to the best of their recollection, they do not know from Eve.

"How are you?" he said. He seemed to pull himself together. "You're looking splendid."

"You're looking fine," said Jane.

"You're looking awfully well," said Rodney.

"You're looking awfully well," said Jane.

"You're looking fine," said Rodney.

There was a pause.

"You'll excuse me glancing at my watch," said Rodney. "I have an appointment to lunch with—er—somebody here, and it's past the time."

"But you're lunching with me," said Jane, puzzled.

"With you?"

"Yes; I rang you up this morning."

Rodney gaped.

"Was it you who phoned? I thought you said 'Miss Bates.'"

"No, Mrs. Bates."

"Mrs. Bates?"

"Mrs. Bates."

"Of course! You're Mrs. Bates."

"Had you forgotten me?" said Jane, in spite of herself a little piqued.

"Forgotten you, dear lady! As if I could!" said Rodney, with a return of his old manner. "Well, shall we go in and have lunch?"

"All right," said Jane.

She felt embarrassed and ill at ease. The fact that Rodney had obviously succeeded in remembering her only after the effort of a lifetime seemed to her to fling a spanner into the machinery of her plans at the very outset. It was going to be difficult, she realized, to conjure him by the memory of their ancient love to spare Anastasia; for the whole essence of the idea of conjuring anyone by the memory of their ancient love is that the party of the second part should be aware that there ever was such a thing.

At the luncheon table conversation proceeded fitfully. Rodney said that this morning he could have sworn it was going to rain and Jane said she had thought so too; and Rodney said that now it looked as if the weather might hold up, and Jane said yes, didn't it; and Rodney said he hoped the weather would hold up, because rain was such a nuisance, and Jane said yes, wasn't it. Rodney said yesterday had been a nice day, and Jane said yes, and Rodney said that it seemed to be getting a little warmer now, and Jane said yes, and Rodney said that summer would be here any moment now, and Jane said yes, wouldn't it; and Rodney said he hoped it would not be too hot this summer, but that, as a matter of fact, when you came right down to it, what one minded was not so much the heat as the humidity, and Jane said yes, didn't one.

In short, by the time they rose and left the restaurant, not a word had been spoken that could have provoked the censure of the sternest critic. Yet William Bates, catching sight of them as they passed down the aisle, started as if he had been struck by lightning. He had happened to find himself near the Alcazar at lunch time and had dropped in for a chop; and peering round the pillar which had hidden his table from theirs, he stared after them with saucerlike eyes.

"Oh, darn it!" said William.

This William Bates, as I have indicated in my previous references to him, was not an abnormally emotional or temperamental man. Built physically on the lines of a motortruck, he had much of that vehicle's placid and even phlegmatic outlook on life. Few things had the power to ruffle William, but unfortunately it so happened that one of these things was Rodney Spelvin. He had never been able entirely to overcome his jealousy of this man. It had been Rodney who had come within an ace of scooping Jane from him in the days when she had been Miss Packard. It had been Rodney who had temporarily broken up his home some years later by persuading Jane to become a member of the artistic set. And now, unless his eyes jolly well deceived him, this human gumboil was once more busy on his dastardly work. Too dashed thick, was William's view of the matter; and he gnashed his teeth in such a spasm of resentful fury that a man lunching at the next table told the waiter to switch off the electric fan, as it had begun to creak unendurably.

Jane was reading in the drawing-room when William reached home that night.

"Had a nice day?" asked William.

"Quite nice," said Jane.

"Play golf?" asked William.

"Just practiced," said Jane.

"Lunch at the club?"

"Yes."

"I thought I saw that bloke Spelvin in town," said William. Jane wrinkled her forehead.

"Spelvin? Oh, you mean Rodney Spelvin? Did you? I see he's got a new book coming out."

"You never run into him these days, do you?"

"Oh, no; it must be two years since I saw him."

"Oh?" said William. "Well, I'll be going upstairs and dressing."

It seemed to Jane, as the door closed, that she heard a curious clicking noise, and she wondered for a moment if little Braid had got out of bed and was playing with the mah-jongg counters. But it was only William gnashing his teeth.

There is nothing sadder in this life than the spectacle of a husband and wife with practically identical handicaps drifting apart; and to dwell unnecessarily on such a spectacle is, to my mind, ghoulish. It is not my purpose, therefore, to weary you with a detailed description of the hourly widening of the breach between this once ideally united pair. Suffice it to say that within a few days of the conversation just related the entire atmosphere of this happy home had completely altered. On the Tuesday, William excused himself from the morning round on the plea that he had promised Peter Willard a match, and Jane said what a pity. On Tuesday afternoon, William said that his head ached, and Jane said isn't that too bad. On Wednesday morning, William said he had lumbago, and Jane, her sensitive feelings now deeply wounded, said oh, had he? After that, it came to be agreed between them by silent compact that they should play together no more.

Also, they began to avoid each other in the house. Jane would sit in the drawing-room, while William retired down the passage to his den. In short, if you had added a couple of icons and a photograph of Trotzky, you would have had a *mise en scène* which would have fitted a Russian novel like the paper on the wall.

One evening, about a week after the beginning of this tragic state of affairs, Jane was sitting in the drawing-room, trying to read Hagen on Casual Water; but the print seemed blurred and the philosophy too metaphysical to be grasped. She laid the book down and stared sadly before her.

Every moment of these black days had affected Jane like a stymie on the last green. She could not understand how it was that William should have come to suspect: but that he did suspect was plain, and she writhed on the horns of a dilemma. All she had to do, to win him back again, was to go to him and tell him of Anastasia's fatal entanglement. But what would happen then?

Undoubtedly he would feel it his duty as a brother to warn the girl against Rodney Spelvin; and Jane instinctively knew that William warning anyone against Rodney Spelvin would sound like a private of the line giving his candid opinion of the sergeant major.

Inevitably, in this case, Anastasia, a spirited girl and deeply in love, would take offense at his words and leave the house. And if she left the house, what would be the effect on little Braid's mashie play? Already, in less than a fortnight, the gifted girl had taught him more about the chip shot from ten to fifteen yards off the green than the local pro had been able to do in two years. Her departure would be absolutely disastrous.

What it amounted to was that she must sacrifice her husband's happiness or her child's future; and the problem of which was to get the loser's end was becoming daily more insoluble.

She was still brooding on it when the postman arrived with the evening mail and the maid brought the letters into the drawing-room. Jane sorted them out. There were three for William, which she gave to the maid to take to him in his den. There were two for herself, both bills. And there was one for Anastasia, in the well-remembered handwriting of Rodney Spelvin.

Jane placed this letter on the mantelpiece and stood looking at it like a cat at a canary. Anastasia was away for the day, visiting friends who lived a few stations down the line; and every womanly instinct in Jane urged her to get hold of a kettle and steam the gum off the envelope. She had almost made up her mind to disembowel the thing and write Opened in Error on it, when the telephone suddenly went off like a bomb and nearly startled her into a decline. Coming at that moment, it sounded like the voice of conscience.

"Hullo!" said Jane.

"Hullo," replied a voice.

Jane clucked like a hen with uncontrollable emotion. It was Rodney.

"Is that you?" asked Rodney.

"Yes," said Jane; and so it was, she told herself.

"Your voice is like music," said Rodney.

This may or may not have been the case, but at any rate it was exactly like every other female voice when heard on the telephone. Rodney prattled on without a suspicion.

"Have you got my letter yet?"

"No," said Jane. She hesitated. "What was in it?" she asked tremulously.

"It was to ask you to come to my house tomorrow at four."

"To your house!" faltered Jane.

"Yes; everything is ready. I will send the servants out, so that we shall be quite alone. You will come, won't you?"

The room was shimmering before Jane's eyes, but she regained command of herself with a strong effort.

"Yes," she said, "I will be there."

She spoke softly, but there was a note of menace in her voice. Yes, she would, indeed, be there. From the very moment when this man had made his monstrous proposal, she had been asking herself what Gloria Gooch would have done in a crisis like this, and the answer was plain. Gloria Gooch, if her sister-in-law was intending to visit the apartments of a libertine, would have gone there herself to save the poor child from the consequences of her infatuated folly.

"Yes," said Jane, "I will be there."

"You have made me the happiest man in the world," said Rodney. "I will meet you at the corner of the street at four then." He paused. "What is that curious clicking noise?" he asked.

"I don't know," said Jane. "I noticed it myself. Something wrong with the wire, I suppose."

"I thought it was somebody playing the castanets. Until tomorrow then, good-by."

"Good-by."

Jane replaced the receiver; and William, who had been listening to every word of the conversation on the extension in his den, replaced his receiver too.

Anastasia came back from her visit late that night. She took her letter and read it without comment. At breakfast next morning she said that she would be compelled to go into the City that day.

"I want to see my dressmaker," she said.

"I'll come too," said Jane. "I want to see my dentist."

"So will I," said William. "I want to see my lawyer."

"That will be nice," said Anastasia, after a pause.

"Very nice," said Jane, after another pause.

"We might all lunch together," said Anastasia. "My appointment is not till four."

"I should love it," said Jane. "My appointment is at four too."

"So is mine," said William.

"What a coincidence!" said Jane, trying to speak brightly.

"Yes," said William.

He may have been trying to speak brightly too: but, if so, he failed. Jane was too young to have seen Salvini in Othello; but had she witnessed that great tragedian's performance, she could not have failed to be struck by the resemblance between his manner in the pillow scene and William's now.

"Then shall we all lunch together?" said Anastasia.

"I shall lunch at my club," said William. "William seems to have a grouch," said Anastasia.

"Ha!" said William.

He raised his fork and drove it with sickening violence at his sausage.

So Jane had a quiet little woman's lunch at a confectioner's, alone with Anastasia. Jane ordered a tongue-and-lettuce sandwich, two macaroons, marshmallows, ginger ale and cocoa; and Anastasia ordered pineapple chunks with whipped cream, tomatoes stuffed with beetroot, three dill pickles, a raspberry nut sundae and hot chocolate. And while getting outside this garbage, they talked merrily, as women will, of every subject but the one that really occupied their minds. When Anastasia got up and said good-by, with a final reference to her dressmaker, Jane shuddered at the depths of deceit to which the modern girl can sink.

It was now about a quarter to three, so Jane had about an hour to kill before going to the rendezvous. She wandered about the streets, and never had time appeared to her to pass so slowly, never had a city been so congested with hard-eyed and suspicious citizens. Every second person she met seemed to glare at her as if he or she had guessed her secret.

The very elements joined in the general disapproval. The sky had turned a sullen gray, and far-away thunder muttered faintly, like an impatient golfer held up on the tee by a slow foursome. It was a relief when at length she found herself at the back of Rodney Spelvin's house, standing before the scullery window, which it was her intention to force with the pocketknife won in happier days as second prize in a competition at a summer hotel for those with handicaps above eighteen.

But the relief did not last long. Despite the fact that she was about to enter this evil house with the best motives, a sense of almost intolerable guilt oppressed her. If William should ever get to know of this! "Wow!" felt Jane.

(Continued on Page 59)

When the skin breaks YOU QUIT!

when the oil film breaks . . .

YOUR MOTOR QUITS!

Your motor, like your body, needs a living, unbroken "film of protection" to guard it against destructive friction.

* * *

WHEN you swing a golf club, the skin on your hands forms a protection which absorbs the friction. But if the skin is broken, then raw, unprotected flesh chafes against the handle of the club. The result is painful. Your hand is crippled. Away goes your golf game.

Over all the vital parts of your motor, your lubricating oil forms a tissue-thin film. This film penetrates between all the whirling, flying surfaces. And, like the skin on your hands, it absorbs the friction. Once that oil-film is broken, raw metal chafes against raw metal. Deadly friction begins its work of destruction. The result is a crippled motor. Away goes your car—to the repair shop.

Why ordinary oils fail

The film of motor oil must not only resist tearing, grinding friction, but it must also withstand the lash of searing, scorching heat.

Under that terrific, two-fold punishment most oils quit. The film breaks, curls up and burns. Through the broken film, deadly friction attacks the unprotected motor. And often, before you can even know your oil has failed, you have a burned-out bearing, a scored cylinder or a seized piston. That is why more than 75% of all engine repairs are caused by the failure of ordinary oil-films.

VEEDOL FORMS A "FILM OF PROTECTION", THIN AS TISSUE, SMOOTH AS SILK, TOUGH AS STEEL.

Skilled Tide Water technologists spent years studying the films that various oils form. They made countless experiments and tests until they perfected, in Veedol, an oil which gives the "film of protection", *thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel,* a fighting "film of protection" that masters deadly heat and friction.

And now, over 3,000 laboratory tests are made each month, in order to keep that Veedol "film of protection" always in fighting condition; always the master of heat and friction; always your motor's most steadfast defender.

By thousands, car owners are now turning to Veedol. They have found that the "film of protection" means a smoother running motor, more power, more mileage, and a greater freedom from engine repairs.

Let the "film of protection" safeguard your motor

Until you use Veedol, you do not know how alive with power, how silent, how trouble-free your motor can be. Give the "film of protection" a chance to prove the claims car owners make for it.

Stop at the next dealer's where you see the orange and black Veedol sign. Have your crankcase drained of the old, worn-out oil and refilled with the correct Veedol oil for your particular car. The correct oil for your car is specified in the Veedol Motor Protection Guide, a chart which the dealer has.

Always buy Veedol and the "film of protection" will always safeguard your motor. And that means a longer, more useful life for your car and a higher resale value when you turn it in.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, Eleven Broadway, New York (*main office*). Branches or warehouses in all the principal cities.

THE VEEDOL "FILM OF PROTECTION"

Over all the vital parts of your motor, Veedol forms a "film of protection", thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel. *This fighting film is your motor's most steadfast defender against deadly heat and friction.*

The fleet of Goodyear-equipped motor buses operated by the McCallsburg, Iowa, Consolidated Schools

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1925, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

Servant of the Newer Education

IF YOU were ever Johnny Jones or Sally Smith in the rural district school of 30 years ago, you must sometimes rub your eyes in wonder at sight of the modern country school. Of the many changes that have swept across American rural life, this is perhaps most magical of all.

You knew the Little Red Schoolhouse as it really was—flimsily built and cruelly cold on every day of the four months' Winter term. The teacher usually was a single, ill-paid Ichabod, boarding about among the farms.

In its place there rises now the fine substantial structure of the consolidated township school, offering every convenience and comfort, in use the school-year round. It houses every study facility known to the best of city schools. It is staffed by a teaching body fully qualified through state examination.

And where the little bundled figures that were yourself and sister came struggling up the blizzard-swept or mud-choked road to school, the motorbus now makes its easy, punctual rounds, carrying its cheerful, lively loads of boys and girls in all security and comfort.

* *

MCCALLSBURG, IOWA, supplies a typical illustration of this newer educational condition, with its splendid new consolidated school and its fleet of motorbuses carrying the pupils to and from the sessions.

Here seven motorbuses cover 84 miles of the township's roads every school day of the year—roads that are mostly Iowa black clay, deep with slippery gumbo in the Spring and Fall, frozen-rutted in Winter.

They bring to school and take home again 195 of the 328 pupils in attendance. Some of the children live as far as 16 miles from the schoolhouse, yet none of them is more than 40 minutes on the way to school or home.

IMPORTANT service this, since it brings to all the countryside the opportunity of better education.

And most exacting in its demands on the motorized equipment, since it requires dependable regularity whatever the road or weather, prompt punctuality in the maintenance of schedules, and, above all, comfort and safety for the youthful passengers.

It is the kind of motorbus service where you always find Goodyear Cord Bus Tires preferred, as you find them here on six of the seven McCallsburg buses—relied on for their lasting ruggedness, their freedom from trouble, their pneumatic buoyance and activity, their safe All-Weather Tread footing in any kind of going.

* *

WHETHER you are purchasing supervisor, owning operator, or the driver of the bus, it is important from every standpoint of security, reliability and economy, that your buses be equipped with Goodyear Tires.

Goodyear Pneumatic Bus Tires embody the values of design and construction determined long ago in the first transcontinental run on Goodyears, in the Goodyear highway express between East and West, and in the recorded performance of Goodyears in every field of motor transport.

They are the perfected product of a pioneering experience that began with the beginnings of motorbus service, and today, when that service is at its modern best, Goodyear Tires are also the best they ever were.

The long, economical, trouble-free mileage these Goodyears give is the result of many exclusive advantages, most notable of which is the material advantage of SUPERTWIST, the extra-elastic, extra-durable cord fabric developed by Goodyear and used in Goodyear Tires alone.

For every Goodyear Cord Bus Tire there is an equally fine Goodyear Tube, built especially to the needs of bus service

BUS TIRES

Made with SUPERTWIST

a million a day

THE SAT

Stop—and consider

Stop and consider—use your own judgment—why so many men who can afford to pay much more for cigars disregard the low price of White Owls and judge them solely by their amazing quality!

Figure it out yourself—every commercial success has been made through giving far greater value, at smaller profit per sale, and huge volume return. In the cigar field there has never been a more outstanding success than White Owls. A million a day to meet the demand of those e this cigar preference, alone.

ty of White Owls ben efits the

in quality as well as price. It builds enormous purchasing resources which enable the manufacturer to buy up and store tremendous quantities of the best tobacco the market affords.

Thus the taste and satisfaction of W Owls never vary. You are never mercy of varying crops You are smoking tobacco from the fin tainable.

No better proof of this than the White Owls that a smoked today. Smokers who tho White Owl quality could not be im upon, are finding a new sweetness of tast a new mellowne rance that seemed impossi d to a cigar so universally liked and praised.

The reason is simple. herself to be such a crop is now being used in White Owls—the finest crop in years. And, such vast quantities of this wonder-crop have been purchased th White Owl smokers are assured tinuance of this additional satisfaction in unusual conditions of climate soil produce like or better results.

No wonder, then, that many true judges of real cigar satisfaction prefer White Owls at 2 for 15 cents to higher priced igars. They have stopped - they have considered - they have found that White Owls are not to be reckoned by old standards of price and quality.

They know that if White Owls ad not won this million a day opularity they would have to eading more and more smokers to buy them in he new handy package f ten. There's never anger, then, of running short of their favorite cigar- and th pecial foil lining keeps

. . . why we can now produce the finest tasting WHITE OWLS in the history of the brand—and still at 2 for 15¢

The tobacco now being used in WHITE OWL is from the sweetest and mellowest crop in years . . . and WHITE OWL is giving you the full advantage of it.

When a cigar is made in the astonishing number of a million a day greater value can be *given* and less profit *taken* . . . Just judge for yourself.

2 *for* 15¢

Package of 10 *for* 75¢

White Owl

General Cigar Co INC

(Continued from Page 54)

How long she would have hesitated before the window, one cannot say. But at this moment, glancing guiltily round, she happened to catch the eye of a cat which was sitting on a near-by wall, and she read in this cat's eye such cynical derision that the urge came upon her to get out of its range as quickly as possible. It was a cat that had manifestly seen a lot of life, and it was plainly putting an entirely wrong construction on her behavior. Jane shivered, and with a quick jerk prized the window open and climbed in.

It was two years since she had entered this house; but once she had reached the hall, she remembered its topography perfectly. She mounted the stairs to the large studio sitting room on the first floor, the scene of so many bohemian parties in that dark period of her artistic life. It was here, she knew, that Rodney would bring his victim.

The studio was one of those dim, over-ornamented rooms which appeal to men like Rodney Spelvin. Heavy curtains hung in front of the windows. One corner was cut off by a high-backed Chesterfield. At the far end was an alcove, curtained like the windows. Once Jane had admired this studio, but now it made her shiver. It seemed to her one of those nests in which, as the subtitle of Tried in the Furnace had said, only eggs of evil are hatched. She paced the thick carpet restlessly, and suddenly there came to her the sound of footsteps on the stairs.

Jane stopped, every muscle tense. The moment had arrived. She faced the door, tight-lipped. It comforted her a little in this crisis to reflect that Rodney was not one of those massive Ethel M. Dell libertines who might make things unpleasant for an intruder. He was only a welterweight egg of evil; and if he tried to start anything, a girl of her physique would have little or no difficulty in knocking him for a row of Portuguese ash cans.

The footsteps reached the door. The handle turned. The door opened and in strode William Bates, followed by two men in derby hats.

"Ha!" said William.

Jane's lips parted, but no sound came from them. She staggered back a pace or two.

William, advancing into the center of the room, folded his arms and gazed at her with burning eyes.

"So," said William, and the words seemed forced like drops of vitriol from between his clenched teeth, "I find you here, dash it!"

Jane choked convulsively. Years ago, when an innocent child, she had seen a conjurer produce a rabbit out of a top hat which an instant before had been conclusively proved to be empty. The sudden apparition of William affected her with much the same sensations as she had experienced then.

"How-ow-ow ——" she said.

"I beg your pardon?" said William coldly.

"How-ow-ow ——"

"Explain yourself," said William.

"How-ow-ow did you get here? And who-oo-oo are these men?"

William seemed to become aware for the first time of the presence of his two companions. He moved a hand in a hasty gesture of introduction.

"Mr. Reginald Brown and Mr. Cyril Delancey—my wife," he said curtly.

The two men bowed slightly and raised their derby hats.

"Pleased to meet you," said one.

"Most awfully charmed," said the other.

"They are detectives," said William.

"Detectives!"

"From the Quick Results Agency."

"Limited," added Mr. Delancey.

"Limited," said William. "When I became aware of your clandestine intrigues, I went to the agency and they gave me their two best men."

"Oh, well ——" said Mr. Brown, blushing a little.

"Most frightfully decent of you to put it that way," said Mr. Delancey. "Eh, Reggie?"

"Decidedly, Cyril," said Mr. Brown.

William regarded Jane sternly.

"I knew you were going to be here at four o'clock," he said. "I overheard you arranging the meeting on the telephone."

"Oh, William!"

"Woman," said William, "where is your paramour?"

"Really, really!" said Mr. Delancey deprecatingly.

"Keep it clean," urged Mr. Brown.

"Your partner in sin—where is he? I am going to take him and tear him into little bits and stuff him down his throat and make him swallow himself."

"Fair enough," said Mr. Brown.

"Perfectly in order," said Mr. Delancey.

Jane uttered a stricken cry.

"William," she screamed, "I can explain all!"

"All?" said Mr. Delancey.

"All?" said Mr. Brown.

"All," said Jane.

"All?" said William.

"All," said Jane.

William sneered bitterly.

"I'll bet you can't," he said.

"I'll bet I can," said Jane.

"Well?"

"I came here to save Anastasia."

"Anastasia!"

"Anastasia."

"My sister?"

"Your sister."

"His sister Anastasia," explained Mr. Brown to Mr. Delancey in an undertone.

"What from?" asked William.

"From Rodney Spelvin. Oh, William, can't you understand?"

"No, I'm dashed if I can."

"I, too," said Mr. Delancey, "must confess myself a little fogged. And you, Reggie?"

"Completely, Cyril," said Mr. Brown, removing his derby hat with a puzzled frown, examining the maker's name and putting it on again.

"The poor child is infatuated with this man."

"With the bloke Spelvin?"

"Yes. She is coming here with him at four o'clock."

"Important," said Mr. Brown, producing a notebook and making an entry.

"Important, if true," agreed Mr. Delancey.

"But I heard you making the appointment with the bloke Spelvin over the phone," said William.

"He thought I was Anastasia, and I came here to save her."

William was silent and thoughtful for a few moments.

"It all sounds very nice and plausible," he said, "but there's just one thing wrong. I'm not a very clever sort of bird, but I can see where your story slips up. If what you say is true, where is Anastasia?"

"Just coming in now," whispered Jane. "Hist!"

"Hist, Reggie!" whispered Mr. Delancey.

They listened. Yes, the front door had banged and feet were ascending the staircase.

"Hide!" said Jane urgently.

"Why?" said William.

"So that you can overhear what they say and jump out and confront them."

"Sound," said Mr. Delancey.

"Very sound," said Mr. Brown.

The two detectives concealed themselves in the alcove. William retired behind the curtains in front of the window. Jane dived behind the Chesterfield. A moment later the door opened.

Crouching in her corner, Jane could see nothing; but every word that was spoken came to her ears, and with every syllable her horror deepened.

"Give me your things," she heard Rodney say, "and then we will go upstairs."

Jane shivered. The curtains by the window shook. From the direction of the alcove there came a soft scratching sound, as the two detectives made an entry in their notebooks.

For a moment after this there was silence. Then Anastasia uttered a sharp, protesting cry.

"Ah, no, no! Please, please!"

"But why not?" came Rodney's voice.

"It is wrong—wrong."

"I can't see why."

"It is, it is! You must not do that. Oh, please, please don't hold so tight."

There was a swishing sound, and through the curtains before the window a large form burst. Jane raised her head above the Chesterfield.

William was standing there, a menacing figure. The two detectives had left the alcove and were moistening their pencils. And in the middle of the room stood Rodney Spelvin, stooping slightly and grasping Anastasia's parasol in his hands.

"I don't get it," he said. "Why is it wrong to hold the damn thing tight?" He looked up and perceived his visitors. "Ah, Bates," he said absently. He turned to Anastasia again. "I should have thought that the tighter you held it, the more force you would get into the shot."

"But don't you see, you poor simp," replied Anastasia, "that you've got to keep the ball straight? If you grip the shaft as if you were a drowning man clutching at a straw, and keep your fingers under like that, you'll pull like the dickens and probably land out of bounds or in the rough. What's the good of getting force into the shot if the ball goes in the wrong direction, you cloth-headed goof?"

"I see now," said Rodney humbly. "How right you always are!"

"Look here," interrupted William, folding his arms, "what is the meaning of this?"

"You want to grip firmly but lightly," said Anastasia.

"Firmly but lightly," echoed Rodney.

"What is the meaning of this?"

"And with the fingers, not with the palms."

"What is the meaning of this?" thundered William. "Anastasia, what are you doing in this man's rooms?"

"Giving him a golf lesson, of course; and I wish you wouldn't interrupt."

"Yes, yes," said Rodney testily. "Don't interrupt, Bates, there's a good fellow. Surely you have things to occupy you elsewhere?"

"We'll go upstairs," said Anastasia "where we can be alone."

"You will not go upstairs!" barked William.

"We shall get on much better there," explained Anastasia. "Rodney has fitted up the top floor back as an indoor practicing room."

Jane darted forward with a maternal cry.

"My poor child, has this scoundrel dared to delude you by pretending to be a golfer? Darling, he is nothing of the kind."

Mr. Reginald Brown coughed. For some moments he had been twitching restlessly.

"Talking of golf," he said, "it might interest you to hear of a little experience I had the other day at Marshy Moor. I had got a nice drive off the tee, nothing record-breaking, you understand, but straight and sweet. And what was my astonishment on walking up to play my second to find ——"

"A rather similar thing happened to me at Windy Waste last Tuesday," interrupted Mr. Delancey. "I had hooked my drive the merest trifle, and my caddie said to me, 'You're out of bounds.' 'I am not out of bounds,' I replied, perhaps a little tersely, for the lad had annoyed me by a persistent habit of sniffing. 'Yes, you are out of bounds,' he said. 'No, I am not out of bounds,' I retorted. Well, believe me or believe me not, when I got up to my ball ——"

"Shut up!" said William.

"Just as you say, sir," replied Mr. Delancey courteously.

Rodney Spelvin drew himself up, and in spite of her loathing for his villainy, Jane could not help feeling what a noble and

(Continued on Page 61)

Effecto AUTO Enamels

Never learned it in college; but—

She knew a thing or two when she decided the old car couldn't go through another summer "looking that way." More a man's work than a girl's, but a lot of 'em are doing some mighty nice jobs with one or two coats of smooth, free-flowing, self-leveling Effecto Auto Enamel.

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People eat far more of Whitman's Chocolates in summer than they did formerly, and for three reasons:—

They have discovered that chocolates give "pep."

Whitman's Chocolates are carefully packed and protected against summer's heat.

The exclusive plan of Whitman distribution, direct to exclusive sales agencies, even in the most remote summer resorts, assures fresh chocolates in good condition, and guaranteed.

Whenever you see the sign you know that the dealer's stock comes, not from a jobber, but direct from Whitman's. For your guests out-of-doors, supply

Whitman's

Chocolates

SALMAGUNDI

ideal companion for "roughing it" out-of-doors. The handsome metal box gives protection to this popular assortment of Whitman's

(Continued from Page 59)

romantic figure he made. His face was pale, but his voice did not falter.

"You are right," he said. "I am not a golfer. But with the help of this splendid girl here, I hope humbly to be one some day. Ah, I know what you are going to say," he went on, raising a hand. "You are about to ask how a man who has wasted his life as I have done can dare to entertain the mad dream of ever acquiring a decent handicap. But never forget," proceeded Rodney, in a low, quivering voice, "that Walter J. Travis was nearly forty before he touched a club, and a few years later he won the British Amateur."

"True," murmured William.

"True, true," said Mr. Delancey and Mr. Brown. They lifted their derby hats reverently.

"I am thirty-three years old," continued Rodney, "and for fourteen of those thirty-three years I have been writing poetry—aye, and novels with a poignant sex appeal; and if ever I gave a thought to this divine game, it was but to sneer at it. But last summer I saw the light."

"Glory! Glory!" cried Mr. Brown.

"One afternoon I was persuaded to try a drive. I took the club with a mocking, contemptuous laugh."

He paused, and a wild light came into his eyes. "I brought off a perfect snifter," he said emotionally. "Two hundred yards and as straight as a whistle! And as I stood there gazing after the ball, something seemed to run up my spine and bite me in the neck. It was the golf germ."

"Always the way," said Mr. Brown. "I remember the first drive I ever made. I took a nice easy stance ——"

"The first drive I made," said Mr. Delancey—"you won't believe this, but it's a fact—was a full ——"

"From that moment," continued Rodney Spelvin, "I have had but one ambition—to somehow or other, cost what it might, get down into single figures." He laughed bitterly. "You see," he said, "I cannot even speak of this thing without splitting my infinitives. And even as I split my infinitives, so did I split my drivers. After that first heavenly sloah, I didn't seem able to do anything right."

He broke off, his face working. William cleared his throat awkwardly.

"Yes, but dash it," he said, "all this doesn't explain why I find you alone with my sister in what I might call your lair."

"The explanation is simple," said Rodney Spelvin. "This sweet girl is the only person in the world who seems able simply and intelligently and in a few easily understood words to make clear the knack of the thing. There is none like her, none. I have been to pro after pro, but not one has been any good to me. I am a temperamental man, and there is a lack of sympathy and human understanding about these professionals which jars on my artist soul. They look at you as if you were a half-witted child. They click their tongues. They make odd Scotch noises. I could not endure the strain. And then this wonderful girl, to whom in a burst of emotion I had confided my unhappy case, offered to give me private lessons. So I went with her to some of those indoor practicing places. But here, too, my sensibilities were racked by the fact that unsympathetic eyes observed me. So I fixed up a room here where we could be alone."

"And instead of going there," said Anastasia, "we are wasting half the afternoon talking."

William brooded for a while. He was not a quick thinker.

"Well, look here," he said at length, "this is the point; this is the nub of the thing; this is where I want you to follow me very closely: Have you asked Anastasia to marry you?"

"Marry me?" Rodney gazed at him, shocked. "Have I asked her to marry me? I, who am not worthy to polish the blade of her niblick! I, who have not even a thirty handicap, ask a girl to marry me who was in the semifinal of last year's Ladies' Open! No, no, Bates, I may be a vers-libre poet, but I have some sense of what is fitting. I love her, yes; I love her with a fervor which causes me frequently and for hours at a time to lie tossing sleeplessly upon my pillow. But I would not dare to ask her to marry me."

Anastasia burst into a peal of girlish laughter.

"You poor chump!" she cried. "Is that what has been the matter all this time? I couldn't make out what the trouble was. Why, I'm crazy about you! I'll marry you any time you give the word."

Rodney reeled.

"What?"

"Of course I will!"

"Anastasia!"

"Rodney!"

He folded her in his arms.

"Well, I'm dashed!" said William. "It looks to me as if I had been making rather a lot of silly fuss about nothing. Jane, I wronged you."

"It was my fault."

"No, no!"

"Yes, yes!"

"Jane!"

"William!"

He folded her in his arms. The two detectives, having entered the circumstances in their notebooks, looked at each other with moist eyes.

"Cyril!" said Mr. Brown.

"Reggie!" said Mr. Delancey.

Their hands met in a brotherly clasp.

"And so," concluded the Oldest Member, "all ended happily. The storm-tossed lives of William Bates, Jane Packard and Rodney Spelvin came safely at long last into harbor. At the subsequent wedding, William and Jane's present of a complete golfing outfit, including eight dozen new balls, a cloth cap and a pair of spiked shoes, was generally admired by all who inspected the gifts during the reception.

From that time forward the four of them have been inseparable. Rodney and Anastasia took a little cottage close to that of William and Jane, and rarely does a day pass without a close foursome between the two couples. William and Jane being steady tens and Anastasia scratch and Rodney a persevering eighteen, it makes an ideal match."

"What does?" asked the secretary, waking from his reverie.

"This one."

"Which?"

"I see," said the Oldest Member sympathetically, "that your troubles, weighing on your mind, have caused you to follow my little narrative less closely than you might have done. Never mind, I will tell it again."

The story—said the Oldest Member—which I am about to relate begins at a time when ——

THE INSPIRED LIAR

(Continued from Page 17)

"We're old enough," he continued, "to know that we love one another more than anything else in the world. At least, I love you that way. More than anything!"

"You know that I love you, Jeff," she protested.

"More than the other things, more than the youngster?"

The sharp intake of her breath was audible to John Llewellyn Page, finishing the last of his Brie.

"Why," she faltered, "I—I don't know. Why, Jeff, I just don't know. I can't answer you. You're both so much a part of life, and yet you're so different, that I can't choose between you like that." Her voice rose a fraction of a note in heartfelt protest. "I can't, Jeff."

"But you must, dearest! It's come to that. There's no other way out. Marjorie, listen!" he commanded. "Tomorrow afternoon there's a Dutch cargo boat sailing from Havre. It goes to Curaçao. I've engaged a cabin for us. We're in a tangle and there's no other way out. Tonight, after the others are abed, pack your things. I'll be waiting for you. Where are you staying?"

"At the Crillon," she responded faintly.

"I'll be waiting for you. Leave a note for them saying that you've gone away with me and that the only way of reaching us is through my attorney. Then, my dear, what can they do except divorce us?"

"Jeff, I can't do that!"

"You mean the youngster?"

She nodded.

"Remember, dear, that I'm leaving a youngster too. Oh, I know it's different for a father. But remember this"—his hand slipped over to inclose one of hers in brown massiveness—"you and I will have children, after this has all blown over and we're married, and perhaps we'll love them even more because they're ours—yours and mine!" The impetuous whirling of his thoughts carried him away from children, and his voice quickened with enthusiasm: "They'll never dream of looking for us in the West Indies. We'll play around there together where it's warm and gorgeously beautiful—a long, wonderful honeymoon. We'll get a boat and loiter about from island to island, with never a thing in the world to bother us or worry us." His jaw set as vindictively as though he were charging the line. "While they stay up north and brush the frozen mud off their pride! To the devil with their pride! We've got love and youth, youth that they've never had and never will understand! Why should we let them waste it for us?"

"Oh, Jeff," moaned the girl. "I mustn't!"

But he rushed on heedlessly: "It's the only way out, I tell you! We can't go on this way. You and I can't accept any cheap substitute—a rendezvous here and a rendezvous there, just straying off the reservation and hurrying back, always afraid that we're going to be caught. That's a paradise for nitwits and trimmers. We don't have to cheat and deceive. We love one another too much for that."

"But, Jeff, if I—if I can't do this? What then?"

"Nothing," he answered, voice hollow. "Just nothing. I shan't go back to New York." He added dispiritedly, "Oh, we'll be able to avoid death by boredom, I suppose, but whatever we find won't amount to very much—just a chattering parody of what we might have together."

The *patron* sauntered by, looked curiously at the untouched *plat du jour* before the pair, flashed a faint smile of comprehension at the unseeing John Llewellyn Page.

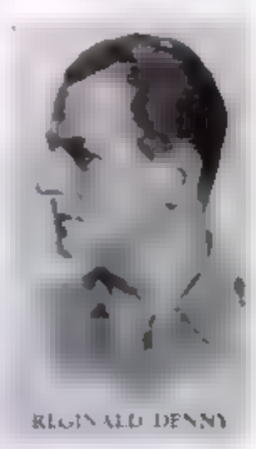
Jeff's voice, warm, passionate, swept on, painting little word pictures of misty-blue islands rising from a blue sea, dark shadows of sails upon the deck, opalescent dawns and great majestic clouds scudding in the trade winds across the molten white face of the moon.

"A born romantic," thought John Llewellyn Page; "lost, probably, in the terrors of the Stock Exchange and trying to find his way home before it's too late. And she —— Oh, how devilish life is! Poor youngster! Some people ask too much of life. They ask happiness. I'd better get out before they make me miserable. I'll never be able to work on that cursed Deschains book. She's giving in to him. She'll never be able to stand such an assault. Poor lovely youngster—I wonder if she has any idea of what she's getting into. Romance lasts such a little time. If only I could tell them to go back and beat the prideful

Watch This Column

Reginald Denny's Best Picture

"California Straight Ahead" is a big picture, full of action, romance and novelty. It is bound to please everybody. REGINALD DENNY who is starred in this production, is considered one of the five really great stars of the screen and he, as well as Universal, regards this as his best picture. The story is by Byron Morgan who wrote ***"Sporting Youth,"*** and Harry Pollard, who made most of DENNY'S pictures, directed.



REGINALD DENNY

One of the novelties in this comedy-drama is a motor-Pullman which contains dining, sleeping, smoking and lounge rooms, a perfectly appointed kitchen and dance pavilion. The palace-on-wheels runs away with the hero in it and spills, thrills, laughs and skids result. Another exciting scene is the trans-continental road race which the hero wins with his car in flames at the finish. The cast is exceptional and includes GERTRUDE OLMSTEAD, TOM WILSON, FRANCES RAYMOND, JOHN STEPPLING and CHARLES GERRARD.

"Peacock Feathers," from the novel by Temple Bailey is another on Universal's "White List." It is an unusual and a highly dramatic picture, starring beautiful JACQUELINE LOGAN and capable CULLEN LANDIS and directed by Svend Gade. The book publishers aptly describe the story as the eternal conflict between wealth and love. Jerry the idealist, who is poor, loves Mimi, a beautiful, spoiled society girl. At the death of Jerry's uncle he inherits a ranch that he has never seen. Here is his shining palace, a solution to the problem. Jerry and Mimi are married, but when they arrive at the ranch—oh! what a surprise!

"The Phantom of the Opera" with LON CHANEY in the title role, opens at the Astor Theatre in New York on Sept. 7th. I am arranging early showings of this weird, fantastic masterpiece throughout the country. If you wish to see this picture soon, won't you take the time to ask the manager of your favorite theatre when he is going to show it?

LON CHANEY

Also ask him when he expects to show ***"The Teaser," "I'll Show You the Town," "California Straight Ahead," "The Man in the Saddle," "Siege,"*** and ***"Peacock Feathers."***

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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"You can put them on in a moment"

Clara and Dick! Then they could be married and be happy. Oh, dear me, I'm becoming emotionally involved in this! But if I could only tell them to go back home and fight it out, inch by inch! So much better that way! I'll never be able to work this afternoon. Serves me right! Eavesdropper! Old enough to have more sense than to mix in other people's affairs." He called to the waiter, ordered his bill "*au galop!*"

"Jeff, I have to think," pleaded the girl. "If I go with you ——"

"Dearest, I'll make it a world well lost," he interrupted. "Together we'll have everything—apart we'll have nothing. You have only to pack your trunks and give yourself to me and I'll take care of you—always! Always, my darling!"

She besought him again to give her time for thought. "Just for a minute, Jeff. It means so much! And oh," she wailed, "it does seem the only way out!"

"It is—just to crash through this trap they've built about us. Don't you see ——"

"Jeff, please!"

John Llewellyn Page was paying his bill and, rather than wait longer for change, was giving Henri a tip which even from a tourist would have been considered exorbitant. Plainly M'sieur Page was not himself this day.

As he started to push away the table there came, booming in his ears like a thunderclap, the hearty voice of Raoul d'Arnould, an editor, exercising his English: "Hello, ol' boy; how are you?"

John Llewellyn Page's heart leaped like a trout, and the silence from the table at his side seemed more painfully noisy than the thunderclap. Useless now to try silencing Raoul.

"Freddy's comin' over from Lon'on tomorrow," continued the Frenchman, "an' I want you an' him to come to dinnaire at Foyot's. You can?"

Page nodded automatically, numbly.

"Eight o'clock then. Good-by, ol' boy." Raoul moved on to his table.

John Llewellyn Page's eyes lifted slowly to meet the accusing gaze of Jeff's; the girl was staring at him, lips parted.

"I'm sorry," he said simply. "At first I was going to tell you that I spoke English—I'm an American, you see—but then I was afraid that I might ruin a meeting which was of such great importance to you. It was an awkward position. I hurried my déjeuner as much as I could. If it hadn't been for my dear, blundering friend, Raoul, I would have made my escape. I don't enjoy eavesdropping, I assure you." He paused a mere fraction of a moment; then, as neither of them spoke, he added, quite humbly, "More than that, it hurt deeply to see two young people suffering as I, too, have suffered."

He neglected Jeff and turned his gaze to the dark, wide eyes of the girl.

"Yes, I, too, have suffered," he repeated slowly. "And this has been to relive those days, more poignantly than I can even begin to tell you. Years ago I ran away with a girl who was married to another man. We went to Paris instead of Curaçao. In those days Paris was the land of light and happiness. A sort of paradise, you know. But paradises have a way of changing, like everything else. I, too, was to make it a world well lost. But somehow—I can't explain it—I failed."

Both young people were watching him intensely, the man with a trace of anger burning in his gaze, the girl soberly, as though she were trying to divine some quality masked behind the red stubble of Page's beard, behind the punctilious flow of his words.

"It would be impossible to tell you the story," he continued, "because it is a story of such little things. Life is like that, you know. It is made up of such little things. How can I explain?" He appeared lost in a sharply barbed thicket of memories. "Little things"—he smiled wanly—"like the measles. We learned that the child she'd left behind had the measles. How absurd! But I assure you that it is a most difficult thing to maintain high romance and still think of measles. We loved one another so much that if we had been confronted by death or some great disaster we could have faced it, hand in hand, and laughed at it. But no! Life is so beastly unromantic! It takes little stabs at you. It stabs and stabs until you're weak, until your heart aches, but never hard enough to kill you gloriously, in the fashion of high romance."

His voice dwindled sorrowfully and he pushed his table away. "I can say no more. *Il pleut dans mon cœur*—tears rain in my heart. Try to find peace and contentment rather than romance. It goes so quickly and leaves so little. I apologize for intruding."

He hurried away. As the *patron* held his overcoat, John Llewellyn Page said hurriedly, "*Mon vieux*, study my two young Americans and report to me tomorrow all that you see."

"I will do that, Monsieur Page. *À demain, alors.*"

So it was that the *patron* sat beside him upon the bench at déjeuner the following day.

"Your two young Americans talked for nearly ten minutes, eating nothing that was put before them," he said. "He was importuning her to do this or that, but she refused. There were tears in her eyes, monsieur. At last they departed, and she refused even to let him ride in the taxi with her. They parted at the door, and I heard her say something about New York. Their next rendezvous, I took it to be. And he at last agreed. But, monsieur, his jaw was that of a man who is about to tear an enemy to small pieces and step upon them."

"Very well reported," said John Llewellyn Page. "Exactly what I wanted to know. Here—have a taste of my wine so that we can drink to their happiness and to the incalculable fury that is about to descend upon two people whose names are Dick and Clara."

They drank.

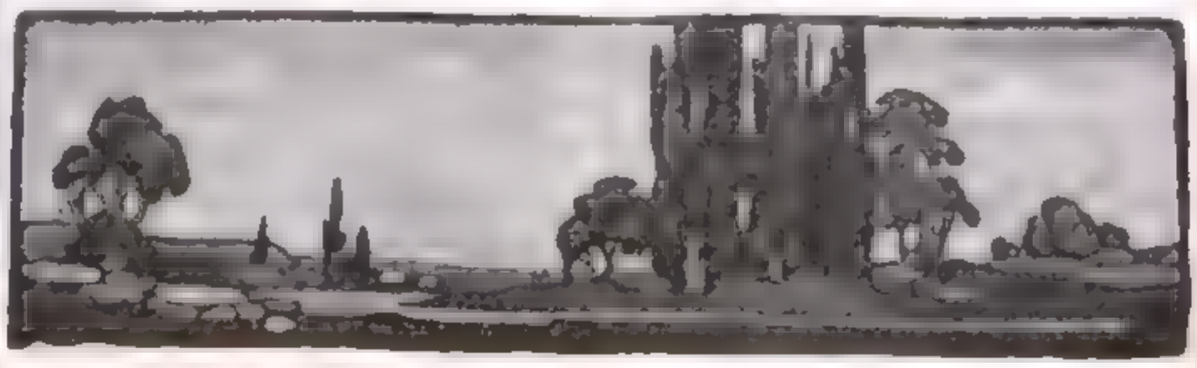
"And now, *monsieur le patron*, one more thing. What sort of liar would you call the man who said that I, in the days of my youth, had run away with another man's wife, inducing her to abandon her child?"

The *patron* became swollen. "What kind of liar? I would not flatter him by calling him liar. He would be a fool, Monsieur Page!"

"*Tiens, mon vieux*, that might be too strong. I was thinking that under certain circumstances he might be called an inspired liar."

"But of all men," the *patron*'s voice rose in protest, "you have been least touched by the folly of life. You, a student of the arts!"

"True, true," said John Llewellyn Page, a little sadly. "But, all the same, it must be wonderful to be young and madly in love." He shrugged. "No matter—let's drink to an inspired liar and hope that in the moment of his inspiration he helped two young people who, otherwise, might have blundered out beyond their depth." They raised their glasses.



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PIONEER Brighton WIDE-WEB GARTER

CLARIBEL

(Continued from Page 13)

"I wish I could," said Jimmie. "But it's too dear for me. I eat at a *pension* restaurant. If I wasn't so frightfully poor, I should have ventured to ask you to dine with me."

He spoke quite simply, neither ashamed nor defiant, and he gave her the sweetest smile.

"But you can't leave me," said she, with a flash of the imperiousness of the governing class. "You must dine with me, of course!"

"Well," said he, "I won't be silly about it. It's awfully nice of you to ask me."

His tone was faultless. Claribel thought he was out of sight the most sensible young man she had ever met. She imagined how any young man of her own set in England would have bridled and gibed and blushed and protested under such an invitation—and ended by accepting it.

They dined—slowly, savoringly, and toward the close of the meal, lusciously. Years seemed to have passed since Claribel first entered the adorable Café de Versailles. And it had been raining for years. Existence was transformed for Claribel. The pall of loneliness had been lifted from her. She formed part of humanity; she had a contact.

Not ordinarily a facile talker, especially with mere acquaintances, she was now talking with marked ease. Jimmie talked without any effort. He was a natural talker and he talked naturally. He seemed to say whatever came into his mind, but his mind was an interesting mind and a nice mind; no necessity to filter or censor its contents before letting them forth.

At intervals, in pauses of argument, Jimmie would point out celebrities or notorieties among the customers. Possibly not notables of the world, but notables of the Montparnasse quarter, which honestly considered itself the center of the world.

The ornate clock over the cashier's counter behaved in an extraordinary manner; its fingers raced round the dial. Claribel tried to will them into deliberateness, but they would not be restrained. They showed twenty-five minutes to twelve when the other clock, in Claribel's head, said that the hour could not be later than twenty-five minutes to ten. An evening unlike any other evening that ever was in Paris or in paradise!

Just as Claribel was beginning to make a successful fight against the mysterious magnetic force which held her to her chair and absolutely prevented her from rising to depart—the bill had long ago, through Jimmie's agency, been paid and the change handed over and the tip given—Psichari came up, on his way out of the café. Psichari was one of the celebrities already indicated to Claribel by Jimmie. Claribel had felt an artistic thrill at being even in the same café with Psichari. You could tell how great a painter Psichari was in Paris by the fact that Jimmie blushed when he most surprisingly stopped at the table, and rose with much deferential ceremony to greet him.

"Present me," murmured the handsome bearded hero of the studios in an undertone, and he was duly presented to Claribel. Thereupon he sat down at the table and talked, in French.

"You will pardon me, mademoiselle, but I have not been able to prevent myself from regarding you all the evening. You are so exquisitely an English type. It is so romantic to me. No women exist save the English. There are none save the English."

Still, in a more general vein, he talked admirably—better than Jimmie. Claribel, however, was now restless—pleased, but confused and apprehensive. She said that she must leave. And she did leave, escorted to the pavement by the two men. The rain continued with infinite strong perseverance to descend in generous cascades. Claribel got into a taxi, and while Jimmie was giving the address to the driver, Psichari also got into the taxi. He was not intoxicated—or at least he was not suffering from anything more deleterious than the romantical quality of Claribel's blond English appearance; but he was uplifted. He stated in an uplifted voice that it would not be safe for Miss Frossack to travel home unaccompanied. Claribel glanced with a certain appeal at Jimmie. Jimmie seized the great painter first by one arm and then by two and pulled him out of the cab. The two men, Psichari taller than Jimmie and ten years older, faced each other on the pavement.

"*Fiche-nous la paix!*" Jimmie exhorted the celebrity.

And as Psichari would not listen to the exhortation to leave them in peace, Jimmie hit him on the chest and the idol of Montparnasse subsided onto the pavement. Jimmie nipped into the taxi, which drove off.

Little was said, but the cave woman in Claribel could not sleep that night because she had been fought for by two artists on the Parisian pavement; and the English girl in Claribel could not sleep because the delicious Jimmie had asked her to sit for him and she had consented to do so.

The next really thrilling thing that happened to her was the arrival, one evening, of an express letter, which ran:

"May I call tonight about nine? I want very much to see you about a matter which is important to me. Your devoted Jimmie."

Claribel blushed and shook. She blushed and shook all by herself in her own drawing-room.

II

ON THE morning of the day on which Claribel received the express note from Jimmie in the late afternoon, she had been sitting to him in his studio in the Rue Léopold-Robert, a street south of Montparnasse and plenteously inhabited by Anglo-Saxon youths of both sexes of a status similar to that of James Arroll. It was the final sitting for the portrait, and nearly three months had passed since the great scenes inside and outside the Café de Versailles. Claribel had just gone, and Jimmie was still watching her as she primly and brightly descended the four double flights of stairs that separated his lair from the solid earth, when he heard footsteps above him. A figure was coming down from the heights of the fifth story—a young man dressed in golden brown, very baggy corduroys, heavy boots, a black wide-awake hat with a circumference of about one yard, and a muffler that seemed like a slice off a blanket. The ferocity of the black mustache argued, perhaps falsely, that the hip pocket held a revolver to match it. Of course, an English painter: French and other painters no longer wore the classic uniform of art.

"Josh!" called Jimmie, shivering in the icy January drafts of the staircase. "Come in and have a look at this blessed thing I've just finished."

"Thy wildest caprice is an order. Let her loose," replied Josh, entering with a swagger the large, naked and dirty studio of his friend. He examined Claribel's portrait with a lofty and judicial air for an extraordinarily long time. Then in silence he went and poked the stove, and then he examined the portrait again.

"Look here, brother," said he at last, "what in the name of the late esteemed Lord Leighton have you been trying to get at?"

"Don't you like it?"

"Rotten!" said the critic. "Rotten! It's all over the place. It isn't like anything on earth."

"I feared it," murmured Jimmie with submission.

"You don't mean to tell me you have the nerve to like it yourself?"

"Frankly, I don't. But she does."

"Oh, she does, does she? Well, that settles it. They never like anything but the completely putrid."

"But really she isn't quite the ——"

"Silence, sir!" the bandit stopped him. "If you're thinking of informing me that she's subtly different from all other girls, think better of it and don't, because I doubt if our friendship would stand it. No girl is different from all other girls. And when she says she likes this portrait, she simply and unaffectedly means that she likes you. Have I lived, or was I born this morning?"

"That's where you're wrong, Josh. She may be a bad critic, but there's no nonsense about her of that sort. She's even cold. You can talk to her just as if she was a man."

"And you do?"

"I do."

"Laddie, you must introduce me to her. It will be the day of my life. I bid you good morning."

"I say," said Jimmie timidly to Josh, in the doorway, "you might let me does in your studio tomorrow night."

"Not on your life!" said Josh. "I have other arrangements in view. Why?"

"The landlord was here at 8:15 today. I owe him two quarters and I can't pay. He's given me till tomorrow."

"The dirty dog!" exclaimed Josh with feeling, the basis of his philosophy of existence being the axiom that all persons not painters ought to be willing and proud to be owed money by all painters.

"I haven't had my supplies from London and I shan't have just yet, and it's six months since I sold a thing," Jimmie explained gloomily.

"Serious, eh?"

"Yes."

"Then sell a thing at once. Sell her this portrait. From the look of her raiment, wealth is not what she's short of."

"Oh, she's rich all right," said Jimmie; "but I couldn't possibly ask her to buy this."

"Why not?"

"Because it's not good enough."

"What an ass of a reason! Unload the bad, my excellent fool. Unload, I say. If I do anything decent, I always want to keep it. Besides, there are passages, as we critics say, in this that aren't positively criminal. I don't mind stating that the hair is the best bit of pure painting you ever did. But the rest—oh, Mahomet and Buddha!"

Jimmie shook his head.

"No, I won't do it."

"Then touch her for a thousand francs. Tell her she's helping the sacred cause. She'd love to lend it to you."

Jimmie colored slightly.

"I was wondering whether I might ask her. But she's so jolly decent I don't really care to take advantage ——"

He gave a nervous laugh.

"Well, I beg leave to say no more. She has the stuff. You want it. Which is the same as saying she has your future and you want it. Ask her to lend you a thousand francs and report to me tonight or tomorrow morning, if you please. And have a care!" Josh stalkingly departed.

After some hours of mental travail, Jimmie brought himself to the point of telephoning to Claribel about money from a café. She was not at home. Then he dispatched the express note, to which he received an answer at seven o'clock:

"Delighted to see you. Nine o'clock. C. F."

III

CLARIBEL put the little blue note from Jimmie away, with several other specimens of his handwriting, at the back of a drawer in her dressing table. Then she pulled it out and read it again and replaced it in the drawer. And all this in the middle of her dressing! And further, she was dressing after dinner, not before it. She was dressing all over afresh, in the light of her beautiful bedroom lamps and of the note, which had arrived after her first evening dressing.

She was far gone in love with Jimmie. Jimmie was unlike any other man she had ever known, and especially unlike the men of her own tribe. She admired these men, in a fashion; but how dull and narrow and rigid and incurious they were in their

(Continued on Page 67)

Put *quality wiring* inside your walls

Build quality into your walls. It pays! When you put a network of wiring under lath and plaster, be sure you are putting it there *to stay*. There are switches and outlets and sockets. There's code wire, cable, or conduit. Most of it goes where it cannot be seen—but every piece of it counts. To be sure of its quality—specify a G-E Wiring System throughout.

G-E wiring materials may add a few dollars to the first cost—but this extra cost, which you pay as good insurance against future trouble and expense, will not add one tenth of one per cent to the total cost of the house. Insist upon *quality you know*. Make sure that every piece of material that goes into your walls is marked G-E. That mark—familiar on electric fans and MAZDA lamps—stamped on great turbines, motors and electric locomotives—is always a guarantee of quality and permanence.

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—for lifetime service

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Height of rack 48"
Temperature 72°

Ordinary Gear Compounds average coasting distance 261 feet

ALEMITE Transmission Lubricant 317 feet

Reduce this friction in your car

Save 50 to 60 gallons of gasoline every 10,000 miles

RECENTLY we drained and cleaned the transmission and differential gears of a well-known standard car. Then they were filled with one of the best gear greases now in general use. We let the car coast from a four-foot rack.

The distance traveled was 261 feet.

Next we drained and refilled the gears with the new Alemite Transmission Lubricant.

This time the car coasted 317 feet. An extra 56 feet! An increase of 21% in free-running ability.

Actual driving

But what would it do under *actual driving* conditions?—We put a measured amount of gasoline in the tank. We drove the car till this was used up. Recorded the number of miles.

We repeated this driving test four times under identical conditions with four leading makes of gear grease in transmission and differential. Then with Alemite Transmission Lubricant. We expected a difference. But the amount of difference was truly amazing.

With Alemite Transmission Lubricant the car actually delivered from 1 to 1½ more miles per gallon of gasoline than with any other.

What this means

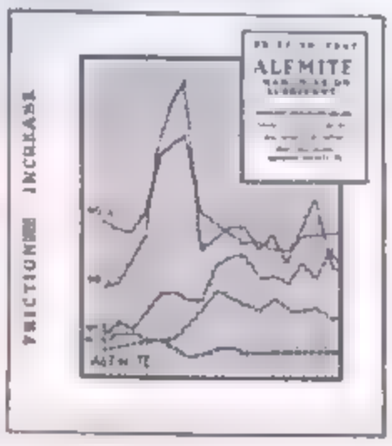
This means that for every 10,000 miles you drive you can now save from 50 to 60 gallons of gasoline. Simply by using this new type gear lubricant in your transmission and differential. And you'll find your car will have better power and pickup in addition. Try it today.

This new lubricant is an Alemite product. Backed by three years' research of the country's foremost automobile lubricating engineers. So you know you can accept these statements—as fact—not mere claims.

Alemite Transmission Lubricant is *not* just another gear compound. It is a new principle. It contains none of the so-called "fillers," the harmful acids and other devices commonly used to give grease thickness. That's why it gives such astonishing results. An advance in automobile lubrication almost as important to you as the famous Alemite high pressure lubricating system. Ask for it at your nearest Alemite Service Station.

Every 2000 Miles

Have your gears cleaned and refilled with Alemite Transmission Lubricant every 2000 miles. Just drive in where you see the Alemite sign. You'll never have costly transmission or "rear end" troubles. Your car will stay young. You'll get more miles to the gallon. And your gears will never stick, even in zero weather! THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 2660 N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Canadian Factory: Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.



Important Note!

THE chart at left shows the results of a friction test of Alemite Transmission Lubricant made in the laboratories of the Armour Institute of Technology. Note how, compared with ordinary gear compounds, Alemite shows by far the lowest friction throughout.

This scientific test shows *why* Alemite increases the free running ability of your car to such a marked extent. Also why it retains its lubricating power far longer.

ALEMITE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Transmission Lubricant

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(Continued from Page 64)

subconscious self-satisfaction and their dependable honesty! Jimmie had dependable honesty too; but what a different, what a superior and finer mind! Of course, he was five years younger than herself, but did that matter? Besides, she had frankly told him her age—after he had guessed twenty-seven—and he did not seem to mind in the least. She knew him now, at the end of twenty-five or thirty sittings; she knew him through and through; and he was sound through and through. And she had decided that he was, or would be, a great painter—no doubt the greatest painter of the age. He had taught her an immense amount about life and art and Paris and the European outlook and such things. Indeed, he was a Titan. Yet not on these counts did she adore him. She adored him because he had fought for her on the pavement in front of the Café de Versailles, and because he had such dark, wistful eyes, and such an appealing voice and such gentle gestures, and because he was a baby. Strange that he could be at once a Titan and a baby. But so it was. He had no more notion of looking after himself than a baby.

And if he had taught her, she had taught him. She had softened some crudities and she had shown him what a woman thinks, and how and why; and he had learned eagerly and thankfully.

Her maid—French—now came in.

"Monsieur Arroll."

"A little moment," said Claribel. "Arrange me this tulle, Louise"

She was agitated—and for an excellent reason. She was convinced in her heart that Jimmie had come to ask her to marry him, and she very well knew that she would not refuse him. She had noticed the frequent tendernesses in his voice, the admiration in his eyes, the shy hesitations in his adoring demeanor. At least once, she judged, he had been on the very edge of a proposal in his studio, but timidity had held him back. She could not be mistaken. In half an hour, in an hour, she would be an engaged girl, with vistas of thrilling happiness stretching before her.

Fortunately, she was under no obligation to consult anybody. She had no ties; she had full control of her own plenteous money. Imagine having to obtain consent to marry a painter from one of those queer, good, misguided persons who had given her the ridiculous name of Claribel—after some ridiculous poem of Tennyson's! Awful!

She passed, shaking, into the drawing-room, Louise following her as far as the bedroom door with pats and smoothings of her skirt. She stood hesitant, frightened and blissful in the doorway, showing herself for admiration, at her very best; not offering herself, but expecting to be demanded. She smiled exquisitely, and her lower lip trembled. Nothing of the outdoor athletic girl in her now! She was the indoor, the boudoir girl, richly attired, molded and prepared for love. She made a splendid vision in the luxurious, luminous drawing-room.

And there stood Jimmie, somewhat threadbare in his neat lounge suit. Might he not be disconcerted, impeded, by her luxury, by the economic difference between them? Not he! He had a mind above such accidents of fortune. He had genius, outweighing any quantity of money; and moreover, like all artists, he had a taste for luxury—could not resist it.

They sat down. She noticed that he was just as nervous as she was, and this lessened her own nervousness and gave her confidence.

"I'm so glad you've come," she said brightly, "because I wanted to ask you something."

"Yes?"

"I want you to let me buy that portrait. I should have mentioned it this morning, but I felt a bit awkward about it."

"I'm glad you didn't," said Jimmie. "And I'm sorry you mentioned it now. Because I don't want to part with it."

"Why not?" She asked the question, but she knew the answer. He wished not to part with it because he felt the absolute necessity of having her reminding portrait in his studio. Still, she repeated, "Why not?"

"It's not good enough," said Jimmie. "I don't like it well enough to let it go."

"But, Jimmie, I've set my heart on having it. I think it's simply beautiful."

Jimmie shook his head.

"No, I must be firm about that." His voice sounded hard to her. He added, "May I tell you right out what I've come for? I want ——"

The fatal words were on the very edge of his lips when he stopped and jumped up. Claribel was crying; she was sobbing. His attitude concerning the portrait, acting on her extremely excited nerves, had overset her. She was perhaps quite as startled by the tears as himself. But there they were! And Jimmie was gravely disturbed. He was absurdly disturbed. For it is a remarkable fact that, though a woman's tears mean vastly less than a man's, her—shall we call it effervescing?—point being much lower than a man's, a young man will treat those tears just as seriously as if he had shed them himself.

Jimmie thought it was his duty somehow to stanch them; but he could not devise any method of doing so, and he was aware of remorse. Also he saw the utter impossibility of asking her for a loan. Indeed, the situation was excessively delicate and demanded for its handling all the experienced, wise, diplomatic ingenuity of a man of the world. And Jimmie knew too well that he was by no means a man of the world.

He merely hovered around the fount of tears in a state of rather silly indecision, suffering acutely from the shock which always accompanies an increase of knowledge of the baffling psychology of women. At the same time his emotions were not wholly unpleasant. He actually enjoyed the spectacle of her woe. The tears softened her. They gave her a touch of nonsense which hitherto, according to Jimmie's observation, she had lacked. They indicated to him that never in the future could he talk to her as to another man. Formerly he had liked her because she could be treated as a male comrade. Now he liked her rather more because she had suddenly ceased to be a male comrade. Her tears melted her and they melted him too.

As for Claribel, what she chiefly felt was resentment and disillusion. And she also enjoyed her tears. Then she remembered her Spartan youth, and with a heroical effort resumed command of herself. And then she opened her bag and began to rebuild her damaged complexion. Never in the old days would she have put powder to face in the presence of a man. But things were changed. Neither of them spoke a word. It was most ridiculous. Jimmie sat down again.

At length he said, "I'm awfully sorry. You shall have the portrait." She looked at the radiator, there being no fire. "But of course," he added, "I shall give it to you. I really couldn't take anything for it."

Whereat she sobbed once more.

"Can't you see I can't accept presents from you?" she mumbled inarticulately.

"I beg pardon," said he, comprehending nothing.

She made a new attempt.

"I say, it's fearfully nice of you, but I can't accept presents from you."

"Then I'll sell it to you at any price you like," he yielded, beaten.

But she continued to weep and to mumble.

"I know what a genius you are, and I wanted to be able to say I'd bought a picture from you when you were unknown." And more loudly and distinctly: "However, it doesn't matter."

Jimmie stood up again. He wanted to cry himself, for she had become to him the most touching and heavenly sight ever seen in the world. She had become exquisite, fragile, defenseless and desirable. Simultaneously, it occurred to him that in certain circumstances there is only one right method of stanching a woman's tears. He used that method.

The mayor of the sixth *arrondissement*, with the French flag tied round his rich waist, united them in marriage. Claribel never knew that had she begun to weep five seconds later than she did, the direction of her whole life would have been changed, for her sentiments would never have survived the blow of being asked for money when she was expecting to be asked for love. And Jimmie's heart would stop beating at the mere awful recollection of the moment, when her tears, in the nick of time, saved him from stepping over a precipice into—into what?

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Boys and Little Men are proud of their Hanover Shoes that are good looking as Dad's, long-lasting and comfortable. $2.50, $3 and $3.50.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Continued from Page 39)

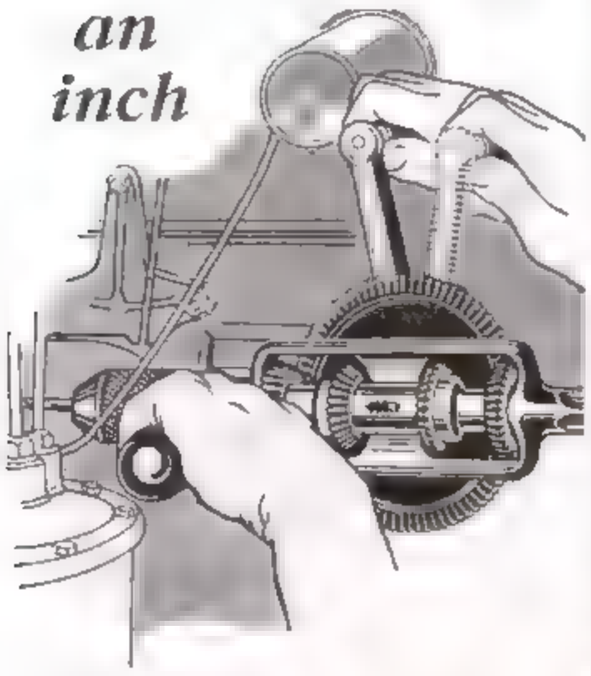
is but an easy and an obvious step, to Chelsea I migrated and there, after some seven years from first to last of breaking lances against palette and canvas without apparent result, I bought sticks and paraffin and immolated my entire harvest.

I have never regretted it, nor have I regretted spending seven years in this manner. One art is the tutor of its fellow, and what a man may have learned and failed to apply to canvas may very well stand friend and monitor to him in other ventures. So I went on the stage, not in desperation but with a very solid conviction that I could act. Let's have done with modesty—I still believe I can, though by some curious magnetism of ink and persuasion of pen I found I had written myself off the stage into the pages of various periodicals.

My first story—it was bought by THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—was called Eggshell. It has since struck me it was a somewhat brittle substance upon which to base a new career. I wrote it solely for my own amusement, and confess I thought there was a mistake somewhere when I received the check. (In parentheses, witness how readily the human mind becomes callous: I now conceive there is a mistake somewhere if I don't receive a check). Every author—and by author I imply one that possesses a literary conscience, which no one should ridicule since it is a very dire affliction—every author, I imagine, works under the guidance of a single star, and all his writings spin on a single axis. Now I have an ambition and a single axis, though I am ashamed to mention this fact in illustrious company. I have a healthy and modest ambition that my literary compass should never go far beyond the reaches of a pot of marmalade. Herein is no paradox, though ambition and marmalade would seem to have little in common. Frankly I yearn toward the bittersweet—the familiar and the intimate. And I believe that the greatest wonders and the dearest moments, the tragedies and the joys, are never far removed from the simple objects of every day. Love awakens and is lost in the most recognizable places. We have no need to seek for love in the high Alps or lose it in muttering ravines when it smiles at us across our breakfast tables or flings away and disappears with the click of a latch.

The acute crises of life, so I conceive, hold their own very well before a wall paper at one and fourpence a piece. They are rendered the less acute if backgrounded by restless splendors and a fretwork of spire and dome. The keynote of humanity is its simplicity, and surely it is an author's job to surprise that simplicity and not to decorate it.

Even where you can move the crank *only an inch*



"YANKEE"
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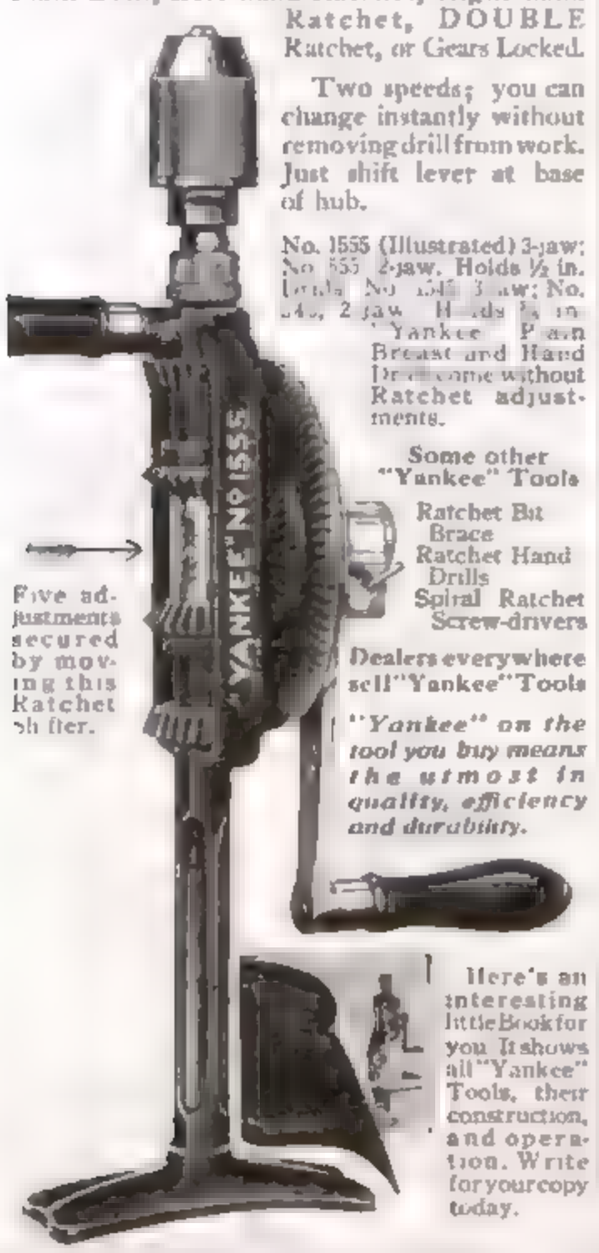
cuts continuously

The "Yankee" DOUBLE Ratchet enables you to drill in places too cramped for other drills to operate. It saves lost motion because every movement of crank, whether back or forth, sends drill into work.

And that's only one of five ratchet adjustments. A touch on Ratchet Shifter gives Plain Drill, Left-hand Ratchet, Right-hand Ratchet, DOUBLE Ratchet, or Gears Locked.



Two speeds; you can change instantly without removing drill from work. Just shift lever at base of hub.

No. 1555 (Illustrated) 3-jaw; No. 555 2-jaw. Holds ½ in. Drills No. 1555 3-jaw; No. 545, 2-jaw. Holds ½ in. "Yankee" Plain Breast and Hand Drills come without Ratchet adjustments.

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"YANKEE" TOOLS
Make Better Mechanics

THE PASSION FOR THE PRIMITIVE

By Elizabeth Shackleton

A Pennsylvania Slat-back of 1700

Another of the Same Period

THEY are unloading the Mayflower! The honored old ship is being unloaded in haste this very year. All its cargo of old furniture is jettisoned three hundred years after its cruise to the New England shore. The traditional treasures that came on that supposedly overloaded boat, the reputed chairs and chests and oak cradles, are now known to be of American wood. The scrutiny of experts can differentiate the oak, the fir and the pine of England from the wood of New England. Every authentic specimen of the period has had the minutest going over, no matter what the ancient historical society label might declare. Not a stick survives of that much-vaunted cargo.

Material fixes origin in those early days before lumber was a matter of shipment. For the seventeenth century it is a clew far more definite than workmanship, for the early colonists were English in their traditions of making things. It was the new material around them that changed their methods. In adapting the new woods of the new clearings to the many needs of the settlements where every home needed furniture for its new rooms, early American furniture came into being. It deserves honor, high place, appreciation. The early American, the primitive furniture of the colonies, has all these and more today.

Americanizing Early Furniture

How proudly the sons and daughters of colonial families used to say of their family furniture "It came over in the Mayflower!" or "It came in the good ship Anne." But there has been an adjusting of all the old cargoes. So much greater is the honor of being early American, so much greater the recognized value of a native origin than a transatlantic, that the early ships have been eagerly emptied piece by piece. No longer do we hear the formula so familiar as to have become a subject of gibe and jest. Once the jettison began, Elder Brewster's chair, long reverenced as holding the Pilgrim leader on the deck and in the cabin of the Mayflower, is now thought to have been made by a sailor on a later voyage to occupy his long idle hours and furnish a good chair for the head of the church in the new colony, a man accustomed to the comforts of an English manor—and the discomforts of a prison.

Peregrine White's cradle, the wooden one that tradition said was loaned the baby born on board the Mayflower, is withdrawn from his use. An American origin has claimed it, for the pine in its sides is stronger evidence than tradition. Pine like that grew in New England, the white pine whose giant branches tossed along the whole Atlantic slope of the American colonies.

No one is disappointed, no one chagrined by these Americanizing claims for early furniture. "Brought over by my forefather, the emigrant, in the first days of the colony," has slipped into desuetude, but only to have a more patriotic thrill, a greater pride take its place—"Made for the first of my name in the colony," or "One of the earliest American chairs." The museum places its treasure more prominently when the wood has set the stamp of Colonial rather than Dutch or English make.

If an English origin or a French or Dutch is assigned to chair or chest it must have been naturalized by two hundred years in America to be interesting to the collector of early American furniture. There is a terrible glare in the eye of a collector if a member of his family happens to let slip, "Father picked up some of his things in England!" Slowly but absolutely the taste for early American has taken possession. "Imported from England," "Made to order for a forbear in London," "Brought home by a sea captain" or "A young but ancestral supercargo"—these were sources of the old that used to charm; but now that is not the pedigree we want with the heirloom.

The Swing to the Colonial

We want to conjure up a picture of an early settler furnishing his fireside with the rectangular, blocky, solid, puritanical turned chairs and high slat-backs, with stretcher tables and decorous gatelegs, with pine dressers and cupboards and spider-legged, letter-X candle stands. The collecting vision has become focused upon the kind of thing used by the men who trod the Bay path, that the Quakers had in their Pennsylvania farmhouses, that the Virginians had, away from tidewater luxury.

About ten years ago collecting fervor reached a turning point. The finest Sheraton, the finest Chippendale had been pursued, classified and captured. The possibility of astonishment had become slight. The American master craftsmen in these lines had been appreciated. Goddard of Rhode Island was known for his block fronts on secretaries and highboys. Savery of Philadelphia had his name and fame revived as an intricate elaborator of lowboys and highboys, from labels left on a few, a very few, specimens of his handiwork, but his reputation has been built up by students in analogy, an active study in these collecting days!

Duncan Phyfe of New York had his name and fame remembered as a maker of fine mahogany dining tables and chairs and sofas with easily distinguishable, long-curving legs in an Empire style that was all his own, because his clients from aristocratic Lafayette Place and Bond Street ordered his furniture for their rooms, talked about his work, and, most important, preserved his bills! Tax lists, early advertisements in newspapers, and old city directories had been conned for knowledge of all the makers of clocks and chairs and beds since the Revolution. What next?

Quid nunc?—ever an important consideration to the advance guard in collecting, for the plentiful, the attained or the readily possible never appeals. The dealers, about this time, thought the Civil War and the "atrocian" period would be the inevitable next. They put forth rosewood sofas and fire-gilt lambrequin cornices and putty-colored casts, in readiness. But there are more active and imaginative quid nuncs among those who are ardent collectors than among those who purvey the plentiful antique. The pendulum of collecting taste swung and swung far, to the early, the simple, the American, of the days of the settlements. This had been appreciated once upon a time—witness the collection of the old antiquary of Concord, with which he endowed the old Massachusetts town; which would have given it fame had battles and literature not distinguished it.

The American Wing

What pickings there were then, when all New England, with all its old extensions and ells and attics and spinning sheds, held trestle tables and gatelegs and court cupboards. They were to be had in exchange for money for a patent rocker or a piano lamp. The old antiquary didn't eat enough, so that by his frugality he could buy court cupboards "over tew Watertown," to save them for posterity. A museum could be gathered then by economy in a few suits of clothes, but his day bed, his armchairs, his settles and his chests are still the textbooks for the study of seventeenth-century furnishings of old American houses.

The "early" is now the important. One famous collector led the way by acquiring a house of each Colonial period of history, so that there should be unity, not jumbling, in his ensemble. That collector's paradise, the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, set a present-day and highly influential example in segregation, with one floor for an early Colonial setting of hewn beams, deep fireplace, dark-paneled chambers, and wainscot and spindle chairs

(Continued on Page 70

The particular virtue singled out for praise is occasionally surprising.

What do YOU value most in a tire?

Only truly great superiority inspires wide-spread, emphatic, voluntary expression of appreciation.

And the particular virtue most praised in a product is sometimes surprising.

Literally thousands write to tell of mileage records made with Mansfield Tires.

Nothing surprising about that.

But far greater numbers write to tell about Mansfields that go the whole long route on their original air.

Such letters are especially numerous at this time of the year—usually inspired by the contrast of less fortunate companions on vacation tours.

To the great army of vacationists who have expressed their appreciation of Mansfield Quality,—our thanks.

Our thanks—and theirs—to the great Hardware Wholesalers of the Country who, by effecting lower distributing costs, made possible Mansfield, trouble-free mileage records.

All tires now cost more per wheel—these cost less per mile.

To satisfy the increased demand for Mansfield Tires, production all this year has been at over double the rate of any like period of any previous year.

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Tire Manufacturers Extraordinary to the Hardware Trade

MANSFIELD

Hardware Stores **Garages** **Motor Car Dealers** **Accessory Dealers**

(Continued from Page 68)

such as Carver sat in. The other floors keep later times in a harmony of setting and furniture, but it was from the oldest, the simplest, that the most active collecting ardor was awakened, I think. Each visiting collector, each contributing connoisseur went home and put his house in order. There was a great dragging about of heavy things, a banishing of Empire, a sorting out of the slender-legged, a pulling forth of the oldest, a vamping up of the decrepit, a paneling of rooms, a greening and graying and softening of what had been shiny-white woodwork.

"I am furnishing a seventeenth-century room," one hears from one after another of American collectors. The appreciation of the pine of our country's pioneers had sent us all gleaning and glowering in dark corners, in third-floor bedrooms, in woodsheds, in the cellars of old aunts. Reminiscent thoughts have disturbed us as we sat peaceably in the evening. What kind of feet did that dejected old candle stand have, the one with the eight-sided top? A memory that its giver was miffed because we had not most highly esteemed it ten years ago, stirs in mind. Where is it now? Behind a door with a pyramid of pictorial bandboxes on it.

Out it comes for diagnosis. Seventeenth century or the earliest eighteenth. Its crosspieced foot, with a final droop at the toes, is a spider foot. Shabby? It's in untouched original condition. "Never been fussed with" is the happiest of conditions when the two-hundred-year mark is passed.

Then there is the old red chest in the attic, the little one with the thumb-nail groove along the edge, mentioned in the will of the builder of the house, in the phrase, "the key of the old red chest." It's a bit crumbly, but it's a six-board chest, and has eminently satisfactory dovetailed corners. It gets a bed foot in the most old-time bedroom, with the banister-back chairs as neighbors.

This has been going on everywhere. Not a collector but has been prowling through his early acquisitions, sorting, assembling, grouping. Sometimes things are better than he thought. Sometimes he announces a great and important auction. Sometimes it's only a mantel mirror of 1840 and "no place in the house for that," as it is shoved in, far in, the side-hall closet.

The Early Made-in-America

The new native woods gave individuality and character at once to the first colonists' handiwork. So instantly was the value of white pine recognized that Bradford tells the first cargo sent back was clapboards, and in Virginia oak logs were in the second cargo. American ways of making furniture changed from this bounty of Nature. Chests were made of six pieces of wood, and old doors can be seen today made of one thirty-four-inch pine board, without knot or flaw. But the workmen faced lumber with leaves on one end and roots on the other, and had only their handiwork to subdue it, splitting, riving, wedging, mauling, adzing, boring with augers.

Primitive living has preserved these simple methods down to the days of Lincoln. But the lathe has always been the furniture maker's easy tool. It turned rived stick into a chair of Carver type, into the frame of a slat-back or banister; could frame a joint stool or a stretcher table; turned the legs for the heavy gates and frames under the oval tables, and was still busy with the Windsors when the bandy-legs became the fashion on chairs and tables and highboys in the days of Queen Anne.

John Alden's tool-trained hands—he was hired as a cooper, you remember—probably made the first and earliest New England table. Was it the board where was spread the first Thanksgiving turkey dinner we as a nation keep today?

The early American enthusiasts have raised to a higher degree old Charles Lamb's collecting motto, "Contented with little but wishing for more." Even though their house walls bulge with gathering, they dream of a colony-made trestle table as the ultimate. The next dining table in point of time and favor is the gateleg. It marks a change in household equipment. At the long table of the earliest days, perhaps one chair was at the head, but the family sat down the board on forms

Long boards and forms where the children sit or kneel to eat are to be seen in the mountains of Georgia still. I have eaten at them. But when the gateleg came in, it was the table of the well-to-do and was always oval, to mark the fashion and change to having a set of chairs to place around the table. A form cannot be drawn up to an oval, and this radical change was no doubt thought a serious innovation by the conservatives of the 1600's.

Claw Feet and Bandy-Legs

There are points to be scanned in one's possession of a gate-legged table. The monarch of them, Governor Winslow's council table, now at Plymouth, has eight feet on the floor. Another great one has double gates under each great half-disk wing, and some tables weigh well on to two hundred pounds. The word "plain" is not an adjective to be greatly resented when applied to a favorite and well-thought-of possession. All old gate-legged tables are worth while, and simple turning on the legs and unturned stretchers are called plain. Better so, if untouched and unchanged as to top, with nutty-brown walnut, a little tawny at the rubbed corners, than the one I know of that had Spanish toes—but had been doweled on—and was sold by a weeping old woman who asked that the table be left with her one night more before she parted with it forever!

The ideal condition of all these oldest of American things is that they shall be in usable, likable, presentable shape, but in the rough, and so are ahead of the tinkered-with that may have more points, such as diagonal cross bracings on the frame of a table or perfect balls or Spanish toes if they have been restored heavily. There is a delightful glow of pride in the possession of a plain gateleg with two hundred years and more of wear shown in the balls on the leg ends, worn half an inch on the frame and half again as much on the oftener-moved gates. We agree with alacrity that gatelegs are always oval for every familiar untouched one, and, more important, our own is oval! We even read with complacency an advertisement of a Virginian, of twelve old gatelegs for $3000!

Almost the best thing about the present desire for the Pilgrim era, the early American, the simple, is that it is putting a quietus on overrestoration by putting a premium on original condition, simple finishes, bare wood. It lets an antique have a little atmosphere, a look of age and honorable infirmity, lets it even be "blasted with antiquity." The era of overrestoration gave us bedizened sideboards and renovated chairs that could not be told from reproductions. Newness was a strange thing to aim for in an antique!

The collector of early American furniture "sees" his treasure in the clean, clear, honey-colored, unpainted finish found on some old slat-backs and some old cupboards and settles, but—scrape, scrape, scrape! If there are accumulations of paint and varnish, with weary fingers and stiffening knuckles, scrape, scrape, off it must come. It costs so much to have it done and seems so simple a process, each owner of an early piece has at least one try at doing it himself. Honey-colored and clean to the wood it has to be to have a claim to the period wanted. What if Copley did paint an early portrait of Tyng of Tyngsboro in a black Windsor armchair? It must be honey-colored today. Scrape, scrape, scrape!

Even the somber old banister backs whose dull black has been their accepted state wherein they had a fetchy air of incontrovertible two centuries are now to be seen in shops, in dealers' auctions, and in collections, in honey-colored wood. They have come out of mourning; they have gained a gay and sprightly air; they are going out into company again. This brings to mind a fine banister-backed armchair I once saw in a chicken-scratched yard behind a cabin in Maryland. It became a subject of parley at once with the old black woman who owned it. She didn't want to sell it, though it was sitting out in the weather.

Picturing the old armchair in dull, dead black by the flickering firelight at home, a good sum was offered her. She shook her woolly head. "My ole man died in that chair!"

A few decades ago no one discriminated closely in our old furniture in America. A bandy-leg was as far back as anyone could think! Hawthorne wrote of the mountainous highboys in old houses, and had an eye upon the misty visions of romance in the old mirrors of the Province House. When the mother of a Southern friend expressed a liking for claw feet a servant was sent with a bagful sawed off as a gift—the furniture was too heavy to send! But all this time great men's chairs were saved in honor of the men who had sat in them. Carver's chair, Brewster's, William Penn's—three of his, all caned and fine with an air of courts; the chair of John Haynes, governor of Massachusetts colony and also first governor of Connecticut; Jefferson's writing-arm Windsor, an envied shape; Franklin's, Washington's chair—the Masons own it—the list could be increased. Some come down from the days when sitting in a chair was a distinction—when "take the chair" and "chairman" had a literal meaning. Most of these old chairs look their part.

Take the traditional chair of Governor Haynes. It dates from the neighborhood of 1660. It curiously possesses both dignity and grace. It prohibits the word "heavy" in relation to seventeenth-century furniture. It is the lightest chair for its great height and width of seat that I have ever lifted. Its walnut frame is as firm—it is unrestored—as if it were a unit of wood. The ram's-horn arms, of which they are a most graceful example, spread generously to offer place for elbow and hand. That superb cresting rises over the head of the one sitting in the chair like a background intentionally placed. The deep reeding on the bulbs below the arm and on the front leg is as fresh as when it was cut. Slim and strong, with a sort of masterfulness, it all expresses the life of early American days. Looking at it, sitting in it—its worth is realized. The fussy effeminacy of a regiment of Hepplewhites could be vanquished by such a chair.

Familiarity with the early shows there is a justice in the enthusiasm for it, both for association with a sturdy period of history and intrinsically. Take a chest-on-frame. Only half a dozen were known a year or so ago, but more are coming to light. It offered a safe place for stowing things up from the floor, in the days antedating chests of drawers, a place to write, a place to open a book, for serving or for display.

A Clock of Decorated Pine

And a tall clock, with a decorated pine case, has similarly changed in value. This old clock has a solemn tick, pleasant to hear in the watches of the night, good to be greeted with on entering the hall after an absence. It has a graceful head, a bonnet on it, and shows an open clear face. Other clocks are mahogany, are inlaid, have reedings and other admirable points. This is pine painted in ovals and lines like bicolored inlay. It used to give a start to those seeing it a room away, for it looks like an elaborate inlaid case. I can remember the way, long ago, many a one said, "Oh, painted." They don't say it that way. There's a thrill in the voice: "Oo-o-o-o! Decorated pine!"

Other days and other customs, especially collecting customs. Incidentally the path is strewn with many tragedies, such as the well-remembered chest with fine scratched-in panels and tulips, whose bottom had fallen out. It was left at a cabinetmaker's, at his advice that it would cost too much to repair it.

"Ef I had what that old hoss has hauled in his day!" sighs the old and weary antique dealer on the narrow back road. Horse and master are too old to go out now. They toiled the roads when a standard price for lowboys was eight dollars, good ones up and poor ones down. He bought the contents of an old house for $250 and hauled for four days, and sold $2500 worth, and is still selling!

And there are sad things to remember, like the friend who had a pine cupboard in the clean farmhouse kitchen decorated with gray and black swags of flowers and fruit in the taste of the early Dutch, for this was in New York State. It was worn a little at the doors from the hands of many years. A glass closet was needed in the dining room and the now much-to-be-desired flowers vanished before a mahoganizing stain. We all have memories of the early that might have been acquired. I remember a paneled and ball-footed hanging closet, the Colonial equivalent of an *armoire*, in a house at Allatoona Pass, the scene of "Hold the fort, for I am coming," in a house otherwise stark and bare. There is a great going to see if the things are still there, now that the primitive is so actively sought for.

Finds are Still Possible

The early furniture of our country had usually gone far down in the estimation of its owners. The best joint stool I ever saw in its original ownership was in a woodshed in a Pennsylvania town. It was painted green and held flowerpots in summer. Its oak top had a thumb-nail edge. Its well-turned legs raked just the right amount. The stretchers were half gone from wear. It auctioned for fifteen cents. The best tavern table with an oval top was under an apple tree by the roadside in Rhode Island, with tomatoes ripening on it.

Two seventeenth-century stretcher tables come to mind, one on a lilac-shaded porch with a water bucket, the other in a cellar in New York State. The heavy framed slat-back with mushrooms on the arms is now recognized wherever it hangs in the barn loft. Dust it off and bring it down and say "I have one!" Or join the others when they say "I know where one is!" Or be ready for "Where did you get that?" With no other class of possession can an owner openly gloat "I knew that would give you pause!"

There are still good things to be found. I remember the fascination with which I saw the first sturdy pair of little black iron Continentals holding up the burning logs in a women's club fireplace. They were the kind to sit by, better than flashing brass or high-stepping Hessians. They are in the home fireplace now; they match up with the primitive in settle and gateleg and chest-on-frame.

The first night the fire was burning behind them they stood outlined against the coals, one arm of each half crooked at "Dress right!"

"I have been puzzling why they stand that way," said another watcher.

"It's because the fire is so hot on their backs!"

So it is with the primitive; there is an appeal about a simple thing. No one ever wondered about what a brass andiron meant by a bend or a turn.

Ever the surprise waits. In a collecting neighborhood, where each watches the other and seeks to outdo the last new possession, in an antique game where they never say "by," a little bride came to live from a distant state. She was so pretty they all listened when she said: "We have one old wooden chair that we brought with us. Great-grandfather was a bishop and wrote the story of his old parishes sitting in it." She saw a stir of attention. "It has an arm flattened out for writing and a little drawer underneath to hold papers." The eyes of her listeners were popping. She had a writing-arm Windsor with a pedigree! She had not said "by," either, when her turn in the game came!

for ROOFS

Demand answers to these questions before you buy *any* roofing

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1. *Is this roofing strong and husky?*
   Twist it; bend it. See if it is tough, if it cracks or breaks. Has it enough weight and body to lie flat, without curling, in the face of sun, wind or weather?
2. *Is the slate firmly embedded in the surface?*
   Put it on the floor. Kick it, scuff it. Note whether the small particles of crushed slate stay on or come off. What will sliding ice do to it?
3. *How do extreme temperature changes affect it?*
   Put it on ice; then pour hot water on it. Watch the results carefully. Does this extreme and sudden change of temperature impair it in any way?
4. *Will it "run" under extreme heat?*
   Put a sample on a hot radiator. Whatever happens to the sample will happen when this roofing is exposed to blistering sun, on your home. Don't buy roofing that "runs."
5. *Will this roofing absorb water?*
   Roofing should *shed* water—not absorb it. Soak a piece and weigh it. Avoid roofings that hold moisture.
6. *Is this a fire-safe roofing?*
   Will flying embers ignite the roofing you put on your home? Ask if it is approved by the National Board of Fire Underwriters. Demand a demonstration.

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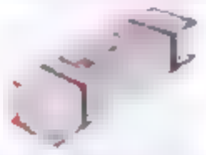

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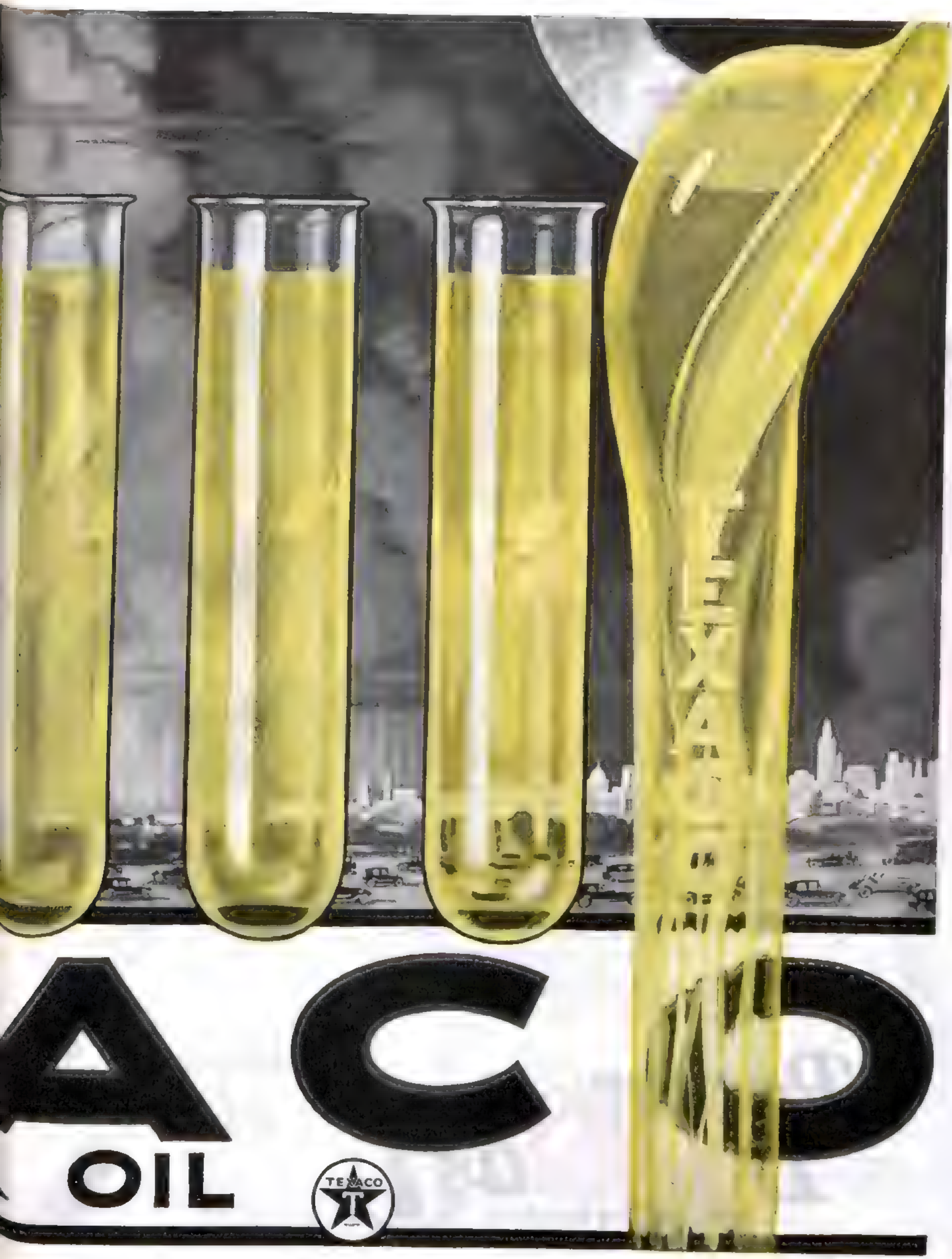
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The Greater the Pen-Maker's Skill The Easier the Writer's Stroke

And every Parker Duofold must be a Master-piece before our Last O.K. goes on

This Guarantees the Point for 25 Years

Lady Duofold
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Rivals the beauty of the Scarlet Tanager

YES, the more skill used in making a pen, the easier to write a good hand with it—a pen with an easy, full-handed grip, and a free-gliding, soft-writing point like the Parker Duofold Point that's guaranteed, if not misused, for 25 years.

Six points are there now in the Parker Duofold for all six degrees of writing. No matter how you hold them, the ink will flow steadily at any speed you wish.

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Parker Duofold is indeed the King of Pens and the Prince of Companions—handsome to own and hard to mislay because of its Chinese lacquer-red color with *smart black tips!*

Its Duo-Sleeve Cap forms an Ink-Tight Seal, and its Press-Button Filler is capped out of sight—out of harm's way.

$5 buys the Parker Duofold Jr. or the more slender Lady Duofold to fit slim fingers—$7 buys the Over-size Duofold with the bumper ink capacity. Except for size they're all the same—and all with the six separate Parker Duofold Points.

Imitations can't deceive you if you take the precaution to look for this imprint on the barrel—"Geo. S. Parker." The genuine always bears this name—inferior pens do not.

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Extra fine

a special point for extra close writing and accounting—writes small numerals like these:
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Fine

adapted equally well to figuring and general writing because it's fine but also as smooth as a polished jewel.

Medium

a popular point with a good free stroke for all around work including signature and letter-writing.

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for a heavier, broader stroke—a point almost as popular as the medium for correspondence and general utility.

Stub

this smooth gliding stub gives a hand distinctive character and interest—shaded, bold and free.

Oblique

for pronounced personality and accent—a new soft-writing point that gives a different effect each way the pen is held.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 24

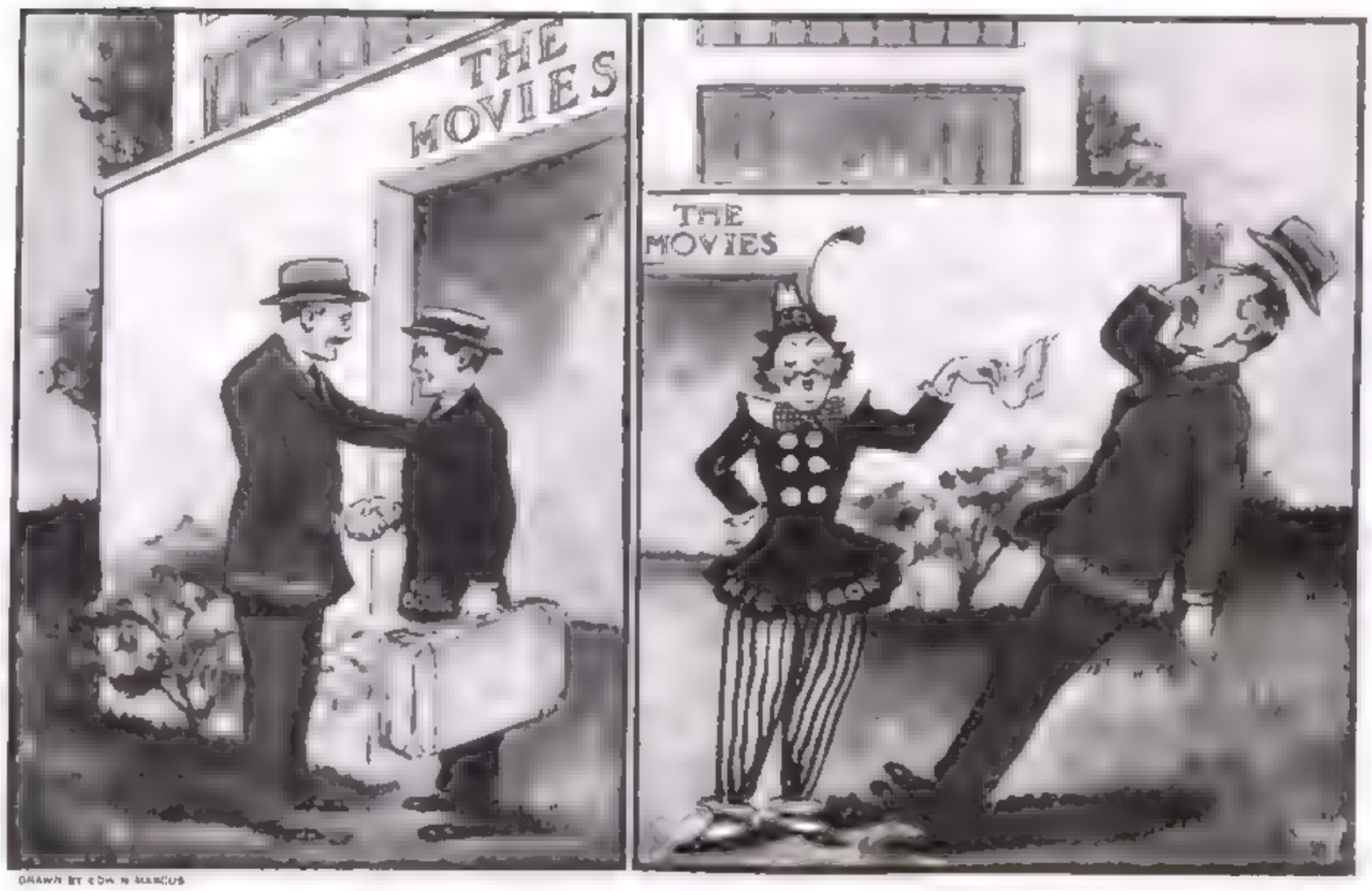
That was made by the wife who went plumb daft
Over each All-America art and craft,
And filled up the attic that Jack built.

This is the burnt-leather pillow cover
With a Gibson girl and her heavy lover,
That followed the burnt-wood ping-pong set
That followed the hand-painted taboret
That was made by the wife who went plumb daft
Over each All-America art and craft,
And filled up the attic that Jack built.

This is the basket of raffia grass
That followed the burnt-leather pillow cover
With a Gibson girl and her heavy lover,
That followed the burnt-wood ping-pong set
That followed the hand-painted taboret
That was made by the wife who went plumb daft
Over each All-America art and craft,
And filled up the attic that Jack built.

These are the book ends hammered from brass
That followed the basket of raffia grass
That followed the burnt-leather pillow cover
With a Gibson girl and her heavy lover,
That followed the burnt-wood ping-pong set
That followed the hand-painted taboret
That was made by the wife who went plumb daft
Over each All-America art and craft,
And filled up the attic that Jack built.

This is the space all cozy and snug
Reserved for the antique-style hooked rug
That will follow the book ends hammered from brass
That followed the basket of raffia grass
That followed the burnt-leather pillow cover
With a Gibson girl and her heavy lover,
That followed the burnt-wood ping-pong set
That followed the hand-painted taboret
That was made by the wife who went plumb daft
Over each All-America art and craft,
And filled up the attic that Jack built.



IT'S A WISE FATHER WHO KNOWS HIS OWN CHILD

Father—"Good-by, Son, I'll be Waiting Anxiously for You"

Son (Year Later)—"Ah There, Daddy, Don't You Know Me?"

Jack Spratt could find no flat,
No bungalow his bride,
To hold her mother's antique chairs
With room for them beside.

Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son Jack
Sat in a chair with a ladder back;
Now what shall he do for the crick in his back?
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son Jack.

Simple Simon met a shy man
Going to a sale;
Says Simple Simon to the shy man,
"Brother, why so pale?"

Says the shy man to Simple Simon,
"I've got to bid, and dread it."
Says Simple Simon to the shy man,
"I'm married too. You said it!"

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Twirling an auger in play.
Said his father, "Don't fret,
We may make of our pet
A great worm-hole borer some day."

When good King Arthur ruled his land,
He was a goodly king;
He said, "Our realm has no antiques;
We'll remedy this thing."

A ruling then the king did make,
With statesmanship sublime,
That furniture should henceforth date
By daylight-saving time.

All chests and chairs were aged thereby,
New beds made old and weak;
For every piece had gained an hour
And thus became antique.

Bye, Baby Bunting,
Mother's antique hunting.
Quoth Baby B, "The h— you say,
That means we get no meals today!"

Hey, diddle, diddle!
'Twas bent in the middle,
But rarer than any blue moon;
And that mean Flora Knopp
Beat me out to the shop
And motored away with my spoon.'

Pay a taxi four bits to ride up to the Ritz,
To see a collector who smirks as she sits,
Mourning rings on her fingers, on her breast cameos,
She can buy heirlooms wherever she goes.

As I was going to buy some pegs
I spied a chair with bandy legs;
Bandy legs and Spanish toes,
I fell for it hard, and I paid through the nose.

—Kenneth Carrick.

Never Say Die

"I'VE got to stop at this tailor shop a minute," said Lemuel P. Simpson, the well-known filling-station locator, of Jonesville, Indiana. "If you wait for me I'll drive you home. My wife's mother, Mrs Elias Jennings, is playing in an invitation golf tournament at the Jonesville Country Club, and had to have her knickers pressed. Very few people know it, but the old lady is away up in the nineties; but her hand is just as steady as yours and she gets her color on as even and nice as my daughter, who is only seventeen

"I'll never forget how mad she was when I bought her an electric on her eighty-fifth birthday. She said it was too slow for her and she wouldn't make up till I'd promised to exchange it for a sports roadster.

"She's really the life of her set out at the club. Her hearing's perfect and she never misses any gossip. She can find a lost golf ball without glasses. The way some of the women carry on makes her mad. She has worn bobbed hair ever since she was ninety, but she is threatening to let it grow, because, she says, a lot of old ladies are cutting theirs and making it common."

—McCready Huston.

When the Wife Returns—Though You Haven't Done a Thing Out of the Way

"Now, Now, Dear—You've Entertained Mr. Gulch Long Enough!"

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Duofold
Health Underwear Co.
now offers you
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Knitted Coats
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Designed, knitted and tailored by the makers of Duofold Health Underwear, Duocraft Knitted Coats and Pull Overs can be depended upon to offer you something *unusually good* in knitted coat service.

At men's furnishing and department stores—ask to be shown the *new* Duocraft features of comfort, serviceability and neat fitting qualities.

Moderately priced
$5.00 *to* $10.00

Duofold Health Underwear Co.
Mohawk, N. Y.

Makers of
Duocraft
The All Purpose
Knitted Coats
& Pull Overs

BLUE SKY

(Continued from Page 5)

guided him straight to a door at the far end of a corridor, and Mel found himself being ushered into a private office that might have been an eagle's nest, the way it overlooked the view. Far below, the harbor could be seen—the ships like models, the Statue of Liberty a foreshortened doll in the distance.

"Mr. Sangster," said the boy; and unconscious that he had let a hunter in, he went back to his post at the entrance of the grove.

V

THE golden bird sat at his desk, and like nearly all his kind, he looked more human than the other birds around him—a stocky, friendly man with mutton-chop whiskers and a flair for old-fashioned collars and ties; a stocky, friendly man who was known to his colleagues as Deacon—possibly because he knew his way so well around a horse. On the desk in front of him was a bronze statuette of Telluride II, a brown gelding which had made more money for its owner than any other four-year-old of its year.

"Mr. Melville?" he asked, looking up from the card which the boy had given him.

"Yes, sir," said Mel. He hesitated, searching his soul for a new opening and finally finding one. "I'm selling blue sky," he said, meanwhile producing his sample book and opening it at that heavenly shade of velvet. "I've worked out a new method of making color, and I'd like to show you how good it is, and how profitable it's going to be too."

Now, though Mel didn't know it, the Deacon had it in his mind that color meant paint, and he was interested in paint, because paint meant lead and lead meant money to the Deacon. But as much as he knew about paint, he prided himself upon knowing men and horses better; and looking at this earnest, slightly grim young man who was standing by the side of his desk, it may be that the Deacon saw something which reminded him of a young Thoroughbred who might show speed on the straightaway if he were given a chance to limber his legs a little before he reached the turn.

"Sit down," he said. "Let's see what you've got."

Mel showed him the figures and estimates, meanwhile singing the accompaniment which he thought most likely to charm.

"As far as I can make it out," said the older man, moistening his thumb as he turned over the pages—moistening his thumb as an old-fashioned player will sometimes do when dealing the cards—"you're asking me to bet ten thousand dollars that you can make a hundred thousand."

"No, sir; the odds are better than that," said Mel earnestly. "I'm asking you to bet ten thousand dollars once that we can make a hundred thousand dollars every year."

"But how do I know it will only cost ten? These figures—these estimates—could they be checked up?"

"Yes, sir; every figure there!" exclaimed Mel breathlessly.

"And your method—your process—whatever you call it—that could be checked up too?"

"Yes, sir!" exclaimed Mel again. "It's working right now, on a small scale, of course—one of the prettiest, simplest things you ever saw."

"Probably hasn't got a tinker's chance," thought the Deacon, rubbing his head; "but it might be a pretty good ten-to-one shot at that." One of the strangest allies made invisible entrance then and went and stood by the side of Mel. "That's right," thought the Deacon, "I'm forgetting the income tax. If I put up ten thousand and lose it, I can deduct it from my income. So I'd only be losing five thousand, and that's a better percentage yet."

Every horseman likes to dream of winning a twenty-to-one shot; otherwise he might not be a horseman. And if the profits continued for five years it would be a hundred-to-one shot—less that confounded income tax of course.

"I don't know—I don't know," he said aloud, the golden birds being cautious, when all is said and done, because of the times they have felt the shot go whizzing past their tails. "I might possibly have it looked into. . . . You say your name is James J. Melville?" he asked, looking at the card again.

"Yes, sir"

The Deacon turned the card over and poised a pencil over it. "You might give me a reference or two," he said; "I guess your bank's as good as any."

Mel's heart sank so low that one might wonder if it would ever come up, and his thoughts turned to old Philander Adams back home, swinging a mean pen every time he had a chance to tell the people what he thought of James J. Melville as a business man.

"My last chance, and here it goes," thought the young man bitterly, "and all because I've no one else." But there he stopped; and if you had been watching him you might have seen more plainly than ever that grim look which had been growing upon him during the past two weeks. "And I don't see how it's going to hurt anybody," he breathlessly told himself, "and it's certainly no use referring to Mr. Adams."

All this hadn't taken long, the thoughts flashing over his mind like the shadows of fence pickets on a racing car; but by the time he had reached "it's certainly no use referring to Mr. Adams" he knew that he mustn't pause any longer.

"How about the Tenth National Bank of New York?" he said, trying to speak in an unconcerned voice as he repeated the names which he had seen on his namesake's bank books; "and—and the Rhinelander Trust Company?"

"Good!" said the Deacon, nodding with satisfaction; and after he had written them down he left the room, walking with a stocky purpose as a determined horseman will sometimes walk to the betting ring to see what information he can get on a horse of his choice.

"He's gone to phone the banks," thought Mel, and suddenly found it rather hard to breathe. "I don't care though. He simply can't lose; and it isn't as though I hadn't been fair with him. And he's going to verify the estimates, and I'm charging him nothing for the use of the mill back home; and after all, it isn't what the banks tell him that really matters. It's whether or not I'm able to make the dye."

But for all that, he didn't feel any too happy with himself; and when Deacon Sangster returned a few minutes later with a favorable look, Mel felt more worry than joy, and no one watching him would have thought that this was his moment of victory; that this was the moment when with all the odds against him he had succeeded at last in catching his golden bird.

"Son," said the Deacon, "I'm going to take a chance on this blue sky of yours; but seeing that I'm sailing tomorrow, I'm going to turn you over to my secretary now. He's just come back from lunch."

Mel found it harder to breathe than before when he heard "sailing tomorrow."

"Where are you going, Mr. Sangster," he asked, wondering whether he looked as guilty as he felt—"around the world?"

"No, to Paris and London," said the Deacon, ringing the bell. "I expect to be gone a couple of months, but Mr. Phipps will take care of you while I'm away."

VI

MR. PHIPPS had one of those keen faces which are sometimes seen on bank managers who skip in and out of the tellers' cages as though looking for suitcases which are being slyly filled with money. And the first thing that Mr. Phipps wanted to know, as soon as he and Mel were alone together, was how in the name of Ned the latter had reached the presence of Mr. Sangster without having first passed through the hands of Mr. Phipps.

"You were at lunch, weren't you?" asked Mel as politely as you please.

"Yes; but that doesn't make the slightest difference," said Mr. Phipps, the Great Aggrieved. "It is one of the first rules in this office that no one can see Mr. Sangster except through me."

You could tell that he was going to brood upon this matter, and that in the meantime he looked upon Mel as an interloper who would have to be watched. They made up an agreement, however, upon the lines which had been passed upon by the Deacon, Mr. Phipps adding a few conditions of his own, breathing through his nose as he did so, as though thinking, "I'll teach him to see Mr. Sangster without seeing me first!"

Perhaps with this same object in mind, he selected a particularly conservative firm of auditors to go over Mel's figures of costs of chemicals and such; and when these were passed, he sent a pessimistic old professor of chemistry up to Melville—a lean old boy with fishy eyes who took quite a shine to Aunt Abby's cooking. Old Fish-Eye stayed with Mel three days and would probably have started a double chin if he had stayed three more.

Mel had a woodlot down by the Quinebaug which hadn't been cut yet—a woodlot with about fifty cords of standing oak which he had been saving for future winters. He sold this to Danny Lillibridge for two hundred dollars cash and went back to the city with the professor.

"I think we can start ordering the equipment now," said Mr. Phipps, grudgingly enough, after reading the professor's reports on Mel's experiments. "But only the strict essentials, remember. I can't accept the responsibility for anything more than that."

It was easy to see from his manner that nothing was going to get past him—that he still suspected there was a trick in it somewhere.

"If he ever finds out about those references," thought Mel on his way uptown to his boarding house late that afternoon—the last order for equipment in the mail—"that finishes me, all right!"

In his abstraction he didn't notice that he was stepping off the sidewalk to cross the street directly in front of a towel-delivery flivver which was about to meet a taxi. There was a double blast of horns, a shout, a swerve, the crash of two cars ramming together; and poor Mel, down on the asphalt between the two machines, felt a stream of water from one of the broken radiators scalding his face, tried to move his head, found to his mild surprise that he couldn't, heard a diminishing voice saying dimly, "There he is—under there. He's dead, isn't he?"

And down—down—down slipped the last of the Melvilles; down—down—down to those dark depths of which the tragic poets ever have liked to sing.

VII

THE next morning Mel was in the Broad Street Hospital, bandaged to the eyes and comfortable enough except that the top of his head felt funny and his face was smarting as though indignant at the bandages. He was, he noticed, in a private ward, which puzzled him a little. However, he didn't puzzle much, the top of his head forbidding. So he lay there quietly enough and watched the nurse straighten his room—a plump little girl with snappy brown eyes who had a mind far above looks, of course, but who still managed to let a bit of her hair stick out from under the front of the cap.

(Continued on Page 78)

This Unique Pledge *takes the gamble out of Used Car buying*

Thousands are buying *Unused Transportation* under this unique plan that eliminates "Purchaser's Risk"—and guarantees service. Buy a used car from Studebaker Dealers with the utmost confidence—they have adopted this pledge for your protection.

Pledge to the Public on Used Car Sales

1 All used cars offered to the public shall be honestly represented.

2 All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.

3 Every used car is conspicuously marked with its price in plain figures, and that price, just as the price of our new cars, is rigidly maintained.

4 Every purchaser of a used car may drive it for five days, and then, if not satisfied for any reason, turn it back and apply the money paid as a credit on the purchase of any other car in stock—new or used.

Not only to the public, but also to The Studebaker Corporation of America, whose cars we sell, we pledge adherence to the above policy in selling used cars.

Your Studebaker Dealer

Look for this pledge in Studebaker dealers' showrooms. It is your guarantee of satisfaction when buying a Used Car

Pledge 1

THIS pledge ends the doubts and fears of the average person considering a used car. It eliminates guesswork. And takes the purchaser's risk out of buying

It is a scientifically developed plan. A method perfected by leading Studebaker Dealers throughout the country. Men who sought to put used car selling on a business-like basis.

What they tell you about each car is *fact* and *truth*. And backed by their personal guarantee in black and white. Surely it will pay you to look for this pledge if you want to buy a used car with confidence and with safety.

Not a "Used Car" But Unused Transportation

On checked returns, Studebaker cars in current service reveal amazing mileage.

In the city of Detroit 103 Studebaker cars used in jitney service have all traveled over 100,000 miles each. In Fort Madison, Iowa, one Studebaker has given 340,000 miles of dependable, satisfactory service.

In Joplin, Mo., two Studebakers have each passed the 150,000 mark. While Ashland, Ohio, reports three that have traveled over 100,000 miles. In Pasadena, California, there are four.

And still another Studebaker, in South Bend, Ind., has given 214,140 miles of service in the hands of five different owners.

Examples of "reserve mileage"—stupendous mileage. But it simply proves the stamina and rugged dependability that are built into all Studebaker cars.

Yet the average "used" Studebaker offered, has seldom traveled over 25,000 miles. More often it is less.

That is why you can buy a fine Certified Studebaker with tens of thousands of service miles in reserve. You simply buy unused transportation, not a "used car." A car reconditioned, and guaranteed. A car that looks like new and runs that way.

Buy With Confidence

Note the pledge printed at the left. Note the factors that it embodies. Note the high business principles that actuate its policy.

Principles that take the guesswork out of used car buying. That enable you to buy a used car with the utmost safety and confidence.

In justice to yourself, talk to your Studebaker dealer. Find out what he has to offer. Buy no car before you do.

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

Every Morning

Use Whittemore's to keep footwear smart

BOSTONIAN SHOE CREAM is world famous as the all round cleaner, renewer and polisher for all kid and calf leather. Comes in all wanted colors in black, white, russet, brown, neutral and the new shades of tan. Because it is so clean, so transparent in lustre it is the ideal dressing for the finer grade of ladies' colored kid and leather footwear. Works beautifully on patent leather.

WHITE kid shoes so popular now can be kept spick and span with Whittemore's *Shucleen*, in liquid form.

And for canvas shoes there is nothing quite so good as *Albo* in the round tin.

Ask your dealer.

WHITTEMORE BROS.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Whittemore's Shoe Polishes Are Superior

(Continued from Page 76

He had had his breakfast—orange juice and oatmeal and omelet—and had listened to the nurse's chat while she fed him, when a rap sounded on the door and Miss Bangs disappeared for a moment.

"There's a visitor to see you," she reported, coming back. "And Doctor Lester says he can stay a few minutes if it's nothing exciting. His name is Phipps. Would you like to see him?"

"All right," said Mel, speaking somewhat thickly through his bandages. "Though how he knows I'm here ——"

"He probably read about it," said Miss Bangs. "There's quite a piece in the paper this morning."

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Phipps when he entered, keen and suspicious as ever. "At last! How do you feel this morning?"

"Pretty well, thank you," said Mel from under his bandages. "Awfully good of you to call."

"Not at all; in fact my duty, in a way. The doctor says you'll be all right in a week or so; but I thought I'd step up and see for myself. As you know, there's quite a responsibility upon my shoulders in Mr. Sangster's absence. But—er—you think it will be all right to go ahead with the orders? You don't think I'd better cancel them now till we see how you get along?"

"Oh, I'm all right," said Mel, turning a bit red under his bandages and getting an extra smart for his pains. "I'm not going to die, you know."

"Please!" said little Miss Bangs, with a warning look at the bed.

"No, no; of course not," said Mr. Phipps hastily. "I only wanted to see for myself, so that if necessary I could send a wireless to Mr. Sangster and ——"

He was interrupted by a second gentle rap upon the door, and again Miss Bangs disappeared for a moment.

"Another visitor," she announced, returning with a card. "It must be all right or Doctor Lester wouldn't have had her name sent up. She says she'll stay only a moment, and the nurse says she's bringing flowers."

"That's funny," thought Mel, staring at the card through his bandages, "unless it's one of the girls from the boarding house." And aloud he said, in his mumbling voice, "All right, Miss Bangs. I wish you'd tell her to come up, please."

Mr. Phipps stepped back to the window, not yet sure in his mind whether to send that wireless to Mr. Sangster. And hardly had he taken his station when the door opened again and a girl came in with an armful of Ophelia buds—a tall, slim girl in brown who might have been a living rosebud herself; one of those buds with dark-brown foliage and a long stem, beautiful enough as she was, but promising greater beauty still to come.

"Oh, Jimmy!" she said in a deep voice as she walked toward the bed. "What a near one you had, poor boy!"

She held the flowers down for him to smell, though it was mighty little that Mel could smell beneath his bandages but carron oil. But you can imagine how he looked up at her, and tried to puzzle out in his funny old head who this beautiful queen could be who brought him flowers and called him Jimmy, and was now patting his hand and smiling down at him with a breathless little quirk of her lips.

"Seems to me I've seen her somewhere too," he thought, his heart beginning to beat a bit faster.

"I telephoned your apartment first," she told him, her voice deeper than before, "and no one was there—not even Higgins; but the paper said you were brought here, so then, of course, I guessed you were here yet."

Mel began to get it then, though still vaguely at first. Higgins—that was what his namesake had called the butler. And—yes, now he had it!—this girl who was standing by the side of his bed—he had seen her picture torn in two, rudely decapitated and thrown on top of the other Jimmy Melville's wastebasket.

"She thinks I'm the other one," thought Mel down underneath his bandages. "I must tell her of course."

But things like that aren't told so easily as one might think. When a beautiful girl has come all the way downtown with an armful of roses, and is sitting by the side of your bed on a chair which the nurse has just brought for her, and is patting your hand and smiling at you in the friendliest possible manner, you don't feel like suddenly blurting out, "Madam, or miss, as the case may be, I don't know you. You are wasting your sympathy on the wrong man." It would be too much like kicking a baby, too much like throwing a stone at a young robin that was just beginning to sing.

"And old Phippsy might smell something too," thought Mel, the top of his head feeling funnier than ever under the strain. "If he ever caught on that there were two James Melvilles, one living in New York and the other out of town, it probably wouldn't take him long to begin looking up those New York banking references that I gave Mr. Sangster, and I'll bet he'd have me stuck in jail so quick ——"

At that he closed his eyes and his head began to go "Tick, tick, tick," as though it would never stop.

"There!" said little Miss Bangs, who hadn't been missing much that was going on. "I think Mr. Melville should rest now. We mustn't tire him too soon."

"I'll drop in again tomorrow," said the girl, rising. And looking down for those last few words which every woman loves, she said, "Tell me, weren't you surprised to see me?"

"Yes," said Mel, truthfully enough, "I was"

"And—glad?"

His reply was delayed for a moment; but when it came there was almost a touch of fervor in it.

"Yes," said he; "more than glad."

She patted his hand a little differently then; and when she had gone—she and Mr. Phipps going out together—Mel could still feel a glow where her fingers had touched his; a glow that seemed to work up his arm, and in some slight measure was affecting his pulse as well.

VIII

THE next day the girl came again. Her name, Mel had discovered from the card she had left, was Miss Madelaine Hecksher Scrymser; but when she entered she stopped for a moment at the threshold with that quirky smile of hers, and said in her deep contralto, "Here's little Madge again; can she come in?"

"I shall tell her today," Mel told himself, as she drew up a chair to the bed and opened the box of flowers she had brought. "It wouldn't be fair to fool her any longer."

The flowers were snapdragons and jonquils, old-fashioned, simple things which somehow made Mel think of Aunt Abby on a wash day back home—Aunt Abby, who always carried her suds to the flower garden whenever she emptied her tubs.

"Aren't they lovely?" asked the girl, holding them up for him to see. "I don't know what it is about flowers in the spring; but they always make me want to do something thrilling—something beautiful, too, you know—before I begin to fade."

"It'll be a long time before you begin to fade," said Mel fervently beneath his bandages.

He knew he shouldn't have said it, before the words were out; but perhaps the flowers and the spring together were getting him too.

"I'll have to tell her," he told himself with something like a groan as she whisked away to arrange the flowers. "I ought to be kicked for fooling her like this."

But when she returned to the chair by his bed she had something else to show him. She had brought a morning paper and two books—the first a foolish volume of palmistry, the second an even more foolish book of verse.

"I'm going to read to you," she said, "and then I'm going to tell your fortune. I never noticed till yesterday what nice hands you have." She smiled at him for a moment, again with that saucy little quirk at the corner of her mouth. "Which will you have first?" she asked. "The paper or the poetry?"

"Whichever you like," he almost mourned, and began phrasing to himself the opening sentence of his coming confession: "Miss Scrymser, I can't begin to tell you how I hate to say this ——"

So first she read the headlines, dipping into an interesting story now and then; and when that was over she picked up the book of poetry and opened it to where, unseen, a marker had been placed.

"You're sure you like poetry?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, off his guard for a moment. "I used to try to write it when I was a kid."

"I love that!" she said in a deeper voice than she had used before.

Perhaps he had some vague idea of showing her that he wasn't altogether a bad egg before he told her how meanly he had fooled her.

"I translated quite a lot of Schopenhauer once," he continued. "And I wrote my first poem when I came to those lines of his about the three most beautiful things in the world—the chord of the minor seventh, the color blue and—and—I guess I've forgotten the other," he concluded, smarting under his bandages.

"Wasn't it something about love's first kiss?" asked Madge, making innocent eyes.

"Yes, I think it was," he hurriedly agreed; and because he was fluttered a little he made another break. "That's what started me, really, making blue dyes," he said. "Just for fun, at first, you know; but it wasn't long before I was in it up to my neck."

"Jimmy!" she gently chided him. "You never told me that!"

And still with his vague idea of showing her that he wasn't altogether a bad egg, he continued, "First off, I stuck to the textbooks; but after a while I got a notion that I might be able to deposit blue enamel on metals, the same as electroplating's done. And though I never quite got it, one day I found dark-colored crystals in the bottom of the bath, and talk about Schopenhauer's blue!"

"But that's wonderful!" she said, beginning to stare a little.

He should, of course, have told her then; and indeed he was just clearing his throat when she reached over and took his hand and turned it, palm upward, in hers.

"No wonder you have such artistic fingers," she said. "Now wait till I get the chart to be sure, and I'll tell you your fortune."

Every man who has had his palm read in the springtime by a tall, slim girl who reminds him of a rosebud will have some notion of how Mel felt during the next ten minutes—especially when it comes to the marriage line and the Mount of Venus and those funny little crisscross lines which tell you how many children you're going to have.

Miss Bangs came in before the reading was over—Miss Bangs, who studied men in her odd moments and was just then taking lessons on a new interne—and she had her palm read; and presently discovered that she was to be married twice and have four children a revelation which caused her to drift over to the mirror a little later and pull her hair out a little farther from under the front of her cap. And then Mademoiselle Madge, warming to her work, read her own lines and showed them how she was to be married that very year, and then Miss Bangs put out her hand again and wanted her own dates fixed. So with one thing and another they had quite a time of it; and it didn't seem like the same room at all when the visitor went hurrying off uptown to keep an appointment for which she was already half an hour late.

She didn't come the next day, and oh, how the last of the Melvilles missed her!

(Continued on Page 81)

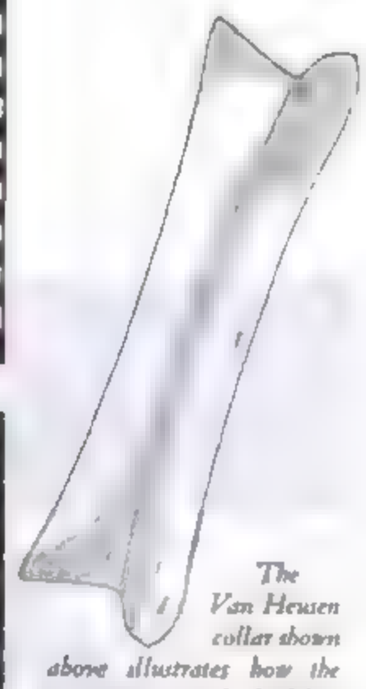
HE divined the world-changing significance of "the Curve," and swept westward, undaunted, to discover a new continent. His achievement, in consequence, is set apart above the ordinary accomplishments of men.

Thanks to "The Curve"

THE VAN HEUSEN IS *SMART* AND SURPASSING—THE DIFFERENT COLLAR

A new way was found of making collars by weaving them on a curve—in one piece. It was this discovery that enables the Van Heusen to fit so smoothly, so kindly, about the neck—to remain permanently smart. Previously in all collars an artificial curve was pressed and ironed into several thicknesses of materials, separate layers and bands of fabric, stitched together, and stiffened by starch. Because the inside of a curve is shorter than the outside, when two pieces of stiff material are curved the inner band becomes cramped, setting up resistance, breaking into angles, wrinkles and blisters. In the Van Heusen alone the curve is not artificial, not forced on the collar. There is no wrinkling, no blistering, no thick band. Its smooth sweep is *real* and *permanent* and *graceful*, because it is woven—by an exclusive, patented process—into a single, multi-ply *curved* fabric.

Hence the Van Heusen stands alone among collars



The Van Heusen collar shown above illustrates how the permanent and faultless curve has been woven in—making it, for all occasions, the World's smartest, most comfortable, and most economical collar. Ask your dealer for Van Craft, the new shirt with the Van Heusen collar attached.

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Your dealer has one for you.

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Suit	Buckle & beltogram	Belt
Blue	Silver or Hickok Bronze	Black, Blue or Tan
Black	Silver or Gold	Black
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Dark Gray	Silver or Hickok Bronze	Black, Tan or Gray
Light Brown	Silver or Hickok Bronze	Tan, Blue or Cordovan
Dark Brown	Silver or Hickok Bronze	Cordovan, Blue or Tan
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You should have a different belt for every suit. Belt width is a matter of taste.

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HICKOK

BELTS BUCKLES BELTOGRAMS

(Continued from Page 78)

For him the sun didn't shine that day; and nothing grew in the garden and not a bird sang in the trees. Miss Bangs missed her, too—Miss Bangs, who had spent considerable time the night before wondering how many of the four she was going to have by the first and how many by the second, and was eager to see if she could get any information on the subject.

"That's an awfully nice girl—that girl of yours, Mr. Melville," she said once.

And did Mel say "She's not my girl; she only thinks she is" or anything like that? He did not. Instead, he said, with that strange fervor which seemed to come to him naturally now whenever he thought of her, "You bet she's a nice girl. Me—me—I tell you what, I never knew a nicer!"

Toward afternoon he had one of the queerest ideas—an idea which surely would never have occurred to him if it hadn't been for that dirty crack on the head which the flivver had given him.

"I don't see why I need tell her yet anyhow," he started by thinking. "My name's Jimmy Melville, as good as his, and it isn't as if he hadn't torn her picture the way he did. And if she likes to drop in here once in a while I don't see why I should be the one to stop her. And if she says anything later when she sees me with my bandages off, I can easily tell her then that—that—well, anyhow, I can easily tell her something. That is, of course," he added with a tragic feeling inside, "if I ever see her again to tell her anything. Perhaps she's found it out already—the reason she hasn't come today."

But he needn't have worried. Next afternoon at four o'clock Madge appeared again, with a shower of larkspurs this time; and the moment she entered the room the sun seemed to shine and the gardens to grow and every tree in the world just swarmed with little dicky birds, and they all began singing the sweetest songs together.

This went on for a week, Mel looking forward to Madge's visit more and more every day; and every day sinking a little deeper into the bog. Then one afternoon he was allowed to get up and dress, though the bandages still had to stay on his face. Madge evidently knew what was going to happen, for when she appeared at four o'clock she said in her deepest voice, "I thought you might be up, so I brought the car around. Doctor Lester says it will be all right, so let's go out for a ride."

"Swathed up like this?" asked Mel.

"Why not?" she asked. "It's a closed car; you needn't mind."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of myself," Mel earnestly told her. "I was thinking of you."

And, indeed, he had been doing some very earnest thinking that day, not only of Madge but of other things as well. He had received his first week's bill at the hospital that morning—a proud bill, what with his private room and his private nurse and everything; and after he had paid it with what was left of the woodlot money, he had just sixteen cents left.

"I can borrow a little from Aunt Abby," he had told himself; "enough to keep going till the factory starts. But I'll have to get away from here tomorrow and have them charge the rest of the bill."

That was one of the things which had been worrying him. And then there was the dirty trick he had been playing on a nice, innocent girl who had thought all the time that she was calling on an old sweetheart.

"I'll tell her the very next time I see her," he had almost passionately vowed to himself; so that when he heard of the closed car waiting outside, it began to look as though the hand of Providence was working to help him. "I'll tell her in the car," he thought, as he went downstairs with Madge on one side of him and Miss Bangs on the other. But when they reached the car Miss Bangs got in too; and Mel noticed that she was wearing a long coat over her uniform, though he didn't see the satchel which she was carrying, and of course didn't see the knowing smile which passed between Madge and Miss Bangs when his head was turned.

"I guess I'll have to wait till I get back," he sighed to himself. "I didn't know the nurse was going too."

It was a handsome car, with a tonneau as big as a bungalow; and Madge sat over on her end of the seat like a tall, slim princess, and laughed at something that she saw on the sidewalk.

"They must be awfully rich," thought Mel; and again he had that feeling of longing which had first come over him when he had called to see his namesake. "They can say what they like," he told himself then, "but it must be awfully nice to have a lot of money."

They went nearly to Port Chester; and by the time they returned to the city it was dark.

The car turned and straightened, and turned again, till Mel couldn't have told whether they were going or coming; but they finally stopped in front of a sumptuous apartment house which he thought vaguely familiar.

"Come on in," said Madge, getting out first and holding her hand to help him. "I have the nicest surprise for you!"

Mel had his first premonition then—a feeling of impending doom which grew stronger as he crossed the sidewalk and entered a doorway flanked by two allegorical box trees which had been clipped into the shape of peacocks. And inside the hall the Senegambian songster suddenly appeared, complete with white gloves and gold-braided pill box.

"E-e-e-e-e-ev'ing, Miss Scrymser," he chanted. "Going up, ple-e-e-e-ease."

"Good Lord!" thought Mel, holding back a bit. "This is where my namesake lives! What's she bringing me here for?"

But Madge had her hand under one of his elbows and Miss Bangs was helping on the other side, and obviously he couldn't struggle much with the brunet songster right behind him and the elevator waiting in front. So Mel got in, ready for anything, and they were borne aloft to the tenth floor, where Madge led the way to the front of the building and rang a bell which had Mel's name above it—James J. Melville—engraved on a card and slipped in a silver frame.

"There!" she said, leading them in when a strange butler opened the door. "Isn't this better than the hospital? I don't care if Higgins is away; I just got a duplicate key from the superintendent and had everything made ready for you; and Uncle Ned's leaving for Italy, so he lent us his butler; and here you are home again now, with a nurse to look after you and everything. Now didn't I manage that beautifully? And aren't you awfully surprised?"

"Yes," said Mel, altogether gone behind his bandages; and feeling, perhaps, that he ought to say more, he added in a voice which sounded farther away than before, "Yes."

"I think Baldwin has your dinner ready, so I won't wait now," she continued; "but I could drop down and have lunch with you tomorrow if you asked me nicely."

"Yes," said poor Mel again. "That would be fine, wouldn't it?"

She held out her hand to him, as demure and yet as saucy a young madam as you would have found in all New York; and almost as soon as Mel had touched it she had whisked away and was gone.

From behind then Baldwin appeared, majestic, grave, and speaking in those measured tones with which every good butler likes to recite his ritual.

"Dinner is ready, Mr. Melville," he said, "any time you wish it sent up. I have laid out your clothes in your bedroom, sir, if you should wish to change."

IX

IT WAS Mel's first idea to walk right out and resume his own unchallenged identity at his old boarding house.

"But dinner's over, there," he thought, glancing at the clock on the mantel, "and if I leave here now ——"

This brought him again to the everlasting question of finances. Even if he wrote Aunt Abby that evening it would be at least two days before he could hear from her; and in the meantime he couldn't buy much dinner with sixteen cents, to say nothing of incidental expenses for the next few days.

"And anyhow," he thought, "I can't very well leave without seeing Miss Scrymser once more. It's bad enough the way it is, but now to sneak off without letting her know ——"

He imagined her, pale and excited, having the city searched for him, and the other Jimmy Melville's picture being published in the paper with a caption over it—Missing—a picture which would be pretty sure to bring about that exposure which Mel of the Blue Sky was now more anxious than ever to avoid.

"If the dye once starts making money," he told himself, "I can take care of old Philander; and Aunt Abby will be all right, no matter what happens. But if Mr. Phipps were to find out now that I was a faker, and stopped everything ——"

In short, though with many a misgiving, he finally decided to stay for dinner.

It was a strange, quiet meal. At Mel's request Miss Bangs sat down with him; and he wouldn't have greatly cared if the butler had sat down too. They were still at it when the phone rang, and Baldwin reported that someone wished to speak to Mr. Melville.

"Perhaps it's Miss Scrymser," he thought; but when he put the receiver to his ear and said "Hello," it wasn't a deep, thrilly voice that answered him; it was one of those merry, squeaky voices which are sometimes heard, they say, rising above all the others in the Broadway cabarets.

"Hello, Foolish!" it said.

"I beg your pardon?" said Mel, naturally thinking that she had the wrong number.

"I said hello, Foolish! Where have you been keeping yourself? I've been ringing you every night for ages, but nobody answered the phone."

"Oh—oh, yes," said Mel. "I've been away."

"I'll say you have! Going to be busy tonight?"

"Yes, quite busy," he hastily answered.

The next came after one of those pauses which the novelists sometimes describe as being coy.

"Want me to come over?"

"No; no, thank you; not tonight," he answered more hastily than before.

"Well, I'm coming tomorrow night," she almost defiantly told him, "and I'd like to see you try to keep me out!"

She laughed then and said "Foolish!" again in a voice that made Mel blush beneath his bandages.

"And that's the man," he told himself, as he slowly made his way back to the dining room—"that's the man that Miss Scrymser's interested in! An angel like her, and a—and a—and a bum like him!"

As you can see, he wasn't far from stammering—always a sign with the Melvilles that they were greatly moved; but that was nothing to the way he felt when at half-past nine, in answer to a rather strong hint from Miss Bangs, who was making a study of Baldwin, he decided that he might as well go to bed. Baldwin had laid out a suit of pajamas for him; but being old-fashioned so far as pajamas were concerned, Mel began looking around to see if he could find one of those long white garments which are simply slipped on over the shoulders and there you are.

He looked in the closet first, and then began trying the bureau drawers.

"Great Scott!" he thought, coming to a collection of girls' photographs. "I hope he hasn't got Miss Scrymser in this bunch!"

He read the inscription on the first picture, and then he read the inscription on the second, and then he suddenly shut the drawer and looked as though a snake had bitten him.

"And that's the man that Miss Scrymser's interested in!" he told himself again, with an indignation that was close to horror. "Why, d-d-d-d-d-d-damn him, he's worse than me!"

X

MADGE called the next morning at a quarter to twelve. "I thought I'd drop down early," she said, "and then we can have a nice long lunch."

She was dressed that morning in one of the new silks—a futurist design of sweet peas growing up vanishing cubes—and she was also wearing a hat that came down over one eye and gave her a most intensely innocent look.

"Do you know what I'd like today, dear?" she asked, doing something with her one visible eye that made his heart start playing tag.

"No," he said, groaning a little because she had called him "dear"; "tell me."

"I'd like to order the lunch, and serve it and everything. And we'll have a nice comfy time together, just like old friends."

"All right," he weakly answered, putting off the moment. And then, growing panic-stricken at his weakness, he drew on all the firmness which hadn't escaped him yet and added, "only—I ought to warn you—I have something to tell you later on."

"Old ducky," she said, patting his shoulder on her way to the telephone, "I always love to hear you tell me that!"

She ordered honey dew, bisque of tomato, chicken à la King, asparagus, peas and strawberry shortcake. From that alone you can see how happy she was, even though you might have wondered where she expected to put her share.

"I'll tell Baldwin to order what he likes for himself and the nurse," she said, disappearing for a few moments after blowing him a kiss from the phone; and when she returned she took off her hat and they began having that nice comfy time which she had promised him.

It was one of the happiest lunches, made all the more appealing to Mel because, away down deep, he knew that it was the last which they would ever have together—he knew that soon he would have to tell. Indeed the telling came sooner than he had expected.

Madge had finished her strawberry shortcake when, with that breathless quirky little smile of hers, she suddenly arose and made for Mel with the obvious intention of kissing him.

"No, no!" he said, almost wildly pushing her away. "You mustn't!"

"But, Jimmy," she said, advancing again to the attack, with a reckless touch of laughter in her glance, "why not?"

"No, Miss Scrymser, p-p-p-please!" he exclaimed, knowing all the time how funny it sounded. "You remember when you first came in, I said I was going to tell you something? Well, I guess I'd better tell you now. My name's Jimmy Melville, all right; but I'm not the Jimmy Melville that you think I am."

At that she took a step back and looked at him, as the novelists say, with growing horror.

"They made the mistake at the hospital first," he miserably continued, "and then when you called, you—you were so wonderful that I wasn't man enough to stop you coming"

Again she stepped back from him, still looking as a good housewife does when she looks at dirt.

"But if you aren't Jimmy Melville—the Jimmy Melville I know," she said, "what on earth are you doing in his apartment?"

"You brought me here," said Mel, more miserably than ever.

"Brought you here, indeed!" she scoffed. "You didn't have to come, did you?"

"Oh, I know I've been an awful fool," he said, heaping ashes on his head. "I know I deserve everything that you feel like saying to me."

She started to put her hat on then as though it would be contaminating to stay in the same room any longer with him.

"The only one redeeming feature in your favor, so far as I can see," she coldly told

(Continued on Page 84

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him, "is that you did finally tell me before—before ——"

She turned a bit red, and seeing her embarrassament, Mel rushed in to pour more ashes on his head

"And I don't deserve much credit for that," he said, "because you would have found out anyhow when the bandages came off, and the nurse said this morning that I could leave them off most any time now."

"She did?"

"Yes."

There was quite a pause, and then Miss Scrymser leaned over, still indignant, of course, but evidently somewhat curious as well.

"Well, why don't you?" she said.

"Why don't I what?"

"Take them off, of course," she answered quite crossly. "What did you think I meant?"

They were tied at the back of his head, and when he began fumbling at the knot she coldly pulled his head down and untied it for him. There was a lot of unrolling to do; but first Mel's chin appeared—keen as ever, and beautifully pink with the new skin which had grown over it; and then his mouth appeared, smiling rather wistfully at the girl who was watching him with such intentness; and then his nose and cheeks appeared—one of his cheeks still angry where it had not yet quite healed; and finally the bandage slipped off entirely and showed a shy young man who would surely never have fooled any girl if it hadn't been for that crack which the flivver had handed to him when it had knocked him down.

"Well!" said Madge when he was thus revealed at last; and if you had been watching her it might have occurred to you that Mel was even better-looking than she had hoped he was. But all she said aloud was this "I'll bet you're glad they're off."

"Yes," he said, "I can talk better now." And with that he first drew a full breath and then set in and told her the whole story of how he had come to New York, and how he had met his namesake, and had needed a bank to which he could refer without being everlastingly knocked by old Philander Adams back home.

"So you see," he concluded, "that's why I didn't set you right when you first came to see me at the hospital. Mr. Phipps was there, and I didn't want him to know that there was another James J. Melville. But now of course the whole thing's bound to come out and—well, I'll have to go through with it, that's all."

She gave him another of her cold looks—a look that almost made him shiver.

"But why is the whole thing bound to come out now?" she asked. "Who are you going to tell next?"

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of telling anybody next," said Mel hastily. "But you ——"

She waited as long as it might take you to count five, and then very definitely she arose and shook her head.

"I think it would spoil everything now if either of us went around telling," she said.

She walked to the door, very haughty and erect; and Mel followed her, as the gentlemen have followed the ladies since time immemorial.

"And you really mean it—that you won't tell?" he asked.

"Well," she hesitated, "at least I won't tell yet."

She stepped into the hall—a tall, slim girl with a touch of Old Gooseberry in her eyes, and the next moment the door had closed behind her and she was gone.

XI

IT WOULD have done you good if you could have seen Mel one morning two months later as he stepped out of the elevator into Mr. Sangster's office and strode over to the office boy. Was there any hesitation about him? There was not! Was there any reaching for a card or polite inquiry as to whether Mr. Sangster was in? Not so that you could notice it!

"Tell Mr. Sangster that Mr. Melville's here," he commanded, and when the boy returned and said "You're to go right in" Mel opened the trick gate himself and went in like a grim young conqueror treading the Appian Way.

They had a bit of a love feast first the old man and the young one—going over the estimates of profits on the basis of a ton of finished product a day; but all the time a feeling of heaviness in Mel's chest kept pulling him down until at last he couldn't stand it any longer.

"Mr. Sangster," he began, determined to get rid of it once for all, "you're sure you don't regret it—going into this color business with me?"

"Regret it!" exclaimed the Deacon. "You get started on those other colors and we'll organize a chemical company—the Sangster Chemical Company—that'll make the big fellows scratch gravel to keep up with us!"

But Mel didn't smile much at the Deacon's pleasantry, looking as though the mirth had all been handed out when he had received his presents from the fairies.

"Do you remember those two bank references I gave you," he began again, "the first time I saw you?"

"Yes," said the Deacon thoughtfully. "And I remember I looked for 'em after you'd gone and couldn't make out where I'd put 'em."

"But didn't you call the banks up on the telephone while I was here?" persisted Mel.

"No," said the Deacon, after grappling with thought again. "I went to the phone—wait a minute—I went to the phone and called up a friend of mine in the paint business, and asked him if there was any market for a blue color that wouldn't fade and that could be made twice as cheap as any other; and he said there was a whale of a market for it, and he only wished he had a few carloads right then."

Mel did smile a bit at that; but the next moment he was serious enough, as he continued, "I'm going to tell you something about those references."

And he told the whole story.

"Huh!" said the Deacon when Mel was through at last. "Had to come right out and tell it, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir," said Mel, beginning to wonder why most of the load still seemed to be hanging to his chest.

"Sort of stuck in your crop," continued the Deacon, "and wouldn't let you rest, huh?"

"Yes, sir."

The Deacon leaned back in his chair and gave the last of the Melvilles a look which seemed to say, "Right from the very first minute that I saw you here in the stable, I had you down as a good one."

"Son," he continued aloud, "I'm glad you told me, 'cause I know I can trust you now more'n I knew it before. But same time," he hurriedly added, "don't let's have any more of these tricks."

"You—I understand you can have me arrested for it, Mr. Sangster, if you like," said Mel, determined to hide nothing.

"Don't worry," said the Deacon, waving a magnanimous hand. "You get those other colors coming forward and I'll see you're kept out of jail somehow."

Mel ought to have felt better as he reached the street—ought to have felt like kicking up his heels and whinnying in pure delight—but he didn't. Instead, his chest seemed to be heavier than ever—seemed to be bending him over till he almost walked like an old man.

"Maybe if I saw Miss Scrymser a few minutes," he thought, "and let her know that I've told Mr. Sangster—I think that's bothering me as much as anything else—that she should think I'm crooked. So if I happen to be around there today ——"

As a matter of fact, he went straight up there, almost by the same direct route that the crow is said to fly; and hardly had he entered between the trimmed peacocks when the Senegambian songster sprang to attention.

"Na-a-a-ame, ple-e-e-e-ease!"

Madge was dressed to go out when Mel went up, sporting a new biscuit-colored suit and that hat which you have already seen—that hat which came down over one eye and gave her the amazingly innocent look. She was inclined to be pale, Mel thought; but this might have been due to the light in the hall, because there was no sunshine in it.

"I was going for a ride," she said; and then, with the one eye on him, "Would you like to go with me? I shan't be gone very long."

Would he like to go with her? He was afraid to look at her, going down in the elevator, for fear she might say something and he wouldn't be able to answer because his heart was drumming so; and when they reached the sidewalk and she turned and said "Imagine seeing you again!" he called himself a fool for ever having thought that her cheeks were pale upstairs.

Her car was waiting on the side street—one of those glistening coupés with long aristocratic lines—and somehow it looked just like her.

She got in first so she could slide in under the wheel; and when Mel followed and shut the door behind him, they might have been closed in, in a small glass house together, both of them sitting on the sofa, and the sofa none too long.

"The dye came out all right," he casually mentioned as their glass house started moving toward Fifth Avenue.

"I'm so glad!" she said. "And wasn't it nice of you to come and tell me!"

"Well, it wasn't altogether to tell you that," he hesitated. "You know, I'd hate you to think I was a crook, using another man's references and all that. So as much as anything else, I wanted you to know that I've told Mr. Sangster about it—Mr. Sangster; that's the man behind Mr. Phipps."

She listened to this with shining eyes, her lips parted a little; and by the time he was through, no one could have told you how it happened, but somehow she was sitting a little nearer to him on the sofa.

"Oh, but I'm glad you told him!" she said in her deepest voice.

Mel felt a bit better then—a bit lighter in the chest—but still he didn't feel so well as he ought to have felt. He was beginning to wonder at this, when the car stopped at the corner of Fifth Avenue, to wait there for the traffic lights to change; and as soon as their small glass house ceased rolling Madge impulsively patted his hand and said, "I think that was one of the bravest things—to tell Mr. Sangster like that!"

At the touch of her hand some more of the weight slipped off Mel's chest; but in its place came a feeling—a disturbing, palpitating feeling—which made him wonder if his voice would sound all right when he spoke again.

"I guess I'd better get through as soon as I can," he thought; and aloud he continued, "The last time I saw you, you didn't give me much chance to talk; but I want to tell you now how ashamed I feel for having fooled you the way I did in the hospital."

If you had been there then you might have seen the breathless little quirk of the lips which accompanied her smile.

"You only saw your namesake once, didn't you?" she asked.

"Yes," said Mel.

"Then perhaps you didn't notice that he has brown eyes."

It took quite a few seconds for this to sink in, but Mel caught the significance of it at last.

"But mine are blue!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," she gently admitted.

"But look here, even when I was bandaged in the hospital, you could always see my eyes!"

"Yes," she admitted, more gently than before.

"Then you must have known all the time that I wasn't the other Jimmy Melville!"

"Yes!" she almost breathed.

"But why—why ——"

At that she patted his hand again—to soothe him, you understand.

"Well," she said, "perhaps I thought it would be rather nice to fool you—because you thought you were fooling me."

At that Mel began looking into her eyes—a foolish thing for any young man to do—and first they looked very solemnly at each other, and then they laughed somewhat uneasily at each other; and then—this will show you how careful young men should be where they look—suddenly he leaned over and tried to kiss her; right there at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, if you please; right there in that little glass house.

"Oh-h-h, no!" she murmured, drawing away, the wheel protecting her. "People will see!"

"Let 'em see!" exclaimed Mel valiantly. "I don't care!"

"No, listen," she said as the traffic light changed and the little glass house moved slowly forward and turned up Fifth Avenue. "What do you say if we go a nice long drive out in the country somewhere? And then perhaps we could have lunch together again."

"Wouldn't that be great!" Mel eagerly agreed.

He sat back on the sofa then and looked up to see what the weather might be. The sky was blue—a deep, true shade that might have reminded you of the oceans with which the school geographers used to color their blessed maps.

"Blue sky," thought Mel, his heart beating fast. "That's all I had to sell at one time—blue sky. But I've certainly done pretty well with it so far. And it looks as though I've hardly started yet!"

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—DECIDEDLY BETTER—

RIVERS TO CROSS

(Continued from Page 30)

unawed by man, Nature or even infinity itself. I felt no harm could come to a woman who could nod at the stars as to a gathering of friends.

I stayed on the veranda smoking until I judged Number Six was approaching. They were, however, only approaching the end of Number Four when I reëntered the ballroom. Mrs. Nunez-Hunter captured me and I was introduced to several ladies without the option of escape. Never an inveterate dancer, my happiness was not increased by these additions to my program. Especially was this so in view of the fact that some of the partners thrust upon me were already advanced in that second springtime which emphasizes its claim to youth by the exercise of violent energies. My partner for Number Five was full of a dynamic force which even the most vigorous dancing failed to abate. She insisted on taking a hand in the steering, with the result that our divided efforts were a source of tribulation to other couples.

"Only when we arrive at our time of life," she informed me, "we really understand how to enjoy ourselves. Flaming youth is all buncombe."

I imagine Mrs. Nunez-Hunter wanted to make me look ridiculous. She certainly succeeded. I felt as if I had been through a thrashing machine when at last I escaped to Philida. She was laughing that silent happy laugh of hers.

"Thank heaven," said I ruefully, "someone can see the fun of it."

She slipped an arm through mine.

"Let me laugh," she pleaded. "I always do—always have. Don't forbid me ever to laugh at you. Let's be able to laugh at each other, Nigel, then no harm can come to either of us."

"Of course," I said, because I always agreed with Philida in all her thrifts and extravagances. "What a discoverer you are! How do you know no harm can touch us if we are proof against each other's laughter?"

"Because it's the hardest thing in the world to be. It's so simple to take sympathy from each other—affection, praise and all the other things that make people blindly happy. That's the chloroform any lovers can give and do give until they get sick of it. But to love anyone with both eyes open and see the funniness as well as the rippingness is much more worth while. The woman is utterly happy who makes a hero of a man and still is able to laugh because his tie is riding up at the back of his collar."

Instinctively my hand went to my neck.

"No, not yours—that's just a symbol. See what I mean, Nigel?"

They were so jolly, these little side-street thoughts of hers that ran this way and that across the main avenues of her mind. Once again I paused in admiration to wonder what complement to herself she could find in me. Beside her, I felt fixed and single purposed, like a man traveling doggedly along a straight line toward a given object. Always in our meetings I was confused and astonished by the way she departed from the main thread and story of our affection for each other, carrying me with her into the strangest asides of whose existence I had been hardly aware. Her fleet-footed brain traveled faster and reached its destination long before mine. She did not move along the permanent way, but up and down the railway cuttings where the primroses grew and there were glimpses of blue skies above the telegraph wires and the tops of trees.

"Being with you," I said, "is like taking a dog for a walk. He is with you and not with you; he is hidden in ditches and rustles through hedges; he is half a mile away surprising the secret of woods. You hear him in the reeds by the lake and see him racing his shadow across open spaces. And yet at the end of the journey he's waiting at the gate with a smile of welcome. I have followed the road and he a trackless imagination. I have seen what is before me and to the right and left, while he has seen and felt and scented every mystery of the landscape."

She smiled up at me as we danced, pleased at the nonsense I had invented.

"I think that was good, Nigel, and true, for it's easy to run off the main track when one knows that someone in whom one can trust is walking along it. To be sure of that is to be free. I'd hate it if I didn't feel you were clumping along the straight way, for then I'd have to come sedately to your side and take your arm and argue about the turnings. But there's no need. I am sure of you and so I can run off at will and bring you secrets from the grass and tell you where the berries are reddest or where a new spring has started on a forest bank or where the calf lives that has eyes like a dove and a nose as cold as moss."

"Philida," I said insanely, "why can't I thread your words on a string and wear them round my neck and listen to them talking when you are not there? My dear dear, I've missed you terribly."

"Say that, Nigel; I like to hear you saying that. I'm glad it hurt, though I suppose I should be sorry."

"Do we meet often now?" I asked. "Can we meet? Shall you be hedged in? Is this wretched job of mine going to be a barrier between us? Is that tiresome father of yours ——"

"Back from the sublime to the official," she laughed.

"Ridiculous, Philida."

"It's much the same thing." Then, "My dear, how can I say? You are not liked—you know that; your business is not in favor—you know that. But you wanted difficulties, Nigel—rivers and mountains to cross."

"Yes, I wanted difficulties," I admitted; "but that is nothing to the way I want you."

"I'm here and waiting and wanting too," said she. "Would you like to dodge obstacles, Nigel, and take me without a fight?"

I hesitated, uncertain.

"But that would mean chucking up my work—everything."

"Except me."

"Acknowledging defeat."

"I might be able to heal a wounded pride."

"Philida, do you honestly suggest this?"

"I'm asking."

"No," I said. "You'd hate me for it. I'd hate myself for it. That isn't your way or mine."

Her hand closed more tightly on my arm.

"Of course it isn't our way."

"Then the obstacles!" said I. "We'll carry on, Philida, up to the last line of defenses."

"Which is?"

"Your father's consent to our marriage."

She stopped in the middle of a step so that the couple behind us collided with my back and reversed out of the tangle with over-shoulder apologies.

"You've committed yourself now, Nigel," said Philida, "for we must always take each other at our word. It's too late to withdraw."

"I shan't withdraw," I said.

The music stopped and Mrs. Nunez-Hunter glided across to where we were standing.

"As ours is the next dance, Mr. Praed," she said, "let us all spend the interval together, then there will be no difficulty in finding each other."

XXII

MRS. NUNEZ-HUNTER had reserved a couch for her special use by the simple process of strewing it with her belongings. Here I was led like a lamb to the slaughter. I had no curiosity as to what she wished to say to me, and for a long while she vapored about who was who and who wasn't among the guests present. This kind of talk being purely local, needed no help from me. It had been my good fortune that she had refused to dance. The band was playing a tango, and in respect to the memory of the first of her late husbands she danced the tango only with Spaniards.

"It is painful to witness the exhibition English persons make of themselves when they attempt it." I agreed heartily. "How delightful for you to meet that charming American girl again. I forget for the moment her name, but then American names are always impossible."

"Nancy Vansiter," said I.

"Oh, dear, to be sure, yes! You and she appear to be very great friends, Mr. Praed."

"Because I know her name?" I inquired.

She touched my cheek with her single-feather fan.

"How discreet! Why, everyone is talking about you two! I was telling dear Mrs. Chavington—her husband is Major Chavington— that your friend Lady Livesay had quite arranged a match between you. She agreed how suitable it would be."

"As Mrs. Chavington is a stranger to Nancy and myself," said I, "no doubt her opinion is very valuable."

"Mrs. Chavington commands a great deal of opinion in Ponta Rico. Oh, yes, what she says is accepted."

I said nothing. Mrs. Nunez-Hunter suddenly turned on me with a direct question.

"Why did you want to buy the Palazzo?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"I was acting on behalf of my firm."

"You were not aware, of course, that I wished to purchase it myself?"

"Had I known, I doubt if I could have allowed that to influence me," I replied.

She looked at me thoughtfully.

"Mr. Praed, I make no pretenses of possessing unlimited means; on the other hand, I have a great deal of influence out here."

"I am sure of that."

"When the property is offered a second time I am hoping you will remember the fact."

I ignored the latter half of the sentence and attacked the first.

"Have we any reason to suppose it will be offered a second time? The vendor's instructions withdrawing the lot were explicit. Have you any reason to suppose he has changed his mind?"

Mrs. Nunez-Hunter bit the scarlet thread of her lip.

"You are too exact," she complained; "but let me say if the property is offered again I hope I may rely upon your chivalry in return for my friendship."

"My chivalry in such a matter, Mrs. Nunez-Hunter, would hardly be giving the vendor a square deal. A man who puts up property for auction expects it to go to the highest bidder."

"And my friendship, Mr. Praed?" she asked pointedly.

"Surely you would not auction that."

"You are insolent!"

"Doesn't that prove how unlikely I am to receive your friendship?"

She regarded me with pursed lips, then: "On the contrary, friendship may be earned. I believe you have ambitions in the direction of Philida?"

"A moment ago it was Nancy Vansiter," I said.

She ignored the interruption.

"In that matter my championship might make the difference between the success and failure of your suit."

"But," said I, "there is nothing to stop Philida and me getting married tomorrow if we want to, and I could still buy the Palazzo for my firm."

"Your words may be repeated, Mr. Praed."

She spoke sharply, venomously, and I am afraid my reply was in very bad taste.

"In speaking to you I have no doubt I am addressing Ponta Rico."

"So you prefer to go your own way?"

"If you please."

Some people were passing at the moment. Mrs. Nunez-Hunter sprang to her feet and exclaimed sharply, "I beg your pardon."

Without another word she left me alone. The people stopped in surprise and stared at me for explanation. I took a loose cigarette from my pocket and lit it.

As they passed on I heard one of the men say "Funny."

I agreed with him. It was funny and rather inexplicable. The explanation came later—this way: It was after the supper dance, which Philida and I spent as far from the supper room as possible. I had gone into the garden with one of the partners with whom Mrs. Nunez-Hunter had involved me. She was a Brazilian lady who in youth must have been a beauty. With advancing years she had thickened and become matronly, although the small face, high forehead and black aloe-like eyes still retained some of the daintiness of girlhood. She was, I learned, the wife of a Portuguese wine grower whose vineyards were in a southern valley of the island. She had little enough to say except to complain of the heat.

"Bouf! So hot! We sit in the garden, eh?"

She knew the geography of the place better than I, and found in an appendix to one of the paths a rose bower with a seat in it. The bower was open at both ends and consisted of a wire arch over which roses had woven a tapestry of flowers and vines. It was flanked by a wild plantation of shrubs and palms. Before us a low moon hung in the sky.

"Ah, this is better, cooler. No, I thank you, I will not smoke. I prefer to smell the roses and enjoy silence."

So we sat, saying nothing and listening to the music and laughter which floated from the house. The music stopped and presently there were voices in the garden and the crunch of nearing footsteps on gravel. The governor and Mrs. Nunez-Hunter passed by to a seat a little distance away.

Then I heard Philida's voice—then the voice of Leland Boas:

"You are not wearing my flowers, Miss Philida. I had hoped for a single blossom pinned to the shoulder and hanging over the heart."

"No," she said.

"I am hurt."

"They were scarlet," said Philida. "I don't like flowers the color of blood."

"Blood is the color of youth, Miss Philida. What better symbol of youth could you find than a scarlet flower over white?"

"No," said Philida again; "once in the war I saw that. A nurse she was, with the front of her white dress dyed red."

"How horrible!" he said in a strange dry voice. "Why do you—where was this?"

"In a hospital train near Arras."

"Ah!" It was an expression of relief. "One should forget such horrors; put them away and shut down the lid of the box."

"I think one should remember," said Philida.

They were coming nearer. Already their shadows were darkening the meshed branches.

Then suddenly the woman at my side sprang to her feet with a sharp cry of "Abominable! Disgraceful! Oh, to be so insulted!"

"Madame," I said, "what ——"

"Do not dare to address me!"

Four silhouettes had appeared as though by magic in the moonlit space before the bower—the governor, Mrs. Nunez-Hunter, Philida and Boas. The governor was first to speak. He was genuinely agitated, with all the official's hatred of scandal.

(Continued on Page 91)

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"What's wrong?" he demanded.

The lady pointed at me with a quivering finger.

"This creature! Your Excellency, how can I speak?"

Mrs. Nunez-Hunter leaned forward and whispered in the governor's ear. He brushed her aside testily.

"Mr. Praed, explain, please. I don't understand."

"I understand very well," said I, for in the moonlight I had seen Boas' smile.

Then the lady began to protest again.

"I, a person of repute, to be treated as if—as if ——"

"Lower your voice, madam," said the governor; "we don't want people to hear. Mr. Praed, I must ask you for an explanation. Philida, go away."

But Philida stayed.

"The explanation will come from me," the lady insisted. "This—this animal induces me to walk with him in the garden and then—and then—how can I proceed?"

"I guess I shouldn't," came in a low sweet voice from the dark shrubbery behind us. "I've been back here in the shadow ever since Mr. Praed and this—this lady came into the bower." Nancy Vansiter moved into the center of the group.

"I guess, madam," she said bitingly, "you suffer from hallucinations. That being so, I'd get right back to that vineyard you were talking of this minute and cool myself with grapes."

For one moment the Brazilian lady wavered. Then, with a hysterical gasp, she fled. Philida moved from Boas to her father, who seemed doubtful what to say or do.

He was muttering "Disgraceful! Inexplicable!"

"Yes," I said, and my eyes challenged Boas in the moonlight.

"A most uncomfortable experience, Praed," said he. "You have my sympathy."

"And you mine," I said, "in advance."

Then from the governor: "You shall receive an adequate apology, Praed."

"Don't bother, Sir Francis," I replied. "I am not concerned about that."

"And very wise too," Mrs. Nunez-Hunter interposed. "After all, it is only one woman's word against another's."

Nancy's lips parted into a smile of comprehension. She took up the challenge with head on one side.

"To be more accurate, two others."

Mrs. Nunez-Hunter put out an arm.

"Come, our guests will be wondering what has happened. Let us return to the house."

Without doubt, Sir Francis was glad of an excuse to end the affair.

"I should like to see you tomorrow, Praed, at three o'clock," he said.

"I will be there."

"Come and have tea with me afterward," said Philida.

"I will."

Sir Francis took her arm and drew her away.

"I am sure," said Mrs. Nunez-Hunter, indicating Nancy and me with a gesture, "these two people would like to be alone. My dear Leland, give me your arm."

Nancy watched them go with a chuckle.

"We spiked that gun," she said. "But my, your friends are not clean fighters, Nigel Praed!"

I took her hand. "You're a trump—a real American," I said.

She looked at me critically.

"Are you going to take it sitting down?"

"Not altogether, Nancy. I fancy Mr. Boas won't be seen about very much for the next few days."

She sighed.

"And I'm supposed to join that ship tonight. Who'd be a girl, anyway?"

XXIII

AS SOON as possible I made my farewells. It was nearly two o'clock when I entered the hotel. The sound of heavy breathing behind a closed door told me Kenedy was asleep. I peeped in and saw him lying fully dressed upon the bed. For a moment I debated whether to wake him, but I decided against doing so. What I had planned was entirely my own affair. Slipping off my dress clothes, I put on a golf suit, a soft shirt and a pair of crêpe-soled brogues. Pumps and a starched front are not the best fighting gear. I suppose it was force of habit made me put money in my pocket and the large leather cigar case I usually carry.

The night porter showed some surprise at my change of apparel and that I was going out again at so late an hour.

The night was very still and full of stars. My footsteps echoed dismally as I walked along the deserted streets. The Villa Perugia, where Boas lived, was situated on the rising ground a little to the left of the old town. It was approached by a flight of steps from a narrow roadway and stood in a sloping garden, very precisely stepped and ornamented with stone Cupids bearing bowls of geraniums and fuchsias. The villa itself was small and rococo, with green shutters and elaborate bas-relief decorations beneath the eaves of a roof of glazed tiles. There were no lights in the windows, which argued that Boas had not yet returned.

As I climbed the steps I heard the sound of a carriage approaching, and presently saw the flash of its side lamps rounding the bend beneath me. I had made up my mind to make Leland Boas pay for the trick he had played me that night, but it was no part of my plan that in this matter he should have the support of his friends. If he found me standing at his gate he would call the driver or whoever else might be in the vehicle to come to his aid. I did not credit him with willingness to fight his own battles if he could get anyone else to do it. This being so, I nipped through the gate and squatted down behind the low wall. The carriage stopped and I heard a murmur of voices and the chink of coins.

Then Boas said, "Come up the steps for a moment."

I could see nothing, but I heard the swish of a woman's skirts. They came to a halt within four feet of where I crouched.

"Who could have foreseen?" said the woman, and I recognized the voice of Mrs. Nunez-Hunter. "It would have succeeded but for the accident of the girl being there."

"We can't afford accidents of that kind. Prothero suspected something was up. It was unfortunate." I could hear Boas tapping his teeth with a finger nail. "We've slipped badly. Things have gone wrong. We've lost ground."

"Very well, the man must be dealt with. It isn't difficult."

"It's a pity the American girl is going away. She might have been useful."

"I did all I could. Most people think there is something between them."

"Most people, perhaps; but what good is that if Philida ——"

"My dear Leland, one thing at a time. It is absurd to confuse the issue with love affairs. In my opinion the effort you have made to assail Praed's moral reputation is perfectly ridiculous."

"I'm not asking your opinion. I go about things in my own way."

"Your successes have not been very marked."

"Have yours? If so, I haven't noticed it. I'm beginning to think it is almost time we made use of those letters."

"No," came the sharp rejoinder. "No; I know Francis—you don't. With an ordinary man, the letters might be an inducement; but with him, one can never be sure. If we held a pistol to his head it's more than likely he would invite us to pull the trigger."

"Prothero? Not for a moment! He's too fond of his position; likes the importance of it—the ceremony. A threat to publish those letters and he'd approve our scheme fast enough."

"A fear of the threat is much more valuable than the threat itself. At base, he is obstinately honest."

"Haven't you abandoned hopes yet of a third husband?"

There was a pause. Then she said distinctly, "What a cad you are, Leland! Yes."

"Suppose I use them," he returned nastily.

"I forbid it. It would ruin everything. I forbid absolutely. If you've lost your head to that extent you had best return them to me."

"They are very well where they are." I heard her take a step forward. "Oh, no, no! I'm not such a fool as to store them in a doll's house like this."

"Where are they?"

"Safely buried, my dear."

"Then remember my warning—they are not to be used."

"We'll see. Go home now. We'll have a talk tomorrow."

She seemed to hesitate, then:

"I told Francis that if that aerodrome business went through, the government would certainly appoint a member of the air force as governor of Ponta Rico."

Leland Boas chuckled.

"That was smart," he said. "You have your uses. It's a pity about the American girl. She's gone back to the ship, I suppose?"

"No; the ship doesn't sail till six. She went to the Casino with Belini and some others."

"Praed?" he asked.

"No, unfortunately."

"Well, well!"

Mrs. Nunez-Hunter went down the steps. The carriage drove away. Leland Boas watched her go, then walked past me to the house and admitted himself with a latchkey. A minute after the door closed the lights in one of the downstairs rooms blazed up. I saw Boas cross to a center table and mix himself a drink. He drank it, wiped his neck with a handkerchief and came forward and opened the French window. Creeping softly up the path, I vaulted the veranda rail and was in the room.

"Praed!" he exclaimed, with a quick step back and a hand fumbling at his hip pocket.

"No!" I said, and had him by the wrist.

The plated automatic described an arc of reflected moonlight and struck one of the stone Cupids by the garden wall.

"I warn you!" he cried.

"Get your coat off, Boas," said I; "your collar and anything else you like."

"You're mad—must be!"

"Go on, put a jerk into it. Madmen don't like waiting."

He fumbled at his collar, then—"No, no! I'm damned if I'll fight a drunken rowdy!"

"Then I'll undress you too."

That settled it. He ripped away his collar, pulled off his coat and flung it full in my face.

What followed wasn't a scrap; it was a murder competition. As the coat smothered me I side-stepped and lashed out blindly with my right. It landed in something pulpy which I took to be his stomach. As I cleared my eyes he kicked me in the kneecap, which must have snapped like a saucer had he been wearing anything but dancing shoes. Then we mixed it, fists and elbows and finger nails. He got a grip on my ear and tried to tear it off. I stopped that with a short-arm rabbit punch in the nape of the neck. From the way his head went forward I thought I had snapped his spine. Somehow he wriggled clear, warded off a perfectly good left and jabbed a double handful of straight fingers into my face. It's still a mystery to me how, with ten chances in his favor, he missed my eyes. One lid got a nasty scratch and in the blur that followed he made a head-on charge at the pit of my stomach. Luckily my left leg was planted solid, which gave me a chance to bring up my right thigh and bring down my right forearm with his face shut between the two. I didn't get my forearm far enough back, I suppose, for it should have landed in the nape of his neck to settle the business properly. He bit his way out of the squeeze, a badly shaken man. Taking my chance, I passed him a beauty to the point of the chin. Back he went, his head striking a picture frame and smashing the glass to splinters. That was all—at least I thought so. The center table went over as he hit the floor. I took the drumming of his fists on the mat as a signal of defeat. I didn't guess in time that he was beating an electric bell push which projected through the pattern of the carpet. I heard a distant bell whiz and flung myself full-length across him. After that it was all legs and throats and broken china until the lights went out—went out with smooth suddenness impossible to describe. I felt myself drift out of violent life into a black oblivion across whose heavens poured a cataract of stars.

XXIV

WHEN I came to I was lying in the corner of a dark dungeonlike cellar. A faint light percolated through a grating in the ceiling. It was fully ten minutes before I had pulled myself together sufficiently to realize how I came to be in my present situation. I remembered the fight and its sudden end, but after that my impressions were the vaguest. From the fact that there was neither bruise nor scar upon my head, it was evident I had been hit with a sandbag. I believed there had been a consultation over me, after which I had been put into a vehicle which had brought me very silently to where I now was imprisoned. Yes, I was sure there had been a night ride, because memory, which records and retains certain impressions even in minutes of oblivion, told me I had been glad of night air. Probably I had been brought in a ricksha.

It was little enough one could see through the grating in the ceiling, but I was looking up through a kind of well in which were a number of cusped windows with little twisted pillars at their sides. Above me was a square of blue sky. The pattern of the windows was familiar, and with rather a dizzy head I tried to remember where I had seen them before. There was a queer smell which also seemed familiar—a smell composed of sweet-scented myrtle, orange blossom, garbage and evil sanitation. The ceiling of the cellar was cambered and the floor was covered with old Moorish tiles.

The tiles gave me the clew I needed. I was in the cellars of the Palazzo and the smell was the unforgettable smell of the old town.

I think, in a way, I found satisfaction in establishing my position on the map. I made a trumpet of my hands and hallooed aloud. My cries echoed dismally about the old building, but there was no answer. I shouted again, with the same result. Then I tried the doors, of which there were two. The first, which was mosaic and studded with iron, had been bolted on the outside. The second opened at a pressure and I found myself in the first of a series of cellars similar to the one I had left. On a packing case beside one of the walls was a pitcher of water, some bread, a piece of cold bacon and a couple of candles. It was evident my captors did not intend to starve me. I fell to with an excellent appetite.

While I ate I asked myself what the object was of shutting me up like this. If they had intended to do away with me, an assumption too absurd to be considered seriously, they could not have wished for a better chance than I had afforded overnight. On the face of it, the whole affair looked like a piece of childish vindictiveness which sooner or later would react against themselves. Yet Leland Boas was a clever fellow, and I did not doubt that the others who composed his syndicate were clever too. It was highly improbable they would do anything to implicate themselves. I concluded therefore that there must be an underlying motive which my imagination failed to grasp.

I lit a cigar and one of the candles and began to take stock of my prison. In all,

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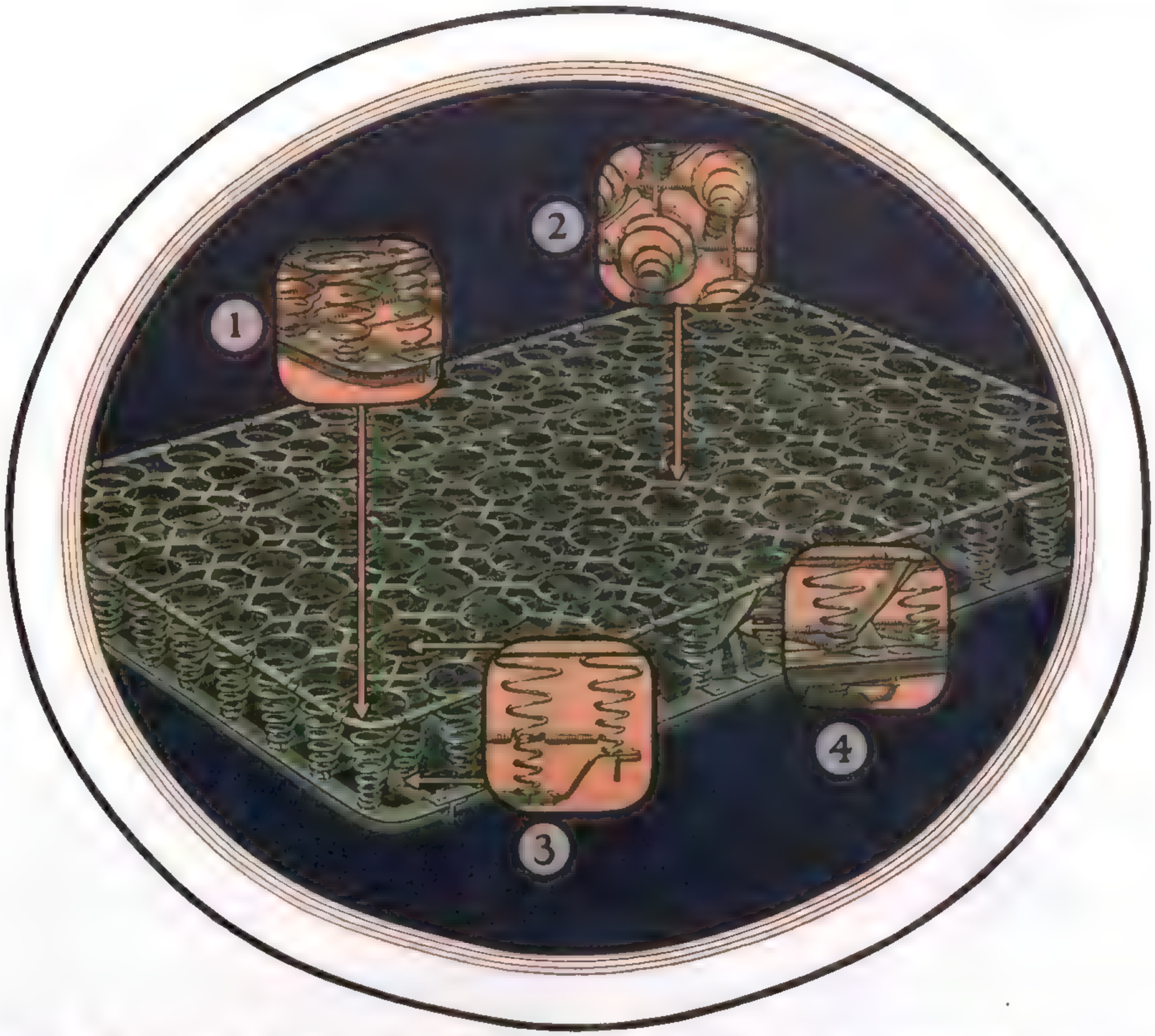

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(Continued from Page 91)

there were five cellars, leading one from the other by means of archways and low galleries. The walls were of quarried stone recessed here and there for the reception of wine bins. To judge by the number of hock bottles and straw wrappers which littered the floor, the cellars had not been touched since the time of the German occupation. Someone had told me that the Palazzo had been used as the German military headquarters, since when no one had lived there. Color was lent to this statement by a discovery of a rats' nest composed of decimated army forms and official correspondence. It struck me as odd that Germans, generally so thorough in the matter of destruction, should have left papers lying about. It was possible, under the sudden assault of British shell fire, there had been no time to burn books and records.

Apart from the rats' nest there were no papers of any kind, which argued that the rats had brought their building material from elsewhere. The point was of no importance, save so far as it provided an occupation for my mind; but to keep one's mind occupied in captivity is perhaps the hardest thing to do. Accordingly I began to rummage among the bottles and straw which littered the floor in an effort to discover from which direction the rats had come. My search revealed a circular flagstone about the size of an inspection trap for drains. In the center was an iron ring. The flooring round the flagstone was worn and uneven, and in one place had been tunneled into a hole large enough for the passage of a rat.

The candle flickered as I held it near the hole, in evidence that there was something more than a mere pit beneath. In the hope I might have found an unofficial exit from my prison, I seized the iron ring and with a muscle-breaking effort wrenched the flagstone clear of its bed. An uprush of foul-smelling air sent me reeling against the wall with a hand over my mouth. After a minute the stench abated, and once again I ventured near the mouth of the hole. My light revealed a narrow tunnel slanting downward at an angle of about forty-five degrees. A rusty handrail was anchored to the masonry, upon which pale fungi and evil vegetation grew profusely. From far below came the oily cluck of water. I stretched out a foot and kicked the handrail. It was firm enough.

"Here goes," said I, and let myself down hand over hand.

In the descent, the candle, which I held in my mouth, went out; but as I needed both hands, I did not attempt to relight it. I must have gone down fifty feet before my foot, feeling beneath me, touched something pulpy which gave and settled upon a hard core. Retaining my grip on the rail, I dug here and there with my toe until convinced that the substance was equal to my weight. Satisfied, I straightened up, lit the candle and looked about me. I was in a kind of gallery about the height of a man. The roof was covered with little gray stalactites and creeping mosses. Along the center of the floor ran a half-pipe gully in which trinkled a thread of gummy water. The shelf upon which I had landed was carpeted with soft furry matter which proved, on inspection, to be a mass of papers reduced to pulp by time and moisture. Evidently it was from here the rats had procured the material for their nest. It was down the *oubliette* the official correspondence of the German headquarters had been flung at the advent of the British fleet. I plowed a furrow through it with the toe of my shoe and the stuff adhered to the leather like a cancerous growth.

Holding the candle above my head, I picked my way along the narrow shelf. In a dozen yards I came to a great iron grille with bars as thick as a man's wrist. Retracing my steps, I investigated in the other direction; but here, too, I was confronted by a similar obstacle. I do not know that I was very disappointed, for the reeking atmosphere of the tunnel was making me sick and faint, and I had no great liking for the idea of following it into the black unknown. By comparison, the cellars above were more attractive.

With this conviction, I turned about and walked back to the mouth of the hole. I had gone but a little way when my foot struck a hard object which rattled noisily along the stones and came to rest like a spun penny in the gully of water. Picking it up, I saw it was a circular tin similar to those used by Scotch confectioners for shortbread. It was, however, much heavier than that. The union between the lid and the base was protected by a strip of perished soap plaster.

I was about to leave the thing where I had found it when it occurred to me that the tin might contain a cinematograph film. I did not imagine that it was likely to have resisted the damp to which, for the last seven or eight years, it had been exposed; but circumstances having denied me the solace of companionship or of literature, it was folly to throw away even the meager possibility of entertainment afforded by investigating the contents of the tin. Accordingly I buttoned it in the breast of my jacket before making the ascent from the tunnel.

Coming down the ramp proved to have been much easier than climbing up. Slippery fungi made the going treacherous. For a long while I slithered about without making headway. I gave up the attempt after three or four unsuccessful efforts, and pulling off my shoes, tried again in socks, monkey fashion, gripping at the uneven stones with my toes. The smooth flowers of decay, sundering oozily beneath my feet, felt very vile. I had a nasty sense of walking over the fingers of dead men. The cellar seemed to recede as I advanced towards it, groping upward a few inches at a time. A grotesque horror filled my mind that my captors had come in during my absence and replaced the flagstone. It was the sort of bogy a child might have feared. However, I reached the top at last; and to soothe my nerves relit the butt of my last cigar.

Strange to say, I had not thought of the time until this moment. Looking at my watch, I saw it was two o'clock. The chances of keeping my appointment with Sir Francis Prothero were remote. I wondered what he would think when I failed to present myself. I could only hope that my absence would excite an inquiry. Philida's suspicions would be aroused. She would not rest until something had been done to disclose what had become of me—and there was Kenedy.

Carrying the tin containing the film, I returned to the first cellar. Lying on the floor was a folded copy of the Ponta Rico newspaper of even date. It must have been dropped through the grating from above, for it was not there when I left the cellar. I picked it up and saw my own name.

"These Energetic English" was the caption. Then:

"Mr. Nigel Praed, the engineer who is visiting Ponta Rico as a representative of a firm of English contractors, is a very energetic man indeed. After dancing nearly all night at Government House, he started off on foot before dawn to prospect our mountain ranges. Mr. Praed told our reporter, who met him on the outskirts of the town, that he may be away several days. He intends to scale the northern slopes of Amontado and will attempt to reach the Old Rest House, which, owing to its inaccessibility since the landslide of 1913, has been in disuse. Mr. Praed, who is an experienced climber, scouted the dangers of his expedition.

"'I enjoy rough going,' he said with a laugh. 'In modern life there is altogether too little of it.'

"He assured our reporter that he carried no other provisions but bar chocolate."

So this was the explanation offered for my disappearance. It presented a certain plausibility and gift for invention. It was well known I had come to Ponta Rico to prospect, and what was more natural than a solitary tramp through the mountains? There was, however, a disquieting feature in the paragraph—my alleged ignoring of the dangers attendant on the excursion. A sinister suggestion lay behind the words—a threat which argued that I was not perhaps so safe as I had persuaded myself to believe. What if in a few days' time my body would be found beneath a precipice on a mountain side? Amontado had an evil reputation and ——

"Oh, rubbish!" I told myself. "Before a body can be found, the owner of the body must be killed, and the owner of my body doesn't mean to be killed. Rubbish!"

But I did not feel so secure as I had felt before. To induce a more cheerful frame of mind, I opened the tin that contained the cinematograph film with a nail from one of the packing cases. Inside the lid was a discolored label with the words in German, "Official War Film. Propaganda Series."

There must have been about a thousand feet of film in the reel, but through the intrusion of damp, most of it had stuck together in a compact gelatinous mass. By pushing my thumb through the center of the reel, I managed to extract a strip sixty or seventy feet long which proved unspoiled and unspotted. In the poor light of the cellar it was hard to determine the subject matter from the tiny little images on the films. The first photograph was blank wall. A few figures came to the wall, retreated and left one of their number, apparently a woman, standing with her back against it. At this point the camera had taken a shot from another angle. A picture of soldiers with an officer in charge. The officer raised his arm and there was a regular movement among the soldiers. I had to reconstruct the movement by running my eye quickly from exposure to exposure. At this point the camera again changed its position and took in the whole scene—officer, soldiers and the solitary woman in profile. And then the woman was lying awkwardly on the ground and the soldiers were marching away.

With an unpleasant shock I realized I had been looking at the film of an execution. To hold the thing in one's hands was like unlocking a door which hid beastly happenings of the past. Once in Germany I had seen an execution. The victim had been a man. That was bad enough, but this was a woman. It was fitting, somehow, that a record of this act should have survived all these years at the bottom of a foul sewer—a proper safe for the preservation of such unlovely memories.

Someone had loved that woman, perhaps, and she had been shot against a wall. She may have been a great patriot and she died a dog's death, and those by whose order she had died had made a film of the event to be added to a propaganda series.

My old hatred surged up anew at the brutal, callous vulgarity of it. Once again I looked at the first exposures and felt pride at the straightness and composure of that tiny figure that stood before the blank wall. I would have given a great deal to have seen her face, for I knew that I should find perfect tranquillity and confidence written on it. I rolled up the strip and put it into my now empty cigar case. Little I guessed the consequences of that act and the part this strip of film would play in the drama that was before me.

XXV

THE sound of men's voices roused me from a sleep into which I had fallen. Sitting up sharply, I looked about me, expecting to find someone in the cellar. There was no one, and yet the voices were distinct and near. The sound was coming through the grating in the roof.

They were speaking in German, too; perfect German that could have been spoken only by natives of the Fatherland—and one of the speakers was Boas. That fairly brought me to my feet, listening with straining ears to catch what he said. The second man seemed very excited. He was disputing the wisdom of something Boas had done.

"Better get them. He was asleep ten minutes ago. Foolish to leave them there."

Then Boas—

"Not now—later. You are all nerves."

"I think you're wrong."

"My dear, where is the hurry? Her sense is admirable. She says the risk would be far too great. They must be used as a final resort."

"Yes, but ——"

"Hush! Not before ——"

Someone else was coming and at his approach the talk stopped short. I heard footsteps moving away.

What I had overheard was clear evidence that something was hidden in these cellars which they wanted, but which Boas thought it unwise to fetch until after I had been removed. Evidently it was something of importance to their scheme. But what? Not the film, of which they probably knew nothing; and not the empty hock bottles or the straw or the packing cases or the rats' nest. Then what? Memory of Boas' words at the garden gate overnight flashed into my head:

"I'm not such a fool as to store them in a doll's house like this. . . . Safely buried, my dear."

Prothero's letters to Mrs. Nunez-Hunter! There were a hundred places between the cement courses of the walls where a packet of letters could be hidden. But Boas had said "buried," and when a man quickly answers a question he may conceal part of the truth, but rarely the whole of it.

It was to the floor, therefore, I directed my search; and as the floor was tiled, the task was easier than might otherwise have been the case. One could eliminate all the tiles which were firmly fixed and focus attention on those which were loose.

Alas, none such were to be found in the first, second or third cellar. In the fourth I was luckier. I found a tile which shook to a tap of the thumb. With the aid of a couple of coins I prized it up. Beneath was a small square cavity in which was an oilskin tobacco pouch. Inside the pouch was a packet of letters, neatly tied with tape. In my interview with the governor I had noticed his handwriting, which was thin and distinctive. A glance at the envelopes satisfied me that these letters were in the same character. I released the tape and made a fan of the letters. Five of the envelopes bore Indian postage stamps, the sixth a Maltese stamp. The envelopes, which were unsealed, bore a serial number in pencil. For a moment I debated whether to burn them one by one in the candle flame, but a better idea suggested itself. I took out the letters and put them in my pocket, revisited the rats' nest and, selecting the largest pieces of paper, inserted them in the envelopes, which I rearranged in their original sequence and restored to the pouch. This done, I put back the pouch in the cavity and replaced the tile.

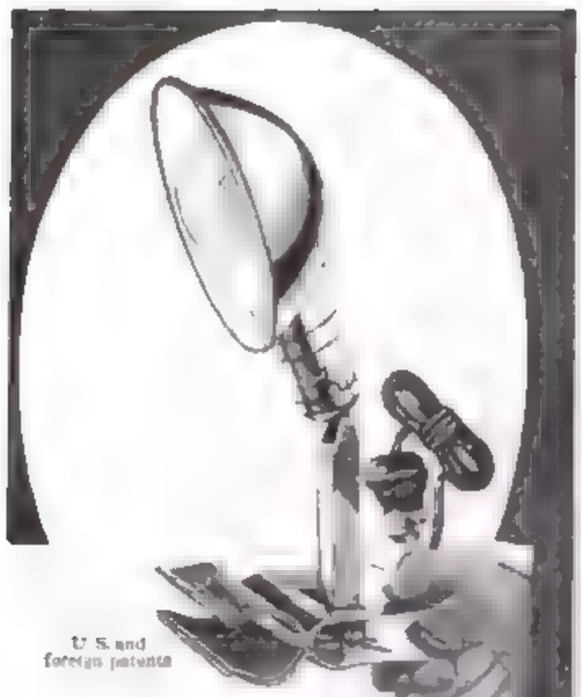
The luck had turned. The odds were now a shade in my favor. I happened to have a loose envelope in one of my pockets, into which I put the governor's letters and sealed the flap. To avoid the risk of being searched, I posted the packet down the back of my neck, where it stuck like a mustard plaster between my shoulder blades.

The sound of a key turning and of shooting bolts sent me scuttling back to Cellar Number 1. The big door swung back and revealed two men. Their faces were half covered with colored handkerchiefs and they wore peaked caps pulled down over the eyes. One of them carried a large-caliber revolver, which he promptly trained at my chest. The other held a tray containing a pot of tea, some bread and an unopened tin of sardines. Observing that my attitude was not menacing, he advanced, set it down on the packing case and retreated toward his companion.

I said, "Don't go. I've had a very dull day. Why not stop and talk?"

They made no reply, but the man with the pistol tittered rather foolishly. I do not think he was a born jailer.

"Come along, gentlemen," I went on, "don't leave all the talking to me. I am



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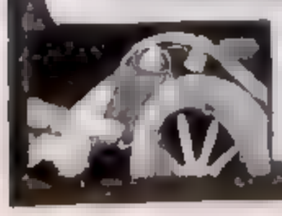

starved for a little company and you seem very jolly fellows in spite of the fancy dress."

The man with the tray shook his head and laid a finger to the part of the handkerchief that covered his mouth.

"Oh, I see," said I. "I wouldn't have you disobey orders. Is there anything to pay for this entertainment?"

And I took a fiver from my note case. However strong their devotion to their employer might have been, it was clearly evident that they were not averse to a reward.

The man with the pistol took the fiver readily enough and by way of return gave me a packet of cigarettes. Then with a nod to his companion he began to close the door.

"Just a minute," said I. "If at any time you gentlemen should have reason to be tired of your present employment, let me know and perhaps I can put you in the way of something better."

The door shut and the bolts slid.

The steaming pot of tea, the bread and sardines looked very good indeed; but I hesitated before attacking them. The morning repast they had provided, although simple, had been harmless, and I could not imagine any particular advantage being scored by drugging me. Nevertheless, I was reluctant to take anything for granted. My doubts were dispelled by the sight of half a dozen candles on the tray. If they meant to poison or drug me, it was hardly likely they would supply me with a source of illumination. At worst, the candles argued that I might expect to be detained for some long time.

Having satisfied myself on that point, I poured out a cup of tea and drank it gratefully. It was good China tea, and I set about opening the sardines in the hope they would prove equally palatable. But while fitting the small wire key to the flap on the top of the tin I experienced a peculiar sensation of fatigue. My hands failed to respond to the demands made upon them. Their actions were wayward and ungoverned. They went this way and that like a baby's. Simultaneously there came over me a delicious feeling of being drawn up into the air by nothing. It was weird—wonderful! I had lost contact with the world and was rising to unbelievable heights and spaces. Up, up I rose, until I seemed to swing over the top of a mighty curve. Then everything was reversed. The spaces dwindled to a close confinement. I was rising no longer, but falling with ever-gathering speed into a narrowing funnel-like pit whose sides closed in on me like the jaws of a trap.

From very far away I heard my voice cry, "Clever to have put candles on the tray."

Then darkness shut over me and there was no sound but the slow patter of earth that dropped on the lid of my coffin.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LET'S CHECK THE TRUNKS

(Continued from Page 23)

got a nod from the foreman and led me across to the other track. "I've known cars to be moved from Forty-second Street to Fifty-seventh and then back to Forty-fifth before we could unload. One passenger from Pittsburgh wants his trunk in his room in a hotel over the way before he gets there. Once we did it. You can imagine what chance we have when we are delayed like this."

Track 19. The electric truck was already in position and as the car slowed down the baggage began to come out. In a very few minutes we were again standing in the electric elevator, the truck beside us piled high with trunks. We reached the baggage room and the truck was assaulted by men with hand trucks very much as an ocean liner in harbor is surrounded by docking tugs.

"That stuff coming off the top," explained the chief, "is checked-through baggage—that is, stuff passing through New York which must be started out immediately. The rest is being handled by the dump man, who takes it in hand trucks to the proper numbered stack. There goes the last trunk off. Let's see, seventeen minutes after the train pulled in, and we had to cut the car over too. Not bad, eh?

"Now I'm going to take you down to the counter again, in the heart of the terminal. Did you ever stop to think how we know at once whether that trunk you gave an expressman this morning is actually in the station and ready to go out? How the man at the counter can tell in a few seconds whether the trunk you brought in from Denver came in on the same train with you and is ready for delivery? Come on down to the counter and I'll show you."

Accuracy and Speed

In the darkened baggage room, with electric trucks moving in and out among mountains of baggage and men working in their shirts, we were behind the scenes. But on the floor of the terminal, with lights aglow, we were again in the front of the house. That was in my mind as the chief led me through a side door behind the counter, until I was standing once more with the clerks, in front row after row of hot and tired travelers intent on one thing and one thing alone—checking their baggage.

"Now watch these clerks a minute closely."

I watched. The first thing each clerk did as he took the check from the traveler was to turn directly around to a high desk behind the counter. This desk, which ran all the length of the checking space, held large sheets loosely bound in covers. Each clerk consulted these sheets, check in hand. Then he would turn back to the traveler, punch his ticket and exchange checks. The chief, standing a few feet away, beckoned me over.

"Look at these. They are the hourly time sheets. These sheets are made up in the incoming and outgoing baggage rooms, and they show the exact situation up there every hour. The clerk takes your check, turns around, and from them can tell whether or not your trunk is in the station, its size, weight, condition and final disposition. It does another thing, this hourly sheet. It keeps them hustling downstairs to clean things up. Every trunk out means room for another trunk in; that's what I impress on them. We can tell here what goes on down there hour by hour."

One of the clerks stopped for a minute to wipe the perspiration off his forehead, and I took the chance to question him.

"About how many pieces of baggage a day do you check out from here?"

"Dependa. Sometimes 500, sometimes less. Maybe more a rush day like this," he said as he turned back to the crowd.

The chief leaned over and whispered.

"That was one of our crack men; holds the checking record of the counter. The public meets the best men we have up here, men who have been from five to ten years learning the baggage game. That's what it takes to train a man to come up here and meet the public and read tickets intelligently. Maybe you think it's an easy thing to read tickets. Read that one," he said, reaching out for a long green slip in the hands of a passenger over the counter.

I took a look at it.

"Why, Portland, Maine." Then with a closer glance I corrected myself. "No, Portland, Michigan." I had mistaken the "Mich." for "Me." The chief smiled.

"There you are. It might have been Portland, Oregon, or Portland, Connecticut, or Portland, Indiana. There's a Paris in Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee and Texas. You can see how sharp a man has to be out there. He simply cannot make a single mistake. Yet the good men do 500 a day and never make an error. These are our best men. Now I'm going to take you downstairs again to show you the men on the outgoing delivery desk, who are also highly trained baggage specialists. These men are all a much higher type than we used to get—one reason why handling baggage is easier now than it used to be thirty years ago. I can remember green hands, not so long ago either, who pulled off all the tags on trunks under the impression that they were cleaning up. They were too!"

Down again to the caverns of the outgoing baggage room, where the chief led me to the delivery desk, a glass-inclosed office with a narrow passageway in front through which trunks leaving the terminal had to pass, closely scrutinized by keen-eyed baggage experts.

"Now this is how we make sure that the trunk is going to the man to whom it belongs," he explained. "You don't hear much about baggage stealing any more. That isn't because there aren't any baggage thieves. It's because of those two men, for one reason." And he pointed out two men standing at the end of the passageway. A husky expressman came along with a trunk on his shoulder. He handed the check over to one of these men, who compared it with the duplicate which he was wrenching off the end of the trunk.

"652,834!" he shouted to the other man.

"Check!" said that individual, leaning over the other end of the trunk.

"What's he looking at?" I asked.

"I'll show you," said the chief, while another trunk came out. And he pointed to a small piece of white paper three or four inches long and two or three inches wide that was pasted on the end of the trunk. "Get a good look; that little piece of paper has almost done away with baggage thievery."

I leaned over and looked. If your trunk ever went through the Grand Central Terminal, it had this bit of white paper stuck on it. The one I was looking at was stamped with a time clock—"Sept. 2, 1924, 3:30 P.M." And underneath in pencil were written the figures "446,768." I glanced up. The chief was fingering the baggage check. It was number 446,768.

Outwitting Baggage Thieves

"Understand?" I was mystified for a moment. "Why, it's easy! This trick has put more good baggage thieves out of a job than any one thing I know. See that fellow over there in the stacks with a pot of paste in his hand? See the fellow bending over the trunks in Stack 4? Well, that man does nothing all day but paste these pieces of paper on trunks, with the date and the time it came in stamped on it. Then he writes in pencil the number of the check on the little paper. In the old days there used to be a lot of switching checks. A thief would get to the stacks as an expressman, tear off the check on a likely looking trunk when no one was watching, and substitute a check, the duplicate of which he held in his hand. Then he would go out, give the stub of the phony check to a confederate and the trunk would be delivered. That can't be done now. If checks are switched, it's impossible to erase an indelible-pencil mark of the original check number. When it goes past this desk the men see that the numbers don't correspond. They save a trunk and nab a baggage thief at the same time.

"So far as I know," the chief said, "this is the only station in the country that permits outsiders like expressmen to walk into the stacks and pick out baggage. That being so, we have to be doubly careful. Of course we have a few guards around, but they are too few to do more than give moral

(Continued on Page 96

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(Continued from Page 94

aid. It's these men here and this piece of paper which we count on to save baggage.

"Once in a while a baggage crook beats us by getting away with a trunk, directing a taxi driver to go to a certain number on a given street and having him dump the trunk on the curb. Then when this man is around the corner, the thief calls another taxi and drives off with the trunk. Drivers are supposed to keep records of where they deliver trunks; but of course in cases like this we are beaten. Your modern baggage crook is a smart fellow. He has taken as much time to learn his game as a lawyer or a doctor. Maybe he has spent four or five years right in this station; maybe he has put in time with an express company or served as baggageman on train crews. Anyway, he knows as much about the baggage game as anyone in the world; that's why we put some of our smartest men at this entrance to check up on outgoing baggage.

"I remember one case a year ago when the station baggage detective saved a $35,000 trunk. It was a jewelry salesman's trunk, and the thief had evidently trailed the owner for weeks, as he knew his habits perfectly. The trunk had been brought in from the West: and according to regulations, the owner had seen it taken off the train and placed in a special room for safekeeping. Meanwhile the crook got in, switched checks in some way, and then sent a taxi man around to the entrance with the phony check."

Trapped

"THE delivery was about made when the detective, who was suspicious, began to question the driver. He said a man had stopped him on Broadway, given him the check and told him to get the trunk and drive to the corner of Madison Avenue and Forty-third Street. While they were talking the real owner came back from his breakfast and demanded the trunk. It was not there. He insisted that he had seen it there twenty-five minutes before. But it couldn't be found. So the salesman went out to get hold of the detective and found him talking to a taxi man, the trunk in question perched up beside the seat.

"'Hey, stop that man! That's my trunk!' he yelled.

"A couple of men jumped for the driver, but the detective did some quick thinking. 'Let him go!' he shouted. Ordering the driver to deliver the trunk, he hopped a taxi just behind and followed along with two station guards. At Madison Avenue and Forty-third Street a man at the sidewalk, seeing the trunk reposing on the taxi, stepped out and hailed it.

"'Well,' he remarked jovially to the driver, 'you got it all right.'

"'Yes,' said the detective, jumping out of the machine just behind, 'and we've got you.' By a piece of smart thinking he had captured one of the cleverest baggage crooks in the game. If the driver had shown up without the trunk the thief would not have disclosed himself. As it was, he walked into the trap.

"Another jewelry trunk was stolen by baggage thieves who managed to get the check off before the trunk came into the terminal. They substituted another check and then checked it to Bridgeport. To avoid suspicion they then rechecked it to the American Express Company's offices in Philadelphia, intending to leave it there a few weeks until the trouble blew over. We were on the track of it all the time, discovered the switch in checks, found out that it had been checked to Bridgeport, went up there and got word that someone had written from Brooklyn, New York, to recheck it to Philly. We waited, and with the help of the American Express got the whole gang when they called for the trunk. The funny thing was that though it was a jewelry salesman's trunk, it was filled with samples of lace almost worthless.

"By no means all our trouble comes from individual-baggage thieves. Last year we had a theatrical trunk shipped in by a pair that was out of work. The trunk contained almost nothing, and as they were leaving the city they gave the check to a third-rate expressman with orders to store it. He presented the check and got the trunk, which he put away in his warehouse. Several months later he had another theatrical trunk check given to his man, who also took delivery of this second trunk. Somehow between the station and the warehouse this trunk was lost, so the expressman, not wishing to admit that he was wrong, tried hard to pass the buck to us by sending the owner of the second trunk the first one he had stored away. When opened it was found to contain a board. The man hollered and the expressman blamed us.

"Until we started to investigate carefully we really believed the mistake was ours. Then we discovered by the white time slip which was still on the first trunk that it had come into the station several months before. We then found out that it had been delivered to the same expressman. The rest was easy. On the testimony taken from our records the expressman was obliged by the courts to pay $700 damages to the owner of the lost trunk.

"No, baggage stealing nowadays is not very profitable. I remember a man who lost the check for a bag which was picked up by someone else and checked out before we could prevent it. It took three years to get that bag. During that time we traced the man all over this country, and even followed him when he shipped down to South America on a tramp schooner. But by the records and the help of the express companies we finally got his address and made him give up the bag and pay for a suit of clothes that had been in it."

Just at this moment a man came by with several checks in his hand.

"How many so far today?" called the chief.

"Four," he answered.

"That man spends his time all day walking through the stacks searching for trunks that come in without checks. Occasionally trunks come in with the checks torn off, especially now during the rush season. When he discovers one in this state he puts on a special terminal-company check and notifies the foreman. Come along and I'll show you what happens next."

In a corner of the foreman's office were three trunks. A locksmith was on his knees trying out a pile of keys on one of them. At last the trunk swung open. The foreman went through it rapidly. There was nothing inside to identify it.

"I always advise travelers to put a card with their address inside their trunks. It's just as important as putting your name on the outside, but most of them do not do it. If there was a name and address here we would have the trunk delivered at once. Last month, of all the trunks that came in without checks, we were never more than three days locating the owner. And the ones that had a name and address inside got to their destination in one day. What have you got, Carey?"

The superintendent had found two addresses, one in some clothing and one in an account book.

"We'll wire both these names, asking if they have a trunk going through. Probably the owner will have it by tomorrow morning. Sure, if we find a dozen names we wire them all. I remember one trunk that came in last summer without a tag which was marked for the Leviathan, with a name and stateroom number inside the trunk. We phoned over to the pier, found out that the owner had actually reserved a stateroom, and sent the trunk along. When he came charging in just before sailing time the next day, looking for a lost trunk, it was over in his room on the boat. This man was an Englishman and I bet he went home with some respect for the American method of handling baggage.

"What happens when a passenger loses his checks? You can see that for yourself over in the corner." He led me to one side of the room, where at a small counter a baggageman was talking to a bewildered and excited lady who was explaining that she "had them only a minute before. Well, I must have dropped them somewhere."

The Baggage Room of the Pennsylvania Station, New York City

A Lost Check

THE baggageman was taking it quietly.

"Will you describe your trunk, please?"

"Oh, it was fairly large. I don't know the exact size—black, I think, or maybe black and red. I don't really remember. No, I can't seem to think of any distinguishing marks. No, it had no band or anything painted on it that would identify it."

"When did it come in, madam?"

"This morning, from Kineo, Maine."

He disappeared for a few minutes, and while he was gone the chief asked a question or two for my benefit.

"Did you happen to take down the number of your check, madam?"

"No, I never thought of that."

"Always take down your check numbers as soon as you get them. It helps us to locate the trunk if anything happens."

"I certainly will next time. . . . Oh, there it is—there's my trunk now." The baggageman was back with a small trunk on a truck.

"It's not very large," he said to the lady.

"No. Well, I couldn't remember exactly."

"Have you got any identification mark on the outside to prove it is yours?" asked the chief

"Oh, no, I never had time to have it marked. You see, I bought it just before I went away."

The chief gave me a look over the lady's back.

"All right, have you got your keys with you to open it'"

She searched her bag for a minute.

"Dear me, my husband must have taken them. Yes, he has the keys; I remember now that he took them."

Continued on Page 100

You can have CHASE VELMO Upholstery in Your Closed Car if you Insist

You delight in its richness, revel in its luxury and approve its durability—which are reasons why Chase VELMO is the ideal upholstery material for closed motor cars.

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It is unlawful to use this label except with GENUINE CHASE Velmo MADE BY SANFORD MILLS SANFORD, MAINE *The Luxurious Mohair Velvet Upholstery*

The VELMO *label, sewed into the welt of the cushions, identifies genuine CHASE* VELMO

The handwriting on the wall reads:

"Electric Refrigeration for All"

Science again makes a contribution to the American housewife—"refrigeration by wire"!—Simplified, perfected, made practical for household operation, and produced to sell at a price the American public can afford to pay, electric refrigeration is now ready for the homes of America on a big scale.—Clean, sanitary refrigeration without the mess or bother of the ice-man, at approximately the cost of ice!

SCIENCE is always searching for easier ways to do things—easier, better and more economical ways.

Its first contributions were to industry, where it lightened the tasks of men. But of late years it has turned its attention to the home, where it is lifting the burdens of women. Electric lights to replace the old kerosene lamp. Vacuum cleaners to do away with the drudgery of beating and sweeping. Electric washing machines and electric irons to end the slavery of the washtub and the perspiring hours beside a hot stove.

Now comes automatic electric refrigeration to banish forever the ice-man and all the worries and troubles that center around the old "ice-box". Indeed, it does much more than this: it brings a new lot of facilities that ice never provided, and raises the standard of sanitation and food preservation far above anything previously dreamed.

Electric refrigeration is not new. For years it has been passing through the long and trying development stage. Now it is *here*—and in a really *big* way! It is going into American homes at a rate that gives promise that in a few years it will be even more common than the washing machine is today!

The Electric Light and Power Industry Says "GO!"

The great electric light and power industry, with its invested billions, is dependent for its very life upon the service it can render the American home. For years this industry has recognized in electric refrigeration a wonderful service that would some day sweep the country, almost doubling the income from millions of meters by transferring money now spent for ice to the electric bill, at the same time rendering a service to its customers which would afford them comforts and conveniences that with ice are impossible.

While recognizing the great earning power of electric refrigeration, the leaders of the electric industry also realized the trouble-brewing power of any new device that might not work properly, and might require a service they were not prepared to give. So electric refrigeration, like the electric washing machine and other electrical devices and services, had to go through months and months of gruelling laboratory tests, and years of actual successful performance in the homes of those who were too progressive to wait for others to make the inevitable favorable decision.

This testing is now *finished*. The trial period is *over*. Electric refrigeration has *arrived!* The electric light and power industry is behind it. At its great Annual Convention in San Francisco in June this great industry openly endorsed electric refrigeration and named three machines that were approved as commercially successful. In a 67-page report they published the results of tests run on different machines during the past few years, and announced that the hour has come to say "Go!" The time has arrived to work hard and fast to deliver this great perfected service—electric refrigeration—to the American public.

Financiers Read the Handwriting—*and Act!*

No class of business men can compare with financiers in their ability to perceive approaching business opportunities. Their very business existence is dependent upon their power to judge when the period of invention and experimentation in any art has passed and the period of sound promotion has come.

These men see great things for electric refrigeration, and are right now engaged in a tense battle to gain the advantages that come to those who associate themselves early with a big fundamental business development.

They did not jump at electric refrigeration; they retained scientists, engineers and merchandising experts, in and out of the electric industry, and then studied their carefully prepared reports. The result was an order to act—and act promptly!

An Incentive for Big Minds

In short, electric refrigeration has passed out of the invention and development stage. It has reached the stage of distribution. It is now engaging the minds of the biggest men in the electrical industry—men used to tackling big jobs with big incentives and putting them through.

From now on the best talent in America will be applied to the manufacture, sale, distribution and installation of electric refrigerators, until these machines, like the electric washing machine, are plentifully supplied to every community in the United States where there is electric power. What this means may best be judged from the history of the latter. In 1914 there were about the same general public understanding and acceptance of the electric washing machine as there are today of electric refrigeration. Approximately $5,000,000 worth of washing machines were sold in that year. Five years later, in 1919, the American public bought $85,000,000 worth of electric washing machines!

The fact is, the American home is now ready for electric refrigeration, and electric refrigeration is ready for the American home. Simplified, perfected, made practical for household operation, and produced to sell at a price the American public can afford to pay.

"SERVEL" a Leader

The Servel Electric Refrigerating System is now in its fourth year of practical use. It was designed and developed by J. Howard Dennedy, a refrigerating engineer of 20 years' experience, who has contributed in a big way to the science of "refrigeration by wire" from the very beginning. Servel is the expression of his accumulated experience and the experience of his father before him, who was one of the earliest mechanical refrigeration engineers in America.

Servel has all of the good points of the various systems J. Howard Dennedy has helped to develop, and in addition several outstanding advantages over all other systems.

Servel has done more than its share toward helping the electric light and power industry come to its decision. Its perfection proved conclusively that electric refrigeration is *here* in a very practical way.

Some of the outstanding advantages of Servel which greatly impressed the leaders of the electric light and power industry are:

It uses a remarkable new refrigerant that is odorless, harmless and non-corrosive and never requires renewing. A refrigerant so intensely cold that a little of it poured into water forms ice in less than one-thousandth of a second!

It has great cooling capacity. Therefore it cools quickly, keeps temperature constant in the box, freezes from 60 to 100 cubes of ice and makes frozen desserts and dishes.

It has simplified automatic control devices. There are no wires inside the box. There is no thermostat, and no expansion valve. The temperature is controlled by a positive-acting, powerful toggle switch that starts and stops the motor, operated by substantial changes in pressure of the refrigerant itself which correspond to changes in the temperature within the refrigerator.

Its construction thruout is simplified, improved and perfected.

In short, Servel has earned its right to leadership by its scientific construction, its mechanical perfection, and its record of performance in thousands of American homes during the past four years.

The Servel line is complete, furnishing machines and complete refrigerators to meet the requirements of homes, yachts, stores, butcher shops, ice-cream parlors, soda fountains, delicatessen stores, florists' shops, etc.

Distributors Read the Handwriting—*and Act!*

Servel is going like wildfire. Distributors all over America are applying for the Servel agency. Soon it will be possible to buy Servel in every community served by electricity, and on the most liberal terms. Some Servel distributors have worked out an arrangement whereby the Servel Electric Refrigerator can be paid for over a period of two or three years, by paying small installments with the monthly electric light bill. So small that the monthly ice bill which they displace really goes a long way toward paying for the refrigerator as well as the refrigeration!

Following are listed some of the distributors who are already selling Servel:

New York Edison Company
Commonwealth Edison Company, Chicago
Philadelphia Electric Company
Brooklyn Edison Company
Consumers Power Company, Michigan
Connecticut Light and Power Company
Adirondack Power and Light Company
Texas Power and Light Company
Utah Power Company
New Orleans Public Service Company
Georgia Railway and Power Company
Public Service Company of Colorado
Public Service Company of Northern Illinois
Central Illinois Light Company
Arkansas Utilities Company
Kentucky Utilities Company
Wisconsin Light and Power Company
Southern Indiana Gas and Electric Company
Interstate Public Service Company, Indiana
Twin State Gas and Electric Company
Terre Haute Indianapolis and Eastern Traction Company
Indianapolis Light and Heat Company
Union Gas and Electric Company, Cincinnati
Idaho Power Company
Illinois Northern Utilities Company
Rochester Gas and Electric Company
Janesville Electric Company
Northern Indiana Gas and Electric Company
Knoxville Power and Light Company
Southern Michigan Light and Power Company
Concord Electric Company, Concord, N. H.
Eastern Mass. Electric Company, Salem, Mass.
Exeter and Hampton Electric Company, Exeter, N. H.
Fitchburg Electric Light Company, Fitchburg, Mass.
Haverhill Electric Company, Haverhill, Mass.
Malden Electric Company, Malden, Mass.
Montpelier and Barre Light and Power Company
Peoples Gas and Electric Company, Oswego, N. Y.
Rockbarn Electric Company, Holbarn, N. Y.
Rockbarn Electric Light and Power Company, Nyack, N. Y.
Salem Electric Light Company, Salem, Mass.
Central Illinois Light Company, Peoria, Illinois
Northern Ohio Traction and Light Co.
The Ohio Edison Company, Springfield, Ohio
Central Power Company, Grand Island, Neb.
Public Service Company of Oklahoma
Southern Wisconsin Electric Company
Arkansas Valley Railway Light and Power Company
Pittsfield Electric Co., Pittsfield, Mass.
Amherst Gas Co., Amherst, Mass.
Adams Gas Co., Adams, Mass.
North Adams Gas Co., North Adams, Mass.
Gardner Electric Light Co., Gardner, Mass.
New York & Queens Electric Light & Power Co., Long Island City, N. Y.
Northampton Electric Lighting Co., Northampton, Mass.
Yonkers Electric Light & Power Co., Yonkers, N. Y.
Alabama Power Co., Birmingham, Ala.
Birmingham Electric Co., Birmingham, Ala.
Peoples Light Co., Davenport, Iowa
Good Housekeeping Shop, Detroit, Mich.
Brown-Durrance Electric Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Heeseman-Pollard Company, Oakland, Cal.
Power Plant Engineering Co., Seattle, Wash.
Skinner Machinery Co., Tampa, Fla.
Tampa Electric Co., Tampa, Fla.
Robertson Cataract Electric Company, Buffalo, N. Y.
Ohio Edison Co., Springfield, Ohio

THE SERVEL CORPORATION, 17 East 42nd St., New York

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The chief looked at me once more. This time he winked. Meanwhile the baggageman had called for the locksmith and turned the trunk around so that its contents were hidden from the lady. At last the trunk was opened. The chief pulled out the top tray.

"Can you remember what you put in the top tray?"

The lady stammered, stuttered, tried hard to think, but was lost. It was funny, but try yourself to think what you put in that top tray ten minutes after you have packed it the next time you go away.

"Well, what is in the bottom of the trunk?"

"My husband's golf suit," she said triumphantly. At last she had remembered something.

At this point the baggageman picked up a gold cigarette case with the initials F. P. W. engraved on it.

"Any jewelry in here?"

The lady thought a minute, and then her face brightened.

"Oh, yes, there's a gold cigarette case of my husband's. I remember, because I packed it. With his initials, F. P. W. marked on it, and his cuff links and—oh, yes ——"

This was sufficient. The trunk was closed. The lady signed a receipt and went out with her trunk, while the baggageman shook his head.

"They can't remember nothing," he remarked. The chief laughed.

"We have to be careful. People do funny things. Not so long ago we had a bad time with a famous movie star who was fighting her husband. She came in here, claiming to have lost her checks. So we let her pick her trunk out and identify it, which she did. Named everything in it and proved that it belonged to her husband, which it did. When he came several hours later with the check and found that she had taken it away he was wild. It took a couple of weeks and a lot of money for the company to get that trunk back.

"To the traveling public my advice is, first of all, mark your trunks plainly, on both ends. Trunks are stacked on their sides, so marking on the side is no good. Stick your name and address on the inside. Always tag it on the outside with your full name, your address where you left and where you are going. And never leave the station without a check. Funny the number of people who forget to check their trunks. Yes, sir.

"I always advise a small steamer trunk instead of a big one. If you have too much for one small trunk, buy two, or even three. They will outlast the big one easily. In this station we are careful about baggage; you have probably noticed those dump mats of rubber hose bound together all over the baggage room where trunks are unloaded. A big trunk can fall on these and remain unhurt. But out in the country you will come to stations where one man is baggage-master and station agent combined, without a helper. If the steamer trunk is handed down from the train he will usually assist it to the platform. But the big trunks are too much for one man. He'll invariably let them fall off the baggage car, and they will invariably fall on their corners. If the platform is of wood, all right; if it is concrete, the corners will give. Buy a dozen steamer trunks if you have to; they will last longer in the end."

Mixed-Check Mix-Ups

"Most of the trouble we have today over lost baggage comes from people mixing checks. Two persons go into a station together, one checks the trunks and hands the other the wrong check. Then they separate, one goes to Chicago and the other goes to Dallas, Texas. It'll be weeks before the thing gets straightened out and the trunks belonging to the man in Dallas get down from Chicago. Men do a lot of this, although on the whole men are more careful about baggage than women. A woman will send off an old trunk falling to pieces and tied with a piece of rope. They have no conception of what safety means. Then they mislay their checks oftener than men. I won't say they lose them oftener; they mislay them more frequently. They put them behind the clock on the mantelpiece or in a desk drawer or let them fall down in the lining of their bag. But the most unsophisticated travelers of all are the people who do the most traveling—theatrical people. They usually have a manager tend to all their baggage, and when they travel alone they don't seem to know how to check a trunk. But they are the nicest people traveling today, never kicking and never unpleasant no matter what happens.

"No, we don't have the funny things happen nowadays that we used to thirty to forty years ago, when you could check anything but the kitchen stove. Today all you are allowed to check is personal effects. Even so, we do get some queer pieces of baggage. See that big case over in the corner? Looks like a grand piano. That's a harp. Harps go as personal effects and can be checked. The heaviest thing the baggage man handles today is the clothing salesman's trunks. They are easy to handle, strong and well made; but awfully heavy—up to 250 pounds sometimes. The blanket and carpet salesmen have a trunk that's the hardest thing to handle we meet. It isn't a trunk either; it's a kind of case, of soft leather or canvas, and weighs about 200 pounds. It has no corners and no means of getting a grip on it. They cause a lot of trouble. The funniest thing we meet is a hat salesman's trunk, about six feet long and three or four wide, but light. Often they weigh under 100 pounds.

"Dogs? Yes, they go as personal effects if accompanied by their master. Of course we make them go in the baggage car, muzzled. The reason is that the dog's check is fastened on his collar and we have had a lot of baggage men bit when they leaned over to make a record of the check number. Once in a while people try to smuggle dogs into the coaches and cars, and sometimes we have a bird taken in without anyone knowing it. A parrakeet taken into the Century got out from a berth early in the morning not so long ago and nearly caused the train to be stopped. We also have a little trouble with dogs getting away from the station. It took six baggagemen and a couple of station policemen three hours to collect two setters that escaped last year. Dogs are funny. Take collies now. Collies, when they get lost, go straight for home. The last time we had a collie lost, we searched the records and found that he had been checked in from New Haven the night before. So my assistant and I got a taxi and started out on the direct road for New Haven. Up on the Boston Post Road, near Larchmont, we saw a tired-looking collie pegging along in a determined way with his nose pointed toward Connecticut. Sure enough, it was our dog!"

Lost and Found Dogs

"More collies get lost than other dogs. I suppose because their heads are so small they have no trouble getting their collars off. If they have no harness on, they will likely get away. Most other dogs that get loose will come back once in twenty-four hours to the place where they were lost. After that they will get desperately hungry and run away in search of food. I remember a lady came into my office once nearly crazy with grief. It seems she had a pet Airedale and he had got away from the trainman in the shed. This Airedale had belonged to her husband, was with him when he died, and she worshiped the dog on that account. So I told her that dogs always came back to the place from where they ran away once in the first twenty-four hours. I sent a man out with her to patrol the streets around the terminal. In less than ten minutes she was back with her dog in my office. He was sitting right in front of the station. Yes, sir, I've never known it to fail.

"Once a police dog got away and was gone a month. The man who owned this dog was a friend of a neighbor of mine who asked me if I couldn't help find the animal. I went out in a machine and asked everyone I saw with a police dog whether they had seen this dog, which had peculiar markings.

"Finally I found one man who had seen such a dog in Yonkers the day before. I went up and discovered the animal in the city pound.

"Dogs are a good deal like trunks. You don't think much about them when they are around; but when they get lost you miss them an awful lot. You mark your dog with his name and address on his collar. Mark your trunk just as plainly. The time will come some day when you will be mighty glad you took the trouble."

CHILE IN TRANSITION

(Continued from Page 19)

whiter than any other in Latin America, a fact in which its members take infinite pride. It is white because it is a straight descendant of the Spaniards, or the result of union between Spanish women and any of the many European—and in a few instances North American—races that came into the country. There is no negro blood in Chile.

The British and the Irish in particular have laid their impress upon the country. The most popular perhaps of all Chilean heroes, Bernardo O'Higgins, was born in Chile of Irish parentage, his father, Ambrosio O'Higgins, having been a viceroy of Peru under Spanish colonial rule. Bernardo fought with San Martin for the liberation of South America and after independence became dictator of Chile. But he made powerful enemies and after a stormy career resigned and fled, a self-exile, to Peru.

Names That Surprise You

O'Higgins' fate brings to mind the striking fact that practically every outstanding South American figure in the struggle against Spain was the victim of the proverbial ingratitude of republics. San Martin breathed his last in far-away France, to which the countries he had freed had driven him. Simon Bolivar, the noblest patriot of them all, and Artigas, the deliverer of Uruguay, died in banishment. Sucre, the hero of Ayacucho, was killed by an assassin; and Belgrano, who helped to liberate Argentina, passed away in obscurity.

The Chilean hall of fame is plastered with good old English and Scotch names. Admiral Thomas Cochrane, who later became the Earl of Dundonald, led the Chilean fleet against the Spaniards and put them out of business. He is credited, by the way, with having been the first to use poison gas in warfare. He liberated sulphur fumes and the wind bore them into the enemy ships and forts and forced the occupants to surrender.

Coming down to more modern times, and reverting from war to peace, you find scores of contemporary Chileans of note with names anything but Spanish. Perhaps the best known Chilean outside his own country is Agustin Edwards, who lately retired as Chilean minister at London, and who has become chairman of the board of the new nitrate interests launched by the Guggenheims. His great-grandfather was a Scotch naval surgeon who settled at Iquique in 1806. Edwards is one of the richest capitalists of the country and owns the leading newspapers at Valparaiso and Santiago. When I left Chile in March he was mentioned as successor to Alessandri as president of the republic. In May he was named as a member of the commission, of which General Pershing is chairman, to supervise the Tacna-Arica plebiscite.

The case of Edwards is typical of many. An honored North American name is to be found among this amazing gallery resulting from the intermarriage of races, because one of the ranking bankers in Valparaiso is Carlos Van Buren, a great-nephew of President Martin Van Buren.

As in Argentina, accent in Chile is deceptive when it comes to nationality. Robert Sproule, of the Chilean Foreign Office, came to see me in Santiago. His Scotch burr was so fascinating that I asked him in what part of Scotland he was born.

To my surprise, he answered, "Three generations of our family have been born in Chile. My grandfather, who came out many years ago, married a Chilean."

A Land of Romance

Although the Germans in South America will be dealt with in a succeeding article, there must be a word here about their penetration in Chile. They began to appear in the late 40's, just about the time that political upheaval drove men like Carl Schurz to the United States. One of the secrets of their commercial success overseas lies in widespread intermarriage with the women of the country where they settle. They have done this to such an extent in Chile that the blond Teutonic type is to be seen everywhere, especially in the south, which is the German stronghold. In widespread German population, and its adherence to original customs, this part of Chile may well be compared with Wisconsin. The towns have German mayors and all the comforts of the Fatherland, ranging from Munich beer to *Turnvereins*. The largest city is Valdivia, named after that venturesome Spanish soldier who got the fatal dose of gold.

This almost infinite variety of race is only one detail in the larger picture of Chile. Here you touch the romance of that gallant day when Drake, Cavendish, Hawkins, Magellan and all the rest of those intrepid voyagers sailed the uncharted seas and circled the globe in the quest for the golden East and the riches of Cathay.

Here you are within easy reach of Robinson Crusoe's island, Juan Fernandez, which is a port of call for sight-seeing steamers and where Friday's footprints are scrupulously renewed each year for the benefit of tourists. The best lobsters served at Santiago and Valparaiso are brought in daily from the waters where Alexander Selkirk—the original of Crusoe—indulged in so much watchful waiting.

Here is a link with a dramatic phase of the World War. Off the coast of Chile, Von Spee crushed Admiral Cradock's squadron, terrorized shipping and tied up the all-needful nitrate cargoes. Subsequently he was defeated by Admiral Sturdee's fleet off the Falklands.

The British got wind of the presence of the Germans on the east coast through the enterprise of a British woman who then lived at Valparaiso. After Von Spee's victory he put in at Valparaiso for repairs and took aboard several hundred reservists. The Germans residing in the port gave him and his staff a magnificent banquet at the German Club. Most of the younger officers drank too much wine. One of them was overheard by this English woman, who passed him on the street, to say that the fleet would round the Horn and move toward the Falklands. She got a code

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SNIDER'S
FOOD PRODUCTS

A "thirty-six hole day" at the country club

with a jolly snack at noon that sends one on the second round all square with the world.

And how they eat—those tired business men, and how they kid themselves and the waiters, the steward and the suffering house committee.

No wonder most clubs take no risk on catsup—Snider's it must be. The kind of men they cater to know the difference and know the best.

adds zest

Snider's TOMATO CATSUP

CHILI SAUCE • COCKTAIL SAUCE • TOMATO SOUP

Time to Re-tire
Get a FISK

(Continued from Page 100)

message through to the British Admiralty and Lord Fisher sent out the squadron under Sturdee.

Here, and especially in Valparaiso, you find the west-coaster—the name given to the long-established merchant or prospector, but principally the former—in full swing. He forms a unique caste in that when he set up shop on those lower shores of the Pacific he remained. All up and down Peru and Chile you hear these veterans of trade, who include many Yankees, saying, "Next year I'll pull up stakes and go home." But they never leave. The call of the coast is something like the magic lure of China and certain parts of Africa. Once a west-coaster always a west-coaster.

The west-coaster began when his part of South America produced nearly all the major exports, such as sugar, nitrate, guano, copper and wool. It was long before the Latin nations on the Atlantic side struck their productive stride as contributors to world commerce.

While the west-coasters have no definite organization, save as a community of commercial interests, they keep close tab on one another. A sort of informal wireless system gets the personal goods on everybody. One of the first things I heard in the capital of Peru ran like this:

"You can't kiss your wife in Lima, much less some other man's wife, without everyone knowing it in Valparaiso."

The Four Zones of Climate

Variety of race in Chile is almost paralleled by a kindred diversity of climate. This matter of climate is an all-important factor in South America, because it influences the character of the people. The Brazilians, for example, are inclined to be inert because of the intense heat that prevails almost throughout the entire year. The Peruvian languor is also partly due to atmospheric conditions. One reason why the ruling Chilean is such a virile and energetic person is that he lives in what is perhaps the most desirable climate beyond the equator.

First visualize the country. Chile is unlike any other domain in the world in that it is a sort of snake of a land—I mean in physical formation. It trails nearly 3000 miles along the Pacific and is sixteen times greater in length than in width.

There are four separate and distinct zones. The extreme northern section is a desert, but its sterility is rich. This sounds like an Irish bull, but in the arid portion lie the vast nitrate deposits.

The second zone is the heart of the mineral belt and abounds in copper, gold, silver, nickel, lead, iron and magnesium. Here the Andes reach their highest point. The third, which is the middle region, is like our California in that it is the garden spot of the country, yielding a rare profusion of fruits and flowers. There are also ample forest areas, coal mines and other mineral deposits. The extreme southern region, adjacent to the Strait of Magellan, is an immense pasture, where numerous foreigners, including hundreds of Welsh and Scotch, own vast flocks of sheep.

Thus Chile is a land of plenty where Nature, though bleak and forbidding in some regions, lays up stores of almost untold riches in others. It is an admirable domain for the constructive exploiter; but here, as elsewhere throughout this politics-ridden world, there is the usual fly in the ointment.

Until last year, and with the sole exception of the upheaval of 1891, when civil war developed over the dictatorship of President Balmaceda—it resulted in a victory for representative government—Chile was more tranquil than any other South American republic. One reason was that her period of military dictatorship, the inevitable result of the overthrow of Spanish authority in all Latin republics, was of short duration.

Another kind of autocracy succeeded. It was the rule of an oligarchy of wealth and blood, which not only owned the bulk of the land but, as was the case in Peru, also dictated the presidencies. They were invariably aided and abetted by the army and the navy, whose principal officers often came from the upper social circles. You get some idea of the power of this feudal group, for such it has been, when I say that 513 old families own 59.2 per cent of all the farm land in Chile. They comprise the aristocracy. While they have invested money sporadically in industrial enterprises—Agustin Edwards is an example—their power lay in their vast landholding.

Now we come to the crux of the matter. These old families—again you have the parallel with Peru—exploited the *rota*, the mixed breed that comprises the Chilean masses whether in town or country. Though his economic position did not sink to the drab level of the Peruvian Indian or mestizo, he was underpaid and overworked whether in factory or on the farm. Although, because of his fighting Indian ancestry, he is a more aggressive individual than his fellow in Peru, there was no leadership to stir him out of what in some sections amounted to peonage. His exploitation continued.

At this point it may be well to state that in Chile what might be called the middle class is largely formed by the aliens, or the descendants of aliens, who married Chileans. Since their interests were entirely economic, they took the line of least resistance and followed the lead of the old families.

It remained for Arturo Alessandri to break up the old-family presidential trust. The grandson of an Italian diplomat who married into an old Spanish family, a lawyer by profession, a politician by instinct, and in his swift ability to capitalize opportunity a Latinized Lloyd George, he became a candidate for the presidency in 1920. It was the first time that any man of the middle class had aspired openly to this distinction.

Alessandri made his campaign as representative of a coalition of democratic and radical parties. He maintained that the lower classes had been abused; that unionism was essential to the economic well-being of the country, and that the old order was a menace to the rights and privileges of the average man. He advocated old-age pensions, health insurance, the break-up of the big estates—all the arguments that had lifted Lloyd George into his first real eminence back when duke baiting was a favorite sport in England. Like the little Welshman he drove his contentions home with an eloquence not equaled by any other man in public life in South America.

Opposed to Alessandri was Barros Borgono, who belonged to the ancient political oligarchy and who had the support of the conservatives and a few of the liberals. The vote was so close that in the natural course of events the choice of president would have gone to Congress. In deference to public opinion, for the masses were at last stirred, the decision was vested in a special Court of Honor. This body declared Alessandri elected by a majority of exactly one vote. The result was ratified by Congress and amid considerable acclaim the first middle-class president of Chile was inducted into office.

Alessandri's Reform Program

If the smashing of historical precedents had been the only feature of Alessandri's rise to power, Chile would not be in the throes of the economic and political turmoil that rends her now. What happened was that Alessandri, in his desire to be elected, roused dormant forces beyond his power to control. It was one thing to urge radicalism as a sop to win the votes of the downtrodden. It was quite another to keep to the old path of economic order once the sleeping lion was stirred.

Hardly was Alessandri in office before that noble advance agent of unrest and sabotage, the I. W. W.—in Chile it has the high-sounding title of *Trabajadores Industriales de Mundo*—reared its head and a reign of strikes and near-terror began. Alessandri formulated a series of laws that would have set up a whole new system masquerading as legislation, and clapped excessive taxes and other tolls on all corporations operating in Chile. This, of course, affected our extensive interests.

With wide economic unrest came political disorder. In less than three years the president had thirteen different cabinets. The old oligarchy, as well as the army and navy, resented what seemed to be an approaching Bolshevization of the country. The inevitable happened, for the Chilean peso, the standard medium of exchange, which at par is worth twenty-five cents, began to slump, and finally went well below half its normal value. With depreciated currency always comes speculation, and before long the fiscal situation was acute. The old families began to send their liquid funds abroad. Exports of products essential to the national revenue, especially nitrate, slumped.

Alessandri's efforts to get over his radical program were blocked by Congress, where the reactionaries were in control. He did succeed, however, in having the salaries of some of his henchmen increased, and it was this comparatively slight matter that precipitated the grand climax.

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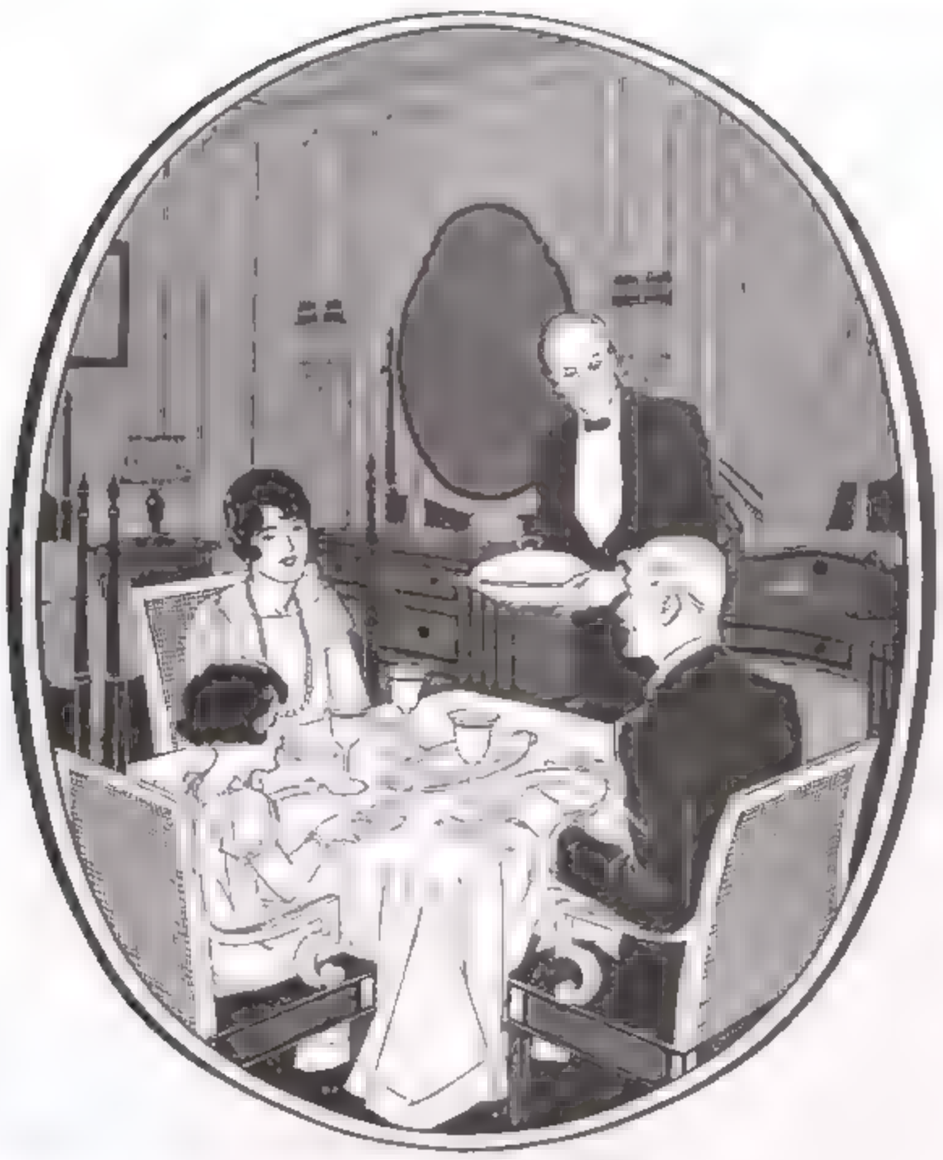

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appeared before Congress and forced it to pass a dozen bills, including an increase in pay for them. This was the signal for a bloodless revolution, in which the navy joined with the army to bring about a new deal.

A *Junta de Gobierno*—Committee of Government—was formed to take over the affairs of government; Congress was dissolved and Alessandri resigned. He fled to the American Embassy and the next day left for Buenos Aires on a special train which flew the Stars and Stripes. Soon afterward he sailed for France, a voluntary exile.

In some respects the Chilean situation was worse than before, because there was really no constitutional government. The army, which had become partly infected with radical views, showed signs of unrest, and mutinies with bloodshed were frequent. The peso continued to drop. Red agitators were getting a firmer grip upon the masses; chaos loomed ahead; something had to be done.

Now came the events which show how full of dramatic contrast is the life of a South American president. Late in January of this year the Committee of Government, which had functioned since Alessandri's departure, was arrested by a small group of army officers aided by several battalions of infantry with machine guns. They seized the palace of the president and instigated a movement for the recall of Alessandri.

The navy was unsympathetic with the movement, the fleet was mobilized, and for a few days civil war lurked around the corner. Through the mediation of Agustin Edwards the two branches of the armed service came to an understanding and conflict was averted. By the agreement entered into, Alessandri was to return and resume the presidency, a new Committee of Government to function in the meanwhile. One important detail was that a Constituent Assembly was to be called to amend the constitution and incorporate into it some of the reforms advocated by Alessandri.

The Return From Exile

The exiled president, who was then in Paris, assented to the program and started home. Fate, operating through the instrumentality of Uncle Sam, played into his hands. As he neared the South American coast the Tacna-Arica decision, a big victory for Chile, was announced. It had peculiar meaning for Alessandri, because he had been one of the first advocates of the protocol which made the President of the United States arbiter in the long dispute. Therefore all Chilean classes temporarily forgot their bitter animosities in the general rejoicing over the national victory.

I had the good fortune to meet Alessandri on the day after he arrived at Buenos Aires. Scarcely four months before, he had left that city, an exile from his own country and almost unnoticed by the Argentine populace. Now he made a triumphant entry to the boom of guns, the cheers of crowds and with the President of Argentina awaiting him at the pier. For two days he was the center of an almost continuous demonstration.

I spent an hour with him at the Chilean Legation, where he was stopping. I had a strong letter of introduction to him from William Miller Collier, our ambassador to Chile, who had succored him in his hour of need. With it I was able to break through the cordon of engagements that hemmed him in.

When Alessandri saw it he said, "This is the best possible credential that you could have."

Personally Alessandri is not at first sight prepossessing. He is of medium height and his face is heavy. Once he begins to talk, however, your whole impression of him changes

Alessandri speaks excellent French, and our conversation was in that language until near the finish, when he suddenly said in English, "Tell me about your magazine." Like Leguia, he has a strong publicity sense He was intensely interested when I told him of the immense circulation of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. In his tardy employment of English he resembled many European and Latin statesmen, who seem to delight in making you struggle through French and then land you in less troubled waters with a knowledge of your own tongue.

Two notable exceptions are Clemenceau and Cardinal Mercier, who not only know English but like to speak it.

Alessandri was so full of the Tacna-Arica decision that it was with great difficulty that I got him to talk about anything else. Concerning it he said:

"President Coolidge's decision is a big step in the direction of world peace. It shows wisdom and statesmanship. The bitter enmity that has existed for forty years between Peru and Chile will now come to an end, and it will not only influence the commercial development of the west coast but have a harmonizing effect throughout South America. It increases the obligation that Chile is under to your country."

When I asked him about the consequences of the radical movement that he had inaugurated, he made this statement:

"It is a great injustice to label me a red. I am not in sympathy with Bolshevism, but I do believe that the masses in Chile have not had what you North Americans call a square deal. They have been oppressed for years. The sole idea animating my reform program was to give the workers and the agricultural laborers a living wage with which to fight the excessive cost of living in Chile. I am determined to put down any effort that aims at the destruction of social or economic peace.

"Chile is a great country with tremendous possibilities. She owes much of the development of her vast mineral resources to United States money and I would be the last person to interfere with the flow of North American capital into our mines and other projects."

Alessandri got a frenzied ovation on his return to Santiago. The reds seized the moment to try to start a revolution, but the president put it down with a strong hand, invoking the military and the constabulary whenever necessary. Failing here, the radicals fomented strikes in all the important industrial and mining centers. At Chuquicamata forty were deported. Evidently Alessandri had pondered in Europe upon the folly of unleashing the wild horses, and especially upon the effect of radicalism on the prosperity of his country.

Chile's Credit

In one sense it was like locking the stable door after the horse had been stolen, because Chile remains unsettled. Strikes continue, the peso is still in the dumps; wages are 300 per cent higher than in 1920, and the cost of living soars.

Alessandri's term will expire this year. At the time I write, which is in mid-June, the indications are that a combination of conservatives and liberals will be made to elect a new president who will lack the emotionalism which has caused such havoc during the past four years.

Fundamentally Chile remains sound. If the virus of spectacular politics can be eradicated, an era of steady advancement is assured. The railroads are prosperous; a larger gold reserve exists than in most other South American republics, and there is a favorable trade balance. Despite all the turmoil, the national credit remains high. Even in times of stress and storm Chile has met her financial obligations abroad. During the revolution of 1891 an important interest payment on European-owned bonds came due. Although the two sides were engaged in bitter strife, they paused long enough to agree on a plan to pay.

The greatest menace to economic solidarity at the moment is the violent fluctuation in exchange. Steps are being taken to apply an antidote. Prof. E. W. Kemmerer,

(Continued on Page 106)

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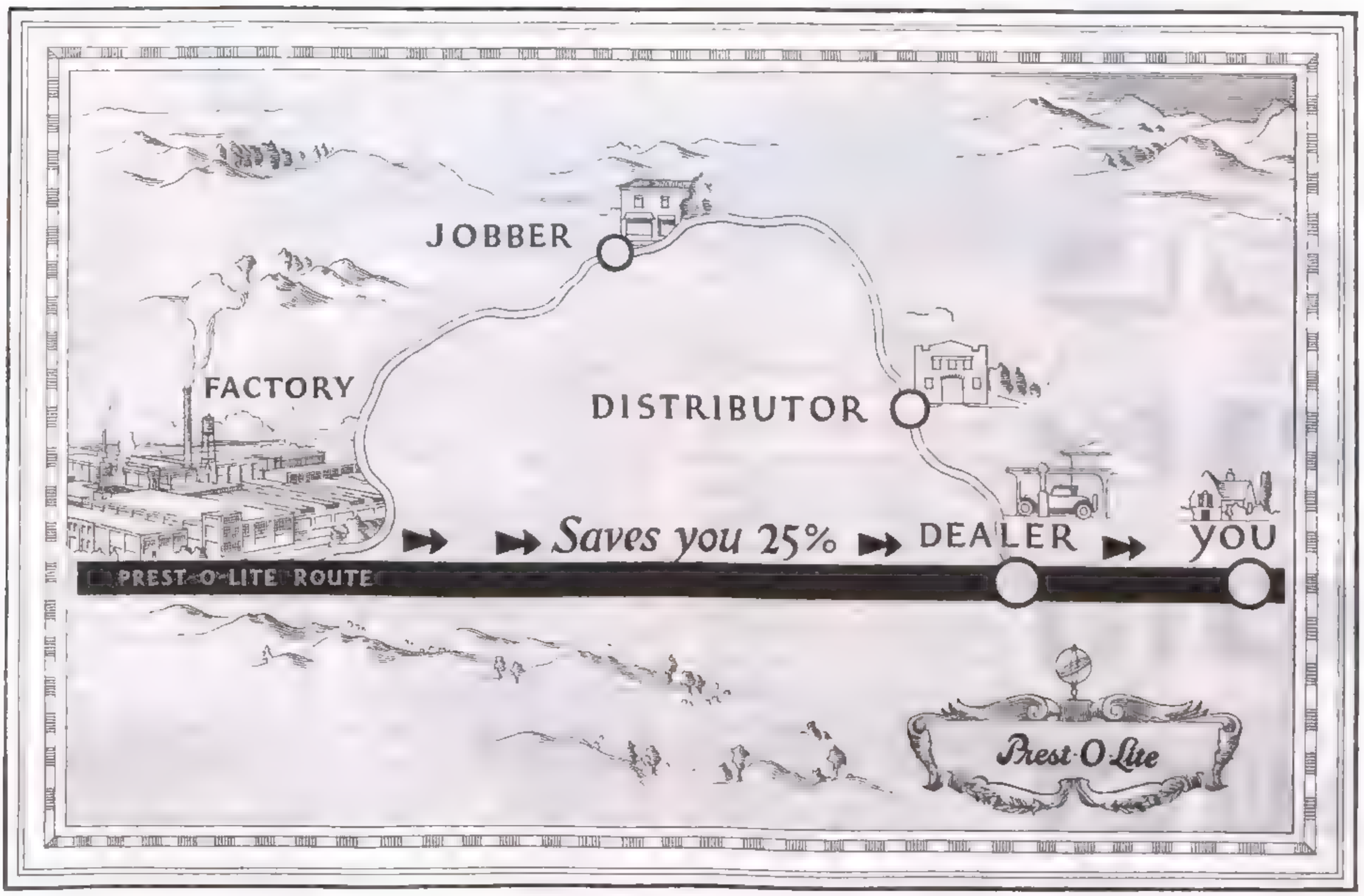

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Dr Scholl's
Foot Comfort Appliances and Remedies

(Continued from Page 104)

of Princeton, one of the foremost North American authorities on government financial administration, is in Chile with a staff of experts investigating the currency, banking, tax and budget systems for the purpose of making recommendations, including the establishment of a central bank, similar to our Federal Reserve Bank, whereby the entire fiscal system of the country may be placed on a stable-and efficient basis. In 1923 Professor Kemmerer reorganized the finances of Colombia.

Chile's crisis is just another illustration of the pernicious intrusion of politics into business. Whether through advocacy of government ownership and kindred panaceas to coddle the masses, or to gratify personal ambition, it invariably clogs the wheels of progress. In South America the politician of the Alessandri type has been responsible for most of the upheaval, including the almost endless revolutions during the past half century. This is notably true in Brazil. Widespread economic stabilization can come only with drastic reform which puts men of practical affairs in power. Thus a president of the Agustin Edwards type would be a godsend for Chile.

The reference to our financial mission brings us to the all-important matter of Yankee influence in Chile. First a glance at trade. I can best illustrate with the figures for 1923, when Chile's total foreign business aggregated $316,000,000, with a visible favorable balance of $75,000,000. Exports increased 60 per cent, while imports gained 38 per cent.

Our Copper Advance in Chile

The United States tops the list of nations figuring in Chile's foreign commerce, our constantly increasing purchases of nitrate and copper enabling us to outdistance all buyers of Chilean products. I have already indicated their extent. After copper and nitrate, the principal exports to us are iron ore and iodine.

Moreover, we are first in exports to the country. In 1923 they reached $31,057,952, while last year they were $31,377,000. This is about 26 per cent of the total. The bulk of the Chilean buying from us is in automobiles, tires and other motor accessories, cotton clothes, mineral oils, lumber, coal, wire, freight cars and locomotives, machinery and structural steel. Our closest rival is Great Britain, with Germany third.

We have put ourselves and our goods over in Chile because, to a greater degree than obtains in Peru, we have taken root. This means that there are no fly-by-night Yankee merchants there. The west-coast caste includes many Yankees. A conspicuous example of our permanency is in the firm of Wessel, Duval & Co., which carries on the business established by Augustus Hemenway 100 years ago. In this permanency of location lies one of the secrets of good will in all overseas trade.

Another reason why our goods are popular in Chile is that we give the people what they want. The Chilean is a much more discriminating business man than the Peruvian. This is due to the strong alien strain in him. It is impossible to work off surplus stock on him. Moreover, competition for orders is becoming so keen in South America that the average buyer gets a lesson in international salesmanship. In other words, the prospect learns all the tricks of trade and becomes a prospector himself.

The really spectacular Yankee exhibits in Chile, however, are the copper mines, where our capital and enterprise have set up thriving communities amid the towering steeps of the Andes. Here you have another element that makes for economic good will in foreign lands, because it means the upbuilding of the country. Nowhere have we dramatized the indomitable spirit of the North American race to a greater or a more constructive extent than in these Yankee-made centers of incessant activity that operate day and night.

The significance of our penetration into Chilean copper mining is threefold. First, it marks the employment of hundreds of millions of dollars overseas. Second, it guarantees a future supply of material for our factories to meet the ever-widening scope of copper fabrication. This is particularly vital, because, according to the best experts, we have only a twenty-year reserve of ore left within the confines of the United States. Third, it clinches our control of a metal indispensable to both war and peace. Thanks to our men and money, Chile has become the second largest copper-producing country in the world. The output last year was 419,710,000 pounds, or one-fourth of our production.

Our copper empire is in three major sections. The largest is at Chuquicamata, in the Atacama Desert, on the western slopes of the great Cordilleras, 165 miles east of Antofagasta. Linked with this in ownership—they are both controlled by the Anaconda Copper Company—is the development at Potrerillos, ninety-two miles back from the port of Chañaral. The remaining one is in the south, at Sewell, sixty miles from Santiago. All are at an altitude of not less than 10,000 feet. The total investment in these undertakings is considerably more than $300,000,000.

To explain our copper advance in Chile in chronological order means that we must begin at Sewell, which was not only the beginning of our vast mining exploitation in the country but marked the advent of the Guggenheims in South America on a big scale.

Previously they had operated gold, silver and lead mines in Bolivia and had a smelter at Antofagasta. With the acquisition of the mine at Sewell in 1908, they became and have remained the most important factor in the mineral development of the republic.

The Guggenheim achievement in South America is not only an illuminating lesson in a faith upon which many millions were staked but it also proves the value of family cohesion. The familiar story told of the head of the famous firm applies so peculiarly to the Chilean performance that it may be rehearsed here briefly. Some years before his death Meyer Guggenheim, the founder, no doubt recalling the old fable, assembled his seven sons. Picking up a match he showed how easily it could be broken. Then he put seven matches together and proved that the task was far more difficult when held together.

Thereupon he said, "Let this be a lesson to you after my death. Always work together. Differences mean costly disruption."

A Mine Upside Down

Meyer Guggenheim had gone the father of the Rothschilds one better, because, when the first of the great line of Jewish bankers was on his deathbed at Frankfort, in Germany, he called his sons together and admonished them to operate as a unit, which they did. A more recent example in theory but not practice was afforded by the late Hugo Stinnes, who laid the same injunction upon his four sons when, at fifty-four, the sands of his strenuous life were ebbing.

The warning uttered by the elder Guggenheim has been heeded ever since, because the firm remained a close family corporation until this year, when John K. MacGowan and A. H. Cappelen Smith were admitted. These two men, and especially the latter, have written their names large in the mining story of Chile.

The reason why I relate the Guggenheim story is that in their mining operations in South America the brothers have acted as one man, often matching their united judgment against the advice of scores of others. When one of them favored a many-millioned extension there was never any friction.

The mine at Sewell, like most others in Chile, had been sporadically worked for many years. It was not until 1905, when William Braden, a North American engineer, acquired the options on the property and organized the Braden Copper Company, that it became a large operation. At that time El Teniente, the Spanish name of the mine, was seventy-two kilometers from the nearest railway station, Rancagua. Braden had to haul all his supplies up the mountain roads in oxcarts, employing nearly 300. He named the camp Sewell after Barton Sewell, who had long been identified with copper mining and smelting interests in the United States.

In 1908 the Guggenheims, with J. P. Morgan & Co. as associates, acquired the Braden Copper Company and turned it over to the Kennecott Copper Corporation, which these interests controlled, and which has dominated Braden ever since. A railroad from Rancagua to Sewell had been started at the time of the purchase. One of the first steps taken by the new owners was to complete it.

I visited Sewell last March, going by rail from Santiago to Rancagua and thence to the camp in a big Detroit-made touring car which ran over the tracks of the private railway line. Sewell is a bustling, well-ordered community of 12,000 souls high up in the Andes. Unlike Cerro de Pasco or Chuquicamata, it is hunched in a single valley. The huge copper deposit—the reserve is 300,000,000 tons of ore—is in an extinct crater.

It is not only the largest underground—it is really overground—copper mine in the world but it has many unique features. The best way to explain the most picturesque detail is to say that it is a mine upside down. This means that to enter it you start at the ground level and are hoisted up to the mine, which is a mountain, while the ore, instead of being lifted up to the surface of the earth, is lowered. The thousands of workers are housed in skyscraper tenements which cling to the mountainsides.

Aerial Mining

In the mine are 125 miles of galleries, out of which 15,000 tons of ore rock are mined every day. There is a monthly output of 7800 tons of copper. Concentrates are sent five miles by aerial tramway to the smelter at Caletones. The power for camp and smelter is generated down at Coya, where the imposing concrete structure, rising in the midst of a real happy valley full of fruit and flowers, is in sharp contrast with its environment. One fact of peculiar interest in connection with Sewell is that it is a dry camp. This Yankee town, for such it is, has its own unofficial Volstead Act.

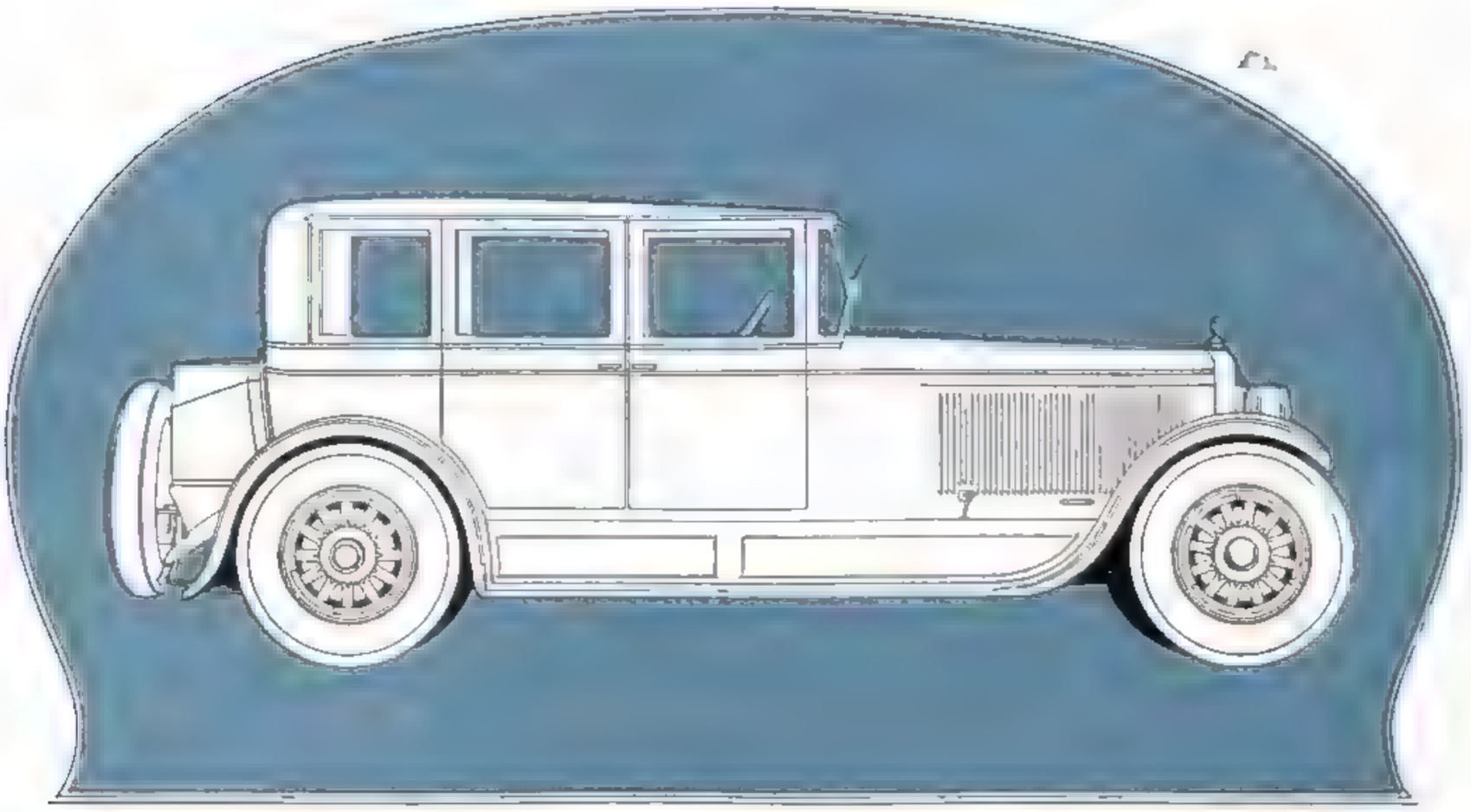
As you proceed with the narrative of our copper interests in Chile you find that each one has a distinctive setting and an ore deposit peculiar to the locality. Where Sewell is hemmed in by grim ranges, Chuquicamata is an open area brilliant with a varied, almost dazzling, coloring that is reminiscent of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, especially at sunset. To use Kipling's phrase, it is a place of "great spaces washed with sun."

The story of Chuquicamata, or Chuqui, as it is more commonly referred to in Chile, is a real romance both in background and achievement. When you see that arid and forbidding region, flanked by brooding peaks, and realize that every aid to industry, and life as well, had to be brought many thousands of miles, you get some idea of the handicaps that have been vanquished. The difficulties of operation deterred extensive exploitation for decades, until Yankee courage solved every problem, not the least of which was the invention of a whole new process for refining the ore.

As was the case with Sewell, the Chuquicamata district, which was formerly in Bolivia, was worked superficially almost from the days of the Incas. After the War of the Pacific, when Bolivia lost Antofagasta and the hinterland, the deposits were opened up, but only the scant high-grade ore was taken out.

In 1911 the attention of the Guggenheims was brought to this area and a staff of engineers, headed by Pope Yeatman, who

Continued on Page 109



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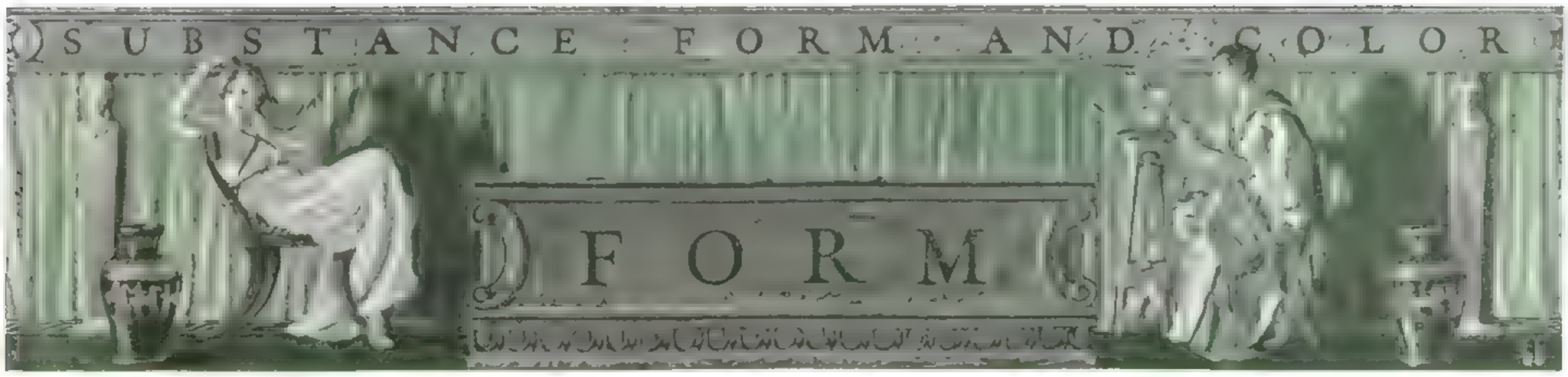

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(Continued from Page 106)

had been a colleague of Cecil Rhodes in Africa, and including A. H. Cappelen Smith, was sent to the spot. Cappelen Smith deserves a paragraph in passing. At the age of nineteen he left his home in Norway, where he had studied engineering, to visit the World's Fair in Chicago. When he landed in New York his only asset was his technical education. In Chicago he got a job as chemist in the Armour plant. Later he went to Anaconda, where in a few years he rose to be electrical superintendent. Among other things he invented the basic converter, which revolutionized copper smelting.

He had been with the Guggenheims only a few years as chief consulting metallurgical engineer when the Chilean opportunity developed.

The Guggenheim engineers discovered that a green mineral which all along had been confounded with atacamite, a product peculiar to the Atacama Desert, in which the region is located, and which had been regarded as useless, was in reality the low-grade copper ore brochantite, now the source of the Chuquicamata output. It exists in such almost limitless quantities—the reserve is 1,000,000,000 tons—as to make it the richest low-grade copper deposit in the world.

The Chuqui Smelting Process

Now we get to the episode which makes Chuqui unique. The low-grade ore—and there were mountains of it all around—could not be smelted in the ordinary way on account of the chlorine in it. Therefore an entirely new process had to be devised. This was accomplished by Cappelen Smith, and a new chapter in the history of copper extraction was the result. Instead of treating the ore by concentration and smelting, as is the usual procedure, it is treated with a diluted solution of sulphuric acid, which dissolves the copper. It is not necessary to go into a detailed explanation of the further technical steps, save to say that it involves leaching and final passage through an electrolytic plant.

Never perhaps in all mining history has there been a more compelling illustration of confidence than was revealed in the acquisition of Chuquicamata. The area was isolated in the Andes, and what was more of a deterrent, the new process for smelting was untried commercially. So great was the faith in Cappelen Smith that at the instigation of Daniel Guggenheim—again you have the family unity—the firm decided to buy the property in 1912. The initial outlay alone was nearly $40,000,000. The Chile Exploration Company, organized to operate the camp, was turned over to the Chile Copper Company.

In 1923 control of Chile Copper was sold to the Anaconda Copper Company for $77,000,000, which was the largest cash transaction known in Wall Street until the Dodge Motor Company changed hands this year. The Guggenheims are still the largest minority stockholders in the company.

No experience of mine in South America was more thrilling or unforgettable in some respects than the five days I spent at Chuquicamata. I left the ship at Tocopilla, where the power plant that runs the mine is located, and made the whole journey by motor, crossing the sun-scorched pampas, with their wealth of nitrate, on the way.

In connection with the construction of the Tocopilla plant is an interesting story which shows how Yankee ingenuity triumphed over wartime obstacles. When the Germans ran amuck in 1914 most of the machinery for the plant was on piers at Hamburg and Bremen or in the holds of German ships on the way south. The problem was to get the essential equipment to Chile. John K. MacGowan went to Europe, and after long negotiations with the Allies made a deal by which the machinery in transit was transferred to Allied bottoms—most of the German craft had been seized or interned—in exchange for copper, which was so essential to the conduct of hostilities. The labor problem in plant construction both at Tocopilla and Chuqui was easy, because, nitrate shipments to Europe having been paralyzed through the activity of German warships, the workers of the pampas were available.

It was night when I reached the camp. From a distance it might have been the great White Way of New York City, for the heavens were aglow with the reflection of thousands of electric lights. In the native section brilliant signs blazed over movie theaters. Shops were a-buzz with people. I felt as if I had arrived in a live community. Nor was I mistaken.

At the time of my visit Chuquicamata was a town of 15,000 people. When the improvements now under way are completed it will have 24,000 persons. All this is due to the copper development. The 400 Yankees there form our biggest colony in Chile outside of Santiago and Valparaiso. With clubs, tennis courts and golf courses, it is a cross section of North America 10,000 feet high and nearly 5000 miles from home. The Fourth of July is always a big day. The altitude is not so oppressive as at Cerro de Pasco.

From Rock to Bar

The mine is all in the open. To view it from an eminence is to get a picture that, save for the modern machinery, might have been painted "with brushes of comet's hair" back in some Titan age. You see a vast mountain-rimmed amphitheater a mile and a half long, a fourth of a mile wide and half a mile deep, in which thousands labor day and night to the boom of high explosives. Thirty electrically driven shovels dip up the brilliant green, red and yellow rock. A ceaseless procession of trains rushes the ore to the reduction plant. From rock to bar of gleaming copper is an endless movement that fascinates.

The last time that I saw open copper mining was at Katanga, in the heart of Africa. That scene, with its naked black savages sweating under the tropical sun, was not so stirring as this drama of action made possible by my own countrymen far up in the fastnesses of the Andes.

At present the output is 240,000,000 pounds of copper a year, but within twelve months it will be double. This Chile copper goes everywhere. Each country has a different color painted on the bar. Blue is the hue for Germany, red for England and yellow for the United States.

One detail in connection with Chuquicamata remains to be pointed out. The pay rolls contain representatives of thirty different nationalities. They range from men in important positions down to the cheapest laborers on the dumps. So many British are included that they have a celebration every Empire Day.

Entirely different in constitution is the third great Yankee copper preserve in the Potrerillos region, which stretches to the borders of Argentina. Where Sewell and Chuquicamata are in full swing as going concerns, this undertaking is in process of development.

It was inaugurated in 1916 by the Andes Copper Mining Company, a subsidiary of the Anaconda. Up to 1925, $20,000,000 had been expended in constructing a fifty-six-mile railway, opening up the mines, and other improvements. With the proceeds of a $40,000,000 bond issue floated this year, smelting and concentrating plants will be erected and the railroad extended. It is expected that the mine will be in complete operation in 1927. It has been a producer for some time, but the ore must be sent to the United States for extraction. The reserves of proved ore at Potrerillos already blocked out are estimated at 137,400,000 tons.

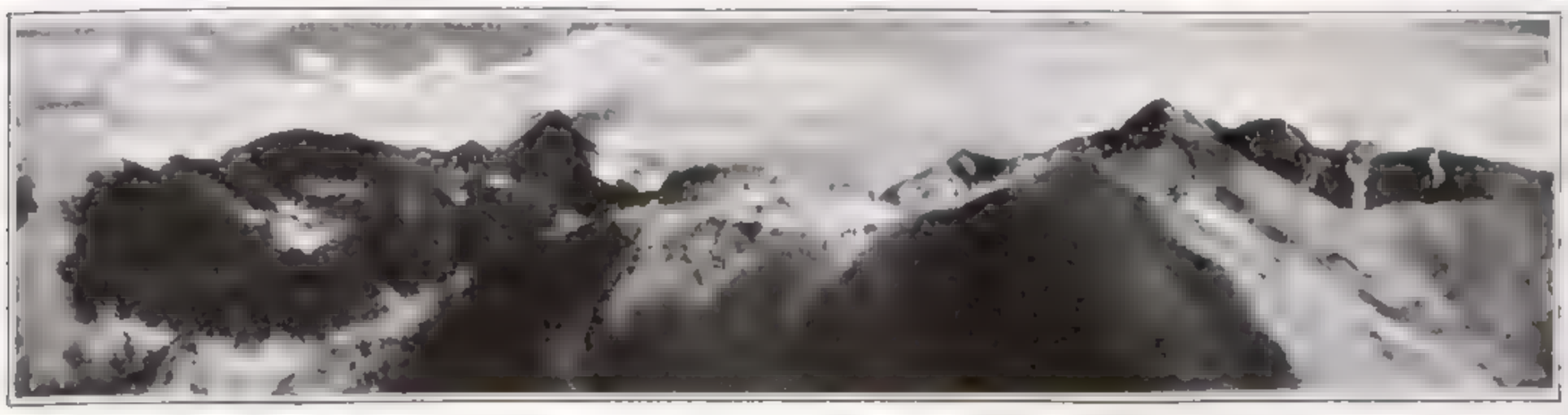
In the Nitrate Field

At this point you may well ask, why have the Guggenheim and the Anaconda interests gone all the way to Chile to get copper? First of all, and because of the steady depletion of our own mines, it was important to guarantee a future supply of the metal. The second reason is that when Anaconda acquired control of Chile Copper the freight rate per ton of copper from Great Falls, Montana, to Chicago was twelve dollars, and to New York $16.50. At the same time the freight rate in effect from Antofagasta to New York was $8.17 and from Antofagasta to Chicago via Baltimore was $11.16. In other words, it cost half as much to ship copper from Chile to New York as from Montana to the same point. The spread between ocean and rail rates is now somewhat smaller.

Copper represents only one phase of our metal-mining activities in Chile. The Bethlehem Steel Corporation owns an iron mountain at Tofo, in the province of Coquimbo, near the port of Cruz Grande. By an ingenious chute system the ore goes straight from the mine into the holds of ships owned by the corporation, which are used as ordinary freighters on the down trip.

Copper and iron constitute only part of our mining activity in Chile. During the past twelve months we have started an undertaking that will make us a vital factor in the most important of all Chilean enterprises—namely, the production of nitrate of soda. Here our penetration is peculiarly significant, because it means that at last we have broken into a field which up to this time has been dominated by Chilean, British and German interests.

Copper can be produced in any one of a dozen or more countries. Not so with nitrate. So far as modern science has been able to discover, the world's supply of nitrate of soda lies in the mountainous regions of Chile and Peru, thousands of feet above sea level, in a climate so entirely without moisture that there is no plant life. The irony of the circumstance is that vegetation is entirely absent from the region



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which produces the element so essential to it. The nitrate zone embraces an area in the north and extends 450 miles from end to end.

Whether fable or not, the story of the discovery of Chilean nitrate is good reading. It is related that many years ago a Scotchman, George Smith by name, who lived at Pica, near Iquique, banked some of his plants with a soil containing a whitish substance which was found in abundance in the near-by desert. Following the application, his garden grew like magic. It was then discovered that nitrate was responsible for the growth, and a process was devised to produce what had been up to that time an unknown commodity. The old chronicles indicate, however, that the Inca farmers, long before Pizarro's advent in Peru, used the raw material—the so-called *caliche*—from which nitrate is extracted.

Whatever the origin, nitrate has become necessary to the pursuits of war and peace. Some 80 per cent of it is employed as fertilizer and the remainder is used in the manufacture of explosives, dyestuffs and other products of the chemical industry. The production has grown from 22,000 tons in 1850 until it now averages 2,000,000 tons a year. During the early years of the war it reached 2,627,597 tons, or what amounted in value to fifty dollars for each one of the 3,753,799 inhabitants of Chile. The United States consumes nearly one-half the total output.

Extracting the Nitrate

The most striking feature in connection with Chilean nitrate is that the entire output is controlled by an organization called the Nitrate Producers Association. It not only fixes the price but allocates the sales. If a New York house, for example, wants to buy 1000 tons, it does not do business with a producing firm, but through the head office of the combine, which is at Valparaiso.

The president, by the way, is George—it is Jorge in Spanish—Jones. I refer to him because, although he bears a 100 per cent Anglo-Saxon name, he is a Chilean. This is due to the extensive intermarriage between foreigners and Chileans, to which I have already referred.

In nitrate, as in any other important endeavor in South America, you not only find the foreign influence strong but uncover stories of self-made success that rank with the best brand of the article in the United States. The rise of Pascual Baburizza will illustrate. Less than thirty years ago he turned up at Antofagasta, having left his home a penniless youth in what is now Jugo-Slavia. His first job was as clerk in a hardware store there. On occasion he had to sweep out the place. Today he is at the head of a group of interests that controls nearly 30 per cent of the nitrate output.

Except for *oficinas*—the name applied to nitrate plants—operated by W. R. Grace & Co. and the Du Ponts, who used most of the material in their Chilean explosives factory, we were without adequate representation in the industry. These two enterprises were tiny compared with the 146 other *oficinas*, which, as I have pointed out, were either Chilean, British or German owned. It means that if we went to war we should be dependent on alien sources for an article indispensable to its conduct.

This year marked the beginning of what may turn out to be a historic era in the nitrate business. Once more the Guggenheims became the pioneers in a big development, and again it was the scientific ingenuity of Cappelen Smith upon which they staked their millions.

Because of the absolute control of the industry by the Nitrate Producers Association, over which the Chilean Government in turn exercises supervision, you cannot hop into Chile, buy land and start an *oficina*. Ordinarily you must acquire a going concern. The Guggenheims therefore bought out the properties and assets of the Anglo-Chilean Nitrate and Railway Company. With reorganization, the name was changed to the Anglo-Chilean Consolidated Nitrate Corporation, which now flies the Stars and Stripes over 100 square miles of pampas in the Tocopilla region. Included in the properties acquired is a railroad with extensive facilities at Tocopilla connecting this port with the nitrate fields which are within a reasonable distance of the mines at Chuquicamata. When I went to Chuqui I visited the recent Guggenheim acquisition.

The real foundation for this latest North American enterprise in Chile, which will represent an investment of $30,000,000 when all extensions are completed, is a new process for extracting nitrate devised by chemists working under the direction of Cappelen Smith. Not only are the nitrate fields where it will be employed practically in the Chuquicamata zone but the process which may revolutionize all nitrate production parallels the leaching operation which put Chuqui on the map.

Up to the present time the Shanks process, as it is known, has been and is used in all *oficinas*. By it the crushed *caliche* is boiled in a brine solution, after which the residue is crystallized in the open air and then sacked for shipment. From 55 to 60 per cent of nitrate is obtained in this way. With the Cappelen Smith procedure the nitrate is treated in a similar brine solution, but at regular atmospheric temperature. The product—from 90 to 95 per cent of the raw material—is recovered by freezing.

The successful commercialization of the new process will be epoch making, and will mean the reconstruction of every other *oficina* in Chile. It naturally follows that it is being watched with intense interest. The Guggenheims are working the plants of the Anglo-Chilean Nitrate and Railway Company until the new installation is completed.

The nitrate business faces serious readjustments as a possible result of the new extraction process and there are besides other complications. One is an excessive export tax; another is more serious. Since the Armistice a large amount of German-made synthetic nitrate—the basis of ammonia—has been put on the market, mainly at home. During the World War all shipments of Chilean nitrate were excluded from Germany, which had been one of the largest consumers. The chemists in the old empire therefore had to devise a substitute, which was manufactured in two factories.

Dependent on Outside Markets

With peace, the output of the substitute was continued. It is still extensively used throughout Germany wherever the genuine product was employed before 1914. This means that as consumers the Germans are practically out of the Chilean market. What has really saved the situation, so far as the South American producer is concerned, is the increase in consumption in the United States. Since the original cost of the German factories was charged off to war expenses, the Teutonic manufacturers are able to sell the synthetic nitrate at a rate considerably lower than the real Chilean thing. To produce it on a scale to meet international demand means the erection of more plants, which, in turn, would raise the price.

The nitrate business reflects the state of Chile herself. Both are in transition. Despite the political and financial unrest, the country remains fundamentally sound. It is extremely doubtful if radicalism will ever be permitted to shake the productive structure.

The reason gets back to that eternal arbiter, which is economic dependence. Very little of either of the two great Chilean products—nitrate and copper—is consumed within the confines of the country. Markets for them must be maintained abroad. It can be done only through a constructive policy at home. Self-preservation therefore will dictate this procedure.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr Marcosson dealing with South America. The next will be devoted to Argentina.

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AS A WOMAN THINKS

(Continued from Page 21)

consult mother, who seemed to be above such trivial considerations. One day when I could bear my anxiety no longer I devoted myself secretly, like an expert accountant, to the business of estimating the worth of our estate and determining once for all the financial standing of my family. Followed such a feat of memory as rarely has been equaled since Adam named all the beasts of the fields at one sitting. I forgot nothing, from father's old army shawl to the thousands of acres of land in the plantation. My scale of valuation was eccentric, but exceedingly gratifying. We were very rich people, I decided, although I doubt if I had ever seen a piece of money at this time. We had servants and land and were really poverty-stricken.

It is a good thing to be born poor with an opulent mind. Fluctuations in market values have less effect upon your strictly private fortune. Wealth is a state of mind which many a rich man misses. I have no idea how long I retained this notion of being an heiress, but I am moved to tears and laughter by the quiet assurance I had, based upon our wealth, to which I never referred. Children are very shrewd about preserving their illusions. They conceal them from the diminishing knowledge of others. I am wondering what might have happened if my young companions had suspected the source of my ease and pride. And what would have been the effect upon me if I had realized how anguishingly poor we were.

After all, it was not such a bad way to grow up—next door to the kingdom of heaven, believing myself to be the heir of a great fortune and descended from great people.

I may have acquired some mettle of the spirit in these purely imaginary circumstances which enabled me to bear with a better grace the vicissitudes of the direst poverty later on, for I have never felt poor. If I had a nickel in the machine drawer, I was doing very well; if my husband had a dollar in his pocket, want and anxiety were comfortably removed.

My first appearance on the stage was during a school commencement about this time. I was in a dialogue composed of little girls who were supposed to impersonate flowers—the rose, the violet, the lily, for example. I was the tulip. When my turn came to tell how it felt and what it meant to be a tulip, I was so deeply moved that I had to be led from the stage in tears. But I had felt the glare of the footlights in my face and craved the opportunity to appear on the stage. My desire was not to show off, but to move the audience. I had the true artistic impulse.

There was a poem written about that time purporting to be the Lament of the Empress Eugénie over the death of her son. The first line of it ran: "Waileth a woman, 'Oh, my God!'" I remember smiting a cheerful commencement audience one night with this thing, delivered in a voice which ranged from soprano to a sobbing whisper, and with gestures of the wildest grief. I suppose the poor empress conducted herself with dignity in her sorrow, but whatever she said or did, she could not have equaled my interpretation of her woe. The performance was received in petrified silence, but I still believe the audience might have cheered if it had not been so startled by the activity of my emotions.

I am probably the only person living who believes that I had histrionic ability of no mean order. But I have never regretted missing the career of a great tragedienne, on account of the well-known perversity and stupidity of audiences. Sometimes they are elegant mobs who slay you by omitting the encore. They are the majority and hold your fate in their hands at every performance. But if you write a book, you are the silent majority. The book keeps going the rounds, speaking your mind, and you are not present when the reader or critic damns it. You are probably writing another book. I prefer the safety and remoteness of authorship, if for no other reason than that one may go on writing no matter how she looks, whether she has a distinguishable waistline or not, long after the tragedy queen has lost her beauty and has been obliged to retire, possibly in straitened circumstances on account of the extravagant habits she acquired during her affluent period in the theatrical profession. Authors rarely are successful enough to develop their spendthrift talents.

I was in and out of school until my seventeenth year. Toward the last I must have had queer teachers, or I may have been a trifle out of drawing myself, for I was permitted to choose the books I studied from father's library. This was an old and honorable one, collected by two generations of leisure-loving men with reading minds. I recited lessons from Plutarch's Lives and Paley's Moral Philosophy. Poor old Paley! It turns out that he was entirely wrong about morals. I doubt now if it makes much difference whose philosophy you study on this subject. Morals change like rules for pronunciation, and are more confusing to learn than a foreign language. When you know the language you know how to speak it, but one never gets a working knowledge of morals until he learns how to compromise them with a good conscience and an upright mind. It is an abstruse subject and requires much experience in honorable living to master it.

Another book I studied was Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered. Why I chose this poem I cannot imagine, but it has left a trail of flaming angels at war, memories of many flashing colors, and a sort of golden cadence in my mind, although I cannot recall a single line. What I do recall, with that mischievous retrospect we sometimes cast back upon our earliest follies, is the way the good little lady teacher used to look when I switched forward to read from this book. She used to turn her head sidewise with that weary air polite people have when they must listen to a bore. I always let her have as many pages of the stuff as she would bear.

The teachers I had must have been amazingly patient with me, but never in the way of discipline. I reeked with learning in those days; I was at the puppy-leg stage of my intellectual development, not steady in my mental wabblings, but ravenous for the bones of other men's thoughts and too much absorbed to practice the pranks of the average young person in school.

I read more Latin than now is required in a college course, but it was only a way I had of making the ancient dust fly through Vergil, Horace and the rest of those orators and poets who lay so safely buried centuries deep in their fame. I doubt if I dealt honestly with the moods and tenses of their verbs. There was some mystery about the dative case which I never tried to fathom. If I derived any benefit from these remarkably free translations, it was the practice I had in the valiant and unscrupulous use of words for translating my own thoughts later on. However it may be for others, this has been for me more difficult than translating the most abstruse Latin sentence. Horace was dead and could not protest; but being alive and exacting, I fared worse at my own hands. To find the right words for an idea that ought to have wings and tail feathers is an art I have never mastered. But if by chance one such thought does rise living and winged, I have an inkling of how the Lord must have felt when the first lark he made rose upon its wings with a song in its throat.

No human has the right to feel so gratified with his own performance, but our real feelings are rarely governed so strictly by modesty as we pretend they are when another man praises us. Modesty is often the hand we throw up to ward off his smashing blow if he should suspect how conceited we are. What I mean is that thoughts really are miracles and it gives you a secret sensation of amazement and joy to get one of the things out of the far reaches of wisdom, disentangled from your past and your hereafter and set down in a few simple words which bequeath it to mankind.

I have done a lot of presumptuous thinking along this line, sneaking around the outer edges of creation, trying to stretch up to sensations not really lawful to know. Sometimes, taking a look above and abroad in a star-blossoming night, I miss the prideful humility of David when he exclaimed, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou has ordained; What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him?"

What I am tempted to wonder is how the Almighty feels when a brand-new star slips out into His infinities and swings obedient forever to the first sun that draws it. And how does He take it when one of these stars He has ordained wabbles in its orbit and shoots off into space until it is dissolved like a dust ball?

I do not suppose it makes much difference. The thing is not wasted, only a trifle more dust to be gathered in passing by the other planets. Some time has elapsed since we have had a certified measurement of the circumference of the earth. Apt as not it is a much larger heavenly body than it used to be, or smaller. We cannot rise far enough above it or scratch deep enough into it to find out much about it, and our thoughts remain as far from His thoughts as the East is from the West, and God still is the name of what we do not know, but must believe to live. Still, I have this hankering after the streaming glories of His mind. I do not care a thing about being a little lower than the angels and crowned with glory. These are competitive values. What I want is the power to think myself into the order and majesty of His peace, so filled with energy and what we call love, which undoubtedly must be the law of the whole thing.

Prophets always look ahead when they prophesy. No man can look behind him and tell what might have happened, because what did happen has obscured the view. I have no idea what kind of mind and life I might have had if I had enjoyed the same religious freedom in my youth that I had in choosing the texts I studied. My guess now is that I should have been a very different person, and not nearly so legible morally.

Still, if I had had more religious liberty during these formative years, I might have escaped that tightening of the conscience into a sense of guilt from which I have suffered most of my life.

I had my first lesson in theology very early—religion is something else. If you have the mind to believe, the Scriptures are singularly clear; but only a student and a scholar can make heads or tails of theology. It is a sort of puzzle the wavering minds of men have made from the Word of God, to the end that sinners have been exalted by a creed, saints burned at the stake for the sake of a doctrine, and thousands obliged to flee from one country to another to save their necks and their liberty of conscience.

Maybe all that was for the best. Certainly, if you give it time, the worst turns out for the best. Personally, I prefer to have descended from those Virginia colonists who came to this country of their own free will, like hardy swashbuckling adventurers. They appear to me to have had more ease of mind, better manners and finer qualities than fighting over doctrines ever imparts. But the Pilgrims, who came to escape religious persecution, were very good people. They were a bit wasp-waisted in their pieties, but they had a sublime courage for enduring hardship. They were the rawboned element essential to the life

(Continued on Page 115)

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Your Dealer Advises

that you always keep a can of *Whiz* Radiator Stop Leak in your car, ready to use at the first sign of a leak. It seals leaks quickly and permanently, prevents the engine overheating with consequent loss of power and other more serious troubles, such as seizure of pistons, scored cylinders, warped valves and cracked water-jackets.

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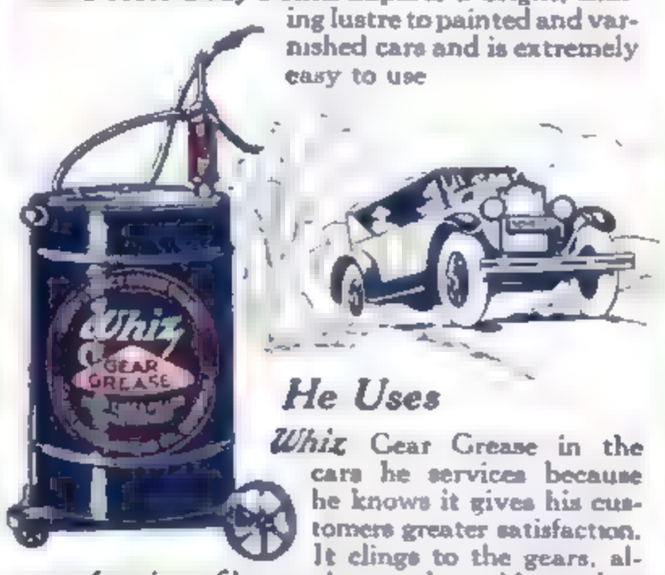

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(Continued from Page 112)

of a new nation in a new hemisphere, and if it had not been for persecution in England they would not have come. This country might have been settled as it is now being gorged by the overflow populations of Europe. Such people never make a civilization. Their instinct is to destroy it. So we must be thankful that enough of the hardiest and bravest were driven out to start life decently here, thus giving us two hundred years in which to mold and harden a civilization needed now to withstand the disasters of Europe.

But these people were encompassed about by the will of God. They were obliged by the everlasting order of things to survive their faults and to acquire the right virtues, as we all must do or perish. So the New England colonists stopped burning witches and modified their blue laws. And the Virginia blades settled down and went to work. But they must have suffered cruelly for the harshness of their beliefs. History proves that the effects of theology differ dangerously from those of religion upon the characters of men. One reduces religion to formulas, doctrines and creeds; the other lifts men by some simple wisdom of the heart to a sort of nobler goodness, kin to God.

Mother belonged to the old order of saints. She was the kind of Christian who would have died at the stake for a doctrine. She believed in infant baptism because this was one of the doctrines of her church, and made haste to have me baptized before I could hold up my head. She not only believed you must be born again, spiritually speaking, but she had her doubts about your conversion if you did not suffer the birth pangs of repentance at least with groanings and tears. I was too young to think a doubt when she instructed me in the doctrine of damnation. Hell was a very literal pit of fire and brimstone, where the wicked burned forever and the worm never dieth.

If she had not included the worm in this picture, I might not have received the reptilian idea of the place, which was particularly abhorrent. One day I met a terrapin in the flower garden. The eyes were red. There were red gills under its neck. I fled shrieking, believing it to be some kind of infernal insect that had crawled out of the pit, still hot and malevolent.

According to my way of thinking, one of the most engaging charms I had as a child was the simplicity with which I lied. I was totally deficient in the arts of deceit, but the slightest moral pressure from mother sent me flying to cover behind a perfectly transparent falsehood. I have known many a man to practice prevarication in his pacifying relations to a woman. They choose this method of childish fiction in dealing with women through some simplicity of their own psychology. And it is the secret which nearly every woman keeps that her experience with her youngest child and her husband are very similar in this matter. But no such thing is characteristic of the pussyfooting feminine mind. We are much smarter in merely twisting the truth than in lying. Maybe I was too young then to have developed the gender of my faculties. My peculiarity was that once I had committed myself to a falsehood I would not confess the truth, nor any part of the truth. Neither prayers nor punishment could move me. My own notion is that this was due to some kind of misdirected self-respect. To this day I have a well-bred horror of confessing.

But mother believed that it was innate depravity and took measures accordingly. One day when I had told a fib and stuck to it, much evidence to the contrary, she took the Bible and read from it that passage which says, "All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone."

I was not the same after that. I had a conscience which humbled me, and a very real fear of the place lurid with flames where the worm dieth not and liars inherit a certain portion. I was the wicked. My sins accompanied me like a still, small tune. I began the hectic life of indulging in sprees of goodness. I would be very industrious or very thoughtful for a day, but I never could hold any high moral note in living. To this day I hate objective righteousness as every true artist hates drudgery. I am not denying that faith without works is dead; but good deeds, even the very virtues by which you are recognized and praised, frequently adorn a Pharisee.

Guilt must be the parent of the moral sense. We are not born with it. We are born innocent and very dangerous. Then slowly, or quite unexpectedly, we receive that first spiritual perception of ourselves: a guilty feeling that weighs us down, never again to be so free, never again to be the same assured heir of all the stars and half brothers to the angels of God. We call it the voice of conscience, but I am telling you it is the sense of guilt, a ticker in your breast warning you of the change in the value of your virtues, recording the loss of one. It is a good thing, but very painful. I think most of the activities we engage in are due to the effort to escape it. One of the salvation promises is that we shall be delivered from it in the world to come. I do not know about that. I have prayed so often to be delivered from my sins and trespasses, it is inconceivable to me that I could develop very virtuously anywhere without them to brace me morally. I believe in eternal life, but I should feel queer, finished and laid aside, without my temptations to worry me onward and upward from within.

Far be it from me to question the goodness of God because evil is present with us! We should never have the honor of choosing righteousness for ourselves without it. Who would be charitable if no one was in need of charity? Who would know how to practice mercy, forgiveness and long-suffering if there were no faults or weakness in others to forgive? And how in heaven shall we be able to use all these virtues so hardly acquired here if there is no occasion to exercise them in heaven? How can we possibly enjoy ourselves where all the other saints are as good as we are and no distinctions made?

We derive more satisfaction than we realize from successful competition with our fellow men in righteousness. I offer no solution; I merely ask these questions of those people who look forward with joy to eternal life without one single familiar thing in prospect to occupy their minds during this infinite stretch of time. As for me, I trust the Lord to make my everlasting life even more interesting than this short one, which has certainly been a feverishly exciting experience. I cannot help hoping there will be a few of the dearer sinners in heaven upon whom one may practice a little encouragement. And I hope there will be tremendous saints also whose attainments far outshine mine, so that I may have the honor of associating with them, as we are proud to be recognized here by great men who have surpassed us in the victories and laurels they have won.

In short, the older I grow the more beautiful and precious life seems to me. The time will come, I know, when there will be nothing else to pray for except life and everlasting life. Give me that and an even break between joys and vicissitudes, the same right I have here to choose goodness, and I would cheerfully risk existence longer than a pious saint could stand with folded wings singing in heaven. But I know very little about this. Maybe I shall be changed when my corruption puts on incorruption, acclimated to all this music and brightness and the high level of perfect goodness. In the meantime, surely the Lord will respect my honesty in clinging to my human feelings, since I am subject to them according to His will.

I do not know how it is, but there is a doctrine which teaches damnation-like consequences in all the churches with which I am familiar, either by election or predestination—terms which distinctly imply the

(Continued on Page 117)

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It lays your gums open to bacterial attack. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and decay.

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that taste like toasted nutmeats, and supply the great adventure of a change in diet

When "nothing tastes good" and ordinary foods fail to entice you, try please, this unique temptation, the most enticing grain food known.

HERE'S the rarest of combinations . . . food that's good for you and that you don't eat for that reason. But that you eat because you love it!

That meets the modern idea in diet. You start by *tempting* the appetite. Which is the right way.

Quaker Puffed Wheat is whole wheat, but whole wheat made enticing.

Think of crunchy, fresh toast. And you'll get an idea of its crispy delights.

Taste rich nutmeats, and they'll suggest its flavor. Why, then, eat less enticing foods which fail in supplying greater value, ounce for ounce, in needed food elements?

Whole wheat—with 25 per cent bran—yet as attractive as a confection

Quaker Puffed Wheat contains vital elements of whole wheat. 25 per cent is bran.

It digests easily, turns to energy quickly. For it is steam puffed. Each delicious grain is eight times the size of an ordinary grain of wheat.

And that process, applied to *two* foods only in all the world, Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice, breaks up every food cell, and makes digestion easy.

It's the "something different," the "something unusual" that you want, breaks the monotony of too-often-served cereals of which you are tiring.

Many ways to serve

Serve with milk or "half and half" or with fresh cream. Try as a bed-time snack that will not impose on a night's rest.

As a special delight, serve with fresh berries or fruit; with bananas, raspberries, blackberries . . . or with cooked fruits.

Give to the children in every way you can as a breakfast enticement, a luncheon supreme, a supper dish beyond compare.

Get Puffed Wheat today at your grocer's. Also Puffed Rice—rice steam puffed like the wheat.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

(Continued from Page 115)

exclusion from salvation of those not elected or predestined. I can find no Scripture in the Bible that justifies these interpretations without giving the passage a theological twist. The Methodist church, which makes such generous provision for salvaging and saving those who fall from grace, is not without blame in this matter. It covers the whole ground for the doctrines of election and predestined damnation or salvation as the case may be, with the doctrine of apostasy. The only difference is that an apostate chooses his own fate and is not predestined to it from the foundation of the world. This is only apparently putting the blame where it belongs. The threat hidden beneath is that the Lord will stand just so much, then His spirit ceases to strive with a man.

When you think about it, this is the worst fate of all. What is to defend a person highly sensitized spiritually from the perpetual fear of being forsaken in his sins?

Mother was the kind of Methodist who could afford to believe without much personal anxiety in this doctrine. She was a truly good woman, with an Old Testament mind. Somewhere along the way she warned me of the danger. She impressed me with the fact that if I hardened my heart the spirit would cease to strive with me. The time came when God abandoned the willful sinner and left him to his fate. I went around with this red-hot coal of fire on my spiritual back for a long time. I acquired habits of thought then that worked havoc with my peace for half a lifetime. I have never entirely escaped the fear that I may turn out to be an apostate after all. It seizes upon me like a malady. I am troubled by the realization that the spirit does not seem to strive with me as it did when I was younger. This is a fearfully lonely feeling, and not rational. But sanity, in my opinion, is an achievement. I have seen very few well-balanced people in my life who were not dunces.

I was finally soundly converted and joined the church. At the time, that experience seemed more miraculous than it does now; I have been born again so many times since. First I had to adjust myself to the heavenly mind. Then I must adjust myself to the ministry of my husband. Finally, after his death, I had to be born again to the world, capable of dealing with it sensibly and honorably. My experience is that this last requires more divine inspiration than being a private Christian protected by all the defenses that marriage and religion raise about a woman's life.

We make reputations long before we suspect that we have any such comet's tail of public opinion attached to us. We leave ridiculous caricatures of ourselves along the way, which illustrated tragedies in our lives at the time. Later we come upon these records and pictures and are rarely pleased. But somebody has kept them for you, and somebody will remind you of them one day when you are sitting on your pinnacle.

I have been painfully reminded of such things, such as the time in my early school days when I wore the wrong little girl's bonnet and came home with boogers in my hair, the frightful ordeal my head passed through, and mother's tears. She was a woman who made mountains of her molehills and then climbed them, dragging me, miserable, after her. I lived a very sensational life with her morally on this account. I remember the almost fainting state of humiliation I fell in on this occasion, because it seemed I was the only child in the whole history of her family that had ever contracted these disgraceful insects. I have also been obliged to recall how I learned to play cards under the schoolhouse, never having seen such things before, nor dreaming that they were the devil's own deck of sins. This business lasted a week, and I cleaned up all the available property of my companions, chiefly slate pencils. Then one of the heaviest losers virtuously betrayed me to my grandfather, a stern old man who knew more than I did about the iniquitous gift of gambling in my immediate family.

There was a terrible scene, and I was obliged to stand beside the marble-top center table in the parlor, lay my hand on the Bible and swear solemnly never to play cards again. I have kept this vow. The little girl who betrayed me is a grandmother now, an exemplary woman who indulges in nothing worse than a social game of bridge.

I might easily have forgotten these and many other diminishing incidents of my childhood but for the fact that they are treasured in the archives of the family with parsimonious care. If you wish to collect complimentary material for a record of yourself, never appeal to your relations. They may be proud of you as an asset to the family name, but they have a gift for remembering your gawky period privately, the follies and faults you committed and have forgotten. You may have come up in the world with a laurel on your brow, but if you go back home forty years later wearing two laurels on your brow, and a noble expression, they will miss the point. What you are only serves to remind them of the little snub-nosed girl you used to be. They are determined to remember that you are dust. No matter how well you conduct yourself, you cannot fix their attention on your virtues or your fame, but they remember how you looked in a long-tailed ruffled basque and full skirt when you were eight years old. Or how you grew up to be very sarcastic, and the impudent thing you said to the preacher who wanted to proselyte you just after you were converted, meaning that the sting of my tongue had not been changed by conversion.

I do not think they mean any harm. They are simply keeping you where you belong in the family no matter where you belong in literature. Still, I would have preferred not to become such a surprise to these people who knew me in the beginning. It does seem queer that none of them suspected the kind of youngster I really was. I could write a very serviceable anthology on family relations; but it is wiser not to do so, because some of them are bound to survive me and have the last word. It would be truthful but misleading.

What I remember about myself during this period is different and more engaging. It seems to me that from being a shy, silent child I became a genial little girl. I remember jumping the rope at school and sharing a playhouse under the trees with another little girl. But these were diversions natural to my age, as a kitten chases its tail when not otherwise occupied. I recall much more distinctly the satisfaction with which I parted from these companions and took the lonely path home across the fields. I had the happier feeling of being very much abroad then, as a bird must have on the wing in a wide space. I remember the habit I had later on of walking in the flower garden late in the evening until mother called me. I am certain that this was a kind of enchantment I practiced, for I have no recollection of thinking anything right or wrong, but only of feeling like a part of everything; not that I could have defined the sensation then.

This habit of walking alone late in the evening has remained with me. Sometimes for years it may be broken by circumstances or inevitable companionships, only to be resumed again with precisely the same somnambulant happiness I had when I was young. As near as I can tell now, it is like resting from being mortal and old and tired. It is like escaping from the weary consciousness of your own life, narrow and familiar and full of thoughts that take hold of you like hands. Maybe it is a little Enoch period I enjoy of not being.

I have spent a good deal of my life beyond the bounds of the times in which we now live. Most people do who read and think without adding the experience as a fact to their consciousness. If life is brief, I shall never know it. I am not really old in years, but it seems to me that I have been living for ages. Much of my youth was passed a long way back in the centuries. I had a

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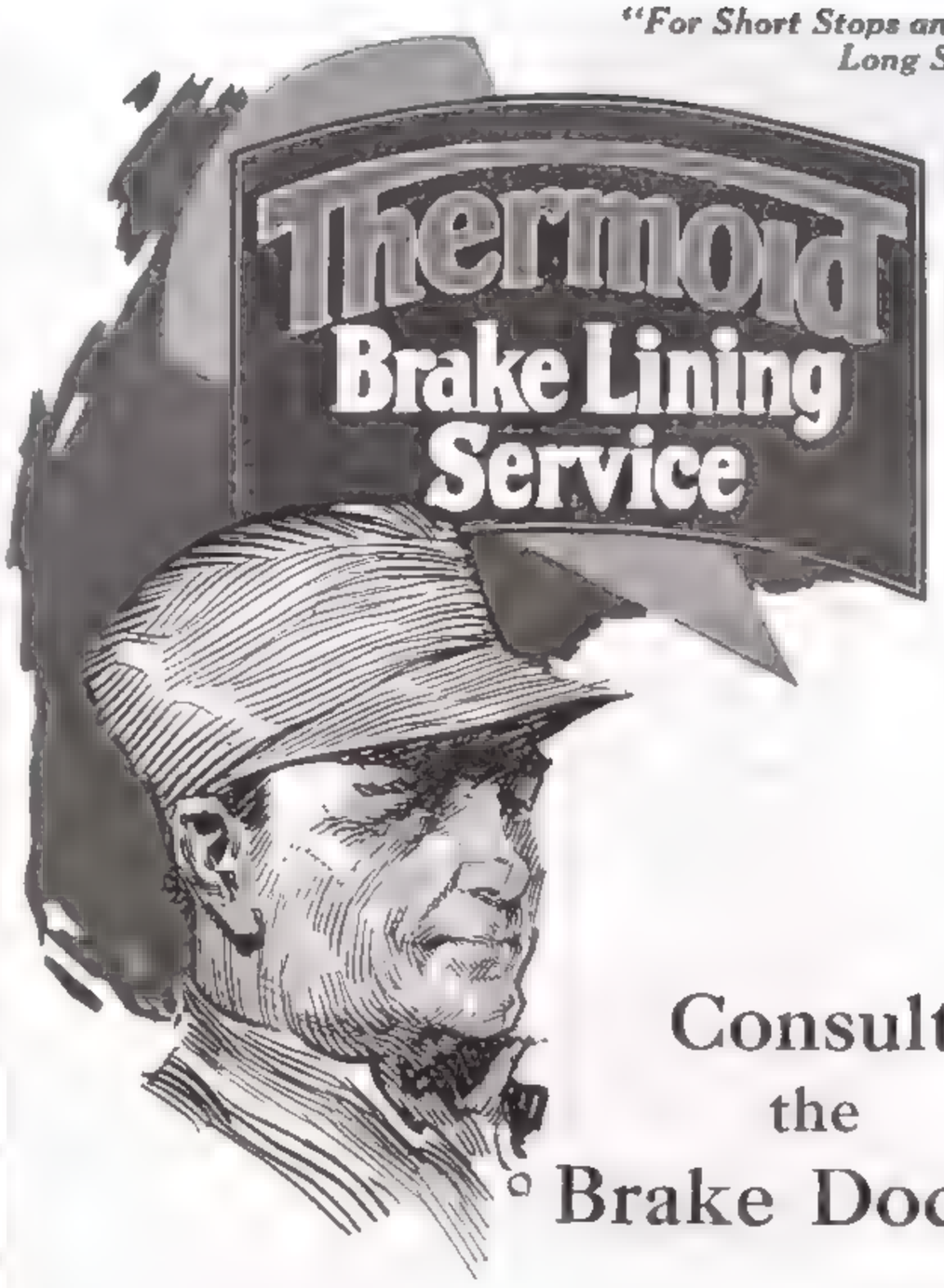

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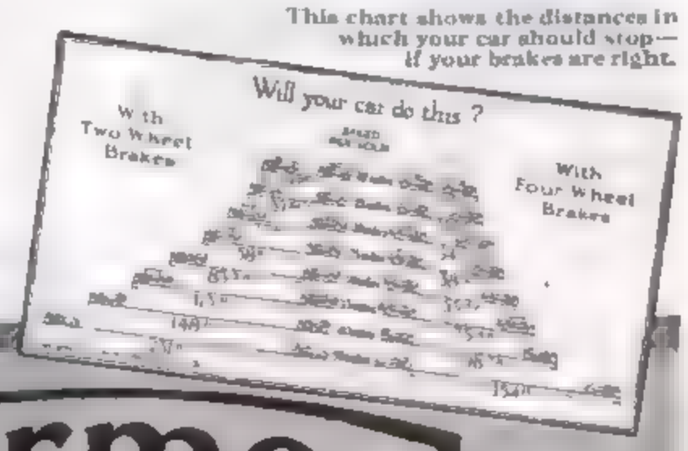

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widely assorted companionship then, reaching all the way back to Genesis. Besides the first and closest relation I acquired with Nature, there were the prophets from the Old Testament; pagans of one sort and another from histories of the Greeks and Romans; heroes chosen from poetry and mythology; ghosts, angels of the covenant, Jesus Christ, with a sort of secret hankering for many of the saints, whose lives had drawn me to them.

These people were amazingly real to me, because I did not know any living people so intimately. The topography of my mind must have been a curious map of ancient lands. Years later, when at last I saw Rome, really it was a disappointment to me; the shattered shell of a great civilization left half buried in the dust of centuries, a frailer, unsubstantial city built into these ruins and filled with little men. No gods on Mount Olympus. I am a Christian, but I did miss the altars and oracles of those fine old deities in Rome! The sunken place where the forum had been, but no signs of Scipio or of Cæsar.

We never shall know how many great men were created by their biographers, but we may infer how insignificant these same men would be twenty centuries later. I do not think Brutus or Mark Antony would cut much of a figure in the Rome I saw. Still, I have a sort of sympathy for Mussolini, not with him. A modern politician giving himself the airs of a Roman tribune. Who knows but he may be the whelp of atavism? Grant him a Plutarch for a biographer and he might shine for centuries to come as a great man. After a while, it all depends on your biographer whether you live in the memories of men or are forgotten along with the rest of us.

The people I knew in those days stalked through the Scriptures, or they had been poets and gifted men, according to their biographers.

I was not conscious of being different from others of my own age; but I must have been, now that I consider what substance my mind was made of, what scenes my imagination dwelt upon—creation, the slow-traveling patriarch of the Scriptures. I was not allowed to read fiction, but I read a translation of the tragedies of Sophocles. To this day I still have a clearer memory of one scene in the Œdipus at Colonus than of anything I have ever seen acted upon the stage. Œdipus, eyes cut out with Jocasta's golden buckle, with bloody cheeks and beard, standing above her dead body, and the halls of the palace filled with wailing women and woe-stricken men.

This is terrible stuff to be laid away in the mind of a young girl. Later I added Prometheus Bound. And after so long a time, out of the memory of such scenes, I found out what tragedy is if you write it—an act of fate which we perform unwillingly or without knowing what we do. Terribly simple, in a bleak place, or in a place of great splendor like a palace; all in the scene, not to be told in many words.

Along with this I read Dean Swift, Sut Lovingood and Byron's poetry. Mother was no great reader. I doubt if she knew of some of the lands through which Gulliver traveled, and my impression is that she thought all poetry was virtuous.

I must have acquired a certain boldness of mind from these various sources in an age when the maiden mind was actually tainted with modesty.

When I was nine years old I remember a certain thing that happened. I was sitting somewhere behind the old-field schoolhouse with three other little girls. We were making wishes and telling our fortunes by pulling the petals from daisies. I made a wish and tried it out by the daisy petals. But I would not tell what it was.

"I know," said one little girl.

"You never could guess," I retorted.

She bent over and whispered "You wished for a husband!"

It turned out that we had all wished for husbands! We were the simplest, most innocent of little creatures, at the doll-mothering, playhouse stage of development, totally ignorant of love and lovers. But we felt the need of husbands, as, I suppose, the Eastern Hemisphere might have longed for the Western Hemisphere to make the world complete. We felt incomplete.

The florescence of nature came to me as it does to all youth, unbeknowingly. What I remember about that is the quantities of romantic poetry I consumed, practicing at the same time a very strong virginal antagonism toward young men.

At last love and the lover did come to me. I have written all the experience out in another place, and of my marriage at the age of seventeen.

Love does something to the mind. But it is something that you cannot use so long as it lasts as a vital part of your experience. During the first ten years of my married life it seemed to close the intellectual pores of my mind. I lived according to that definition of faith which says it is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." I passed through many joys, poverty, fear and great tribulations according to that ritual of one sentence. I did not think in the terms of ideas, but only in the terms of love. I was guided entirely by my husband's mind, which was one you may say literally stricken by the Holy Spirit. He was a preacher and made only one use of his mind, that of finding God and teaching sinners the way of salvation.

This was not, as you may suppose, a drab and monotonous existence, but one filled with strange and lofty experiences.

I was destined to discover that mother's ideas of religion were coldly platonic as compared with the passionate fervor of my circuit rider in his devotion to God. Mother believed in behaving yourself and keeping the Commandments and walking according to the ordinances of the church to which she belonged. He believed in literally living the life of Jesus Christ—and could not do it. This brought on the struggle that lasted for him more than twenty years. I tried to keep up with him. The first time he fasted and prayed all day after we were married, I fasted also, but could not pray that long. Protracted prayers are a mystery to me. I can simply fall upon my knees and let that be a prayer any time. What is the good of words to God? They are symbols we use to one another because we neither know nor are known to one another as He knows us.

This was the last time I ever fasted, because at the end of the day I was exhausted, nervous and in no Christian mood.

I cannot tell in years how long it took me to do it, but I finally adjusted myself about my husband like a small protesting world and so stood the siege. Love held us as close together as if we had one heart in common. But I do not remember that we ever had the same mind about anything. The point at last with me was to get mine disentangled from the bondage of his brave, beautiful but impractical religious beliefs. I never succeeded. All these years after his death I am still more conscious of the truth that led him than of my own right mind. I am still beholden to his God; I have never got round to serving my own God with a free mind and a comfortable, cheerful spirit. I must fall into a state of anguish once in so often, make sacrifices that do not ease the pain, and go about wondering where the witness of my spirit is. I have the feeling sometimes that at last I may be dragged through the gates of heaven, spent, woeful and humble, by the very power of his spirit; that I shall not stride in with my hat on and my head up, bearing a good conscience with me in token of a well-spent life.

If you have been born in the twentieth century and have a good deal of human dust sticking to your soul, if you really love the world, remembering that God made it and blessed it, as others think they love only heaven; if you like human beings, good and bad, better than you do saints—it is a queer feeling to know that you are forever involved in a medieval religion of asceticism, sacrifice and sufferings.

By this time it is my very nature to work up hardships and great spiritual struggles for myself which only involve me deeper and higher in the will of my husband's God—all the time remembering the child I used to be, so sure of a kinder God, so peacefully at home beneath His kind heavens. It is a queer situation which will end very creditably, I suppose, with my funeral.

TO BE CONTINUED

Surfriders at Waikiki Beach, Honolulu

"Oh, ye'll take the High Road and I'll take the Low Road!"

REMEMBER the old song about the High Road and the Low Road and the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond? In the days when that song was new, women had but little choice as to which road they would take. Most of them followed the Low Road through a country bounded by the back fence and the front walk, and in this land of pots and pans, all the milestones were broomsticks.

But today, women travel the High Road of broader interests and a richer life. They have time to develop their personalities, to retain their charm. They are companions to their children, with whom they live on terms of sympathy and understanding. And their husbands find them mentally alert, well-informed, able to discuss other matters than the butcher bill and the price of eggs.

How have they found time for the Things of Today, and yet been able to attend also to the Things of Yesterday? The neat motor trucks that travel the High Road, calling for the family washing, give one answer to that question. From mansion and bungalow alike they have taken that ancient chore—washday In return, they deliver a new day a week for life instead of mere existence. No wonder the woman who uses the laundry continues to find youth reflected in her mirror when the calendar is pointing toward the Chaperon Age.

You travel the High Road—of course—but do you use the modern laundry? It offers services to fit every family's needs and every family's budget. All-ironed services; partially ironed services; services in which the clothes are returned damp for ironing at home—you have all these to choose from.

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Standard 6 lbs. Weight

THE CORD-SET

The Cord-Set furnished with Simplex Irons fits all makes of electric appliances. The complete Cord-Set—all-steel unbreakable plug with [illegible] feet of Simplex heater cord and [illegible] and pay the postman when the Cord-Set arrives.

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Name —
Address
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"Cross out article not wanted

Cook on a Simplex Electric Range ~ quick, clean, safe, cheaper

QUALITY FOLKS

(Continued from Page 11)

newly rich to spend money; but the other is even more significant. It lay in the thwarted desire of Americans for splendid surroundings and colorful trappings. In Europe, any country with a court and a nobility gave its people a natural outlet for this instinct. In time we were to find national expression for it, but during that era after the Civil War there was little that appealed to the senses in ordinary life.

An æsthetic English traveler in the United States in 1882 declared that he found "no trappings, no pageants, and no gorgeous ceremonies. Only two processions—one the fire brigade preceded by the police, the other the police preceded by the fire brigade."

The same instinct which causes Americans in London today to flock to Buckingham Palace in order to see the changing of the magnificent royal guards, caused them fifty years ago, when they had much less at home that catered to their desire for the picturesque, to admire gold plate, large numbers of liveried servants, dinner tables loaded with costly orchids and ballroom walls covered by banks of splendid American Beauty roses. In short, the individual host attempted to supply what the ordinary surroundings of a democracy did not furnish.

This coveted background of splendor, as contrasted with the former standard of comfort, could not be forthcoming, however, in all the houses of even the small group which then constituted society. It required wealth to produce it. And so money began to assume social power, at first imperceptibly, then gradually increasing until it ended by destroying the very goose that had laid the golden egg of exclusiveness. Or perhaps it is fairer to say that society, in discarding simplicity, paved the way for its own extinction.

Money as such can only become a social power if it is able to buy what the people in the so-called best society want.

The Social Power of Wealth

In a certain Eastern city a sensationally rich family appeared many years ago and made every effort to ingratiate themselves with the rather small set which then dominated social life. They met with little success at first, because their equipment was exclusively financial, and in this particular group money was deemed less important than manners. To the amazement of everyone, however, the newcomers finally rode into recognition on the shoulders of a powerful young woman hitherto noted for her exclusiveness. She was then the most influential leader of the group who controlled the social destinies of the city, and was well fitted by breeding and ability to carry out anything she undertook.

A blunt friend said to her one day, "What in the world made you take up with those people? You know they are vulgar and impossible."

"Yes, they are," admitted this unusually cultivated woman; "but I love to go to their house. They live with real magnificence. Many of the well-bred people I know are not rich, and even those who are, are too dignified and restrained to spend their money the way these people do. They have no restraints, and the result is a sort of barbaric splendor which I enjoy."

The same idea was expressed by another woman of long experience in the social game.

"If you want to know how So-and-So, the new millionaire, got into society," she declared, "it is not very important to know what he did. The thing worth studying is what the leaders of society wanted at the time he launched his campaign."

In a few communities of America, money could not, even in the age of expenditure, buy what the representatives of the old order wanted. For they wanted, primarily, congenial companionship, and the requisite qualifications were a matter of hereditary and individual fitness. Mere possession of great wealth did not insure it. As a result of this maintenance of their own standards, these communities, usually in our Southern states, stand intact today. To many outsiders they appear quaint anachronisms. But in the majority of places, fortunately for the newly rich, people did want what money could buy.

"The great flutter in the New York fashionable world in the winter of 1884–85 was a grand entertainment embracing all the features of a London ball," one participant recorded.

His chief source of delight seemed to lie in the addition built by the host to his large house, to be used only for one night, large enough to include a thousand to twelve hundred guests. The decorations were superb, and the lavish disregard of cost apparently gave the guests a genuine thrill of pleasure.

The social power of wealth was not limited to its natural magnetism, however; it was aided by various ingenious devices.

Accepted for Sterling Qualities

One man of great wealth in a city of second size tried for years to gain admission for himself and his family into the rigidly exclusive association which controlled the social life of that community. They were not admitted; year after year went by; his daughters began to grow up and he felt he could no longer tolerate their exclusion. At last he called together three or four men who were known to be on the nominating committee of the all-powerful association. With each one of them he had affiliations of a business nature, although up to this time they had had no social connections.

"Gentlemen," he began, when they were seated in his office, "you all know something of my financial holdings in this city. I will not mince words. You also know that although I am able to exert a good deal of power financially, I do not exist socially. Now I do not find this suitable. One of two things must now happen. Either, when the next ball given by the —— is held, my family receive invitations, or I shall withdraw every cent of money I hold in every single company and bank in this city, and I shall take it to some more grateful community. That is all. Good day."

At the next ball he and his entire family were present. In answer to protests from various sources, the committee declared, of course, that they had only invited him because of his sterling qualities, and they used the noncommittal phrase, "rough diamond," in defending their action. By the time the true story of the procedure leaked out, he was completely launched. That was many years ago. In fact today the children of the very daughters who benefited from his stand-and-deliver method are so conscious of their social superiority that they complain bitterly when any of the nouveaux riches attempt to gain admission to their set.

This same cycle has occurred in varying forms in almost every city of America. The story of the larger community becomes in time the story of the smaller, and no scion of the oldest Virginia family can regard his position with more seriousness than a descendant of one of the founders of a fifty-year-old town in the Middle West. It is only a matter of degree, after all; and in a newly settled community to have been prominent for two generations may carry just as much distinction as a record of seven in an older one. Moreover, the penetration of the newly rich who have no other qualification for leadership may be felt even more poignantly in places where, as the phrase goes, everybody knows everybody else.

It is essential to distinguish between the hypocritical and the justifiable attitude toward the invasion of wealth, however. In Boston, New York, Chicago, and in fact in all our cities and towns except certain ones of the South, the arbiters of the most exclusive groups today have been enabled to hold this power through several generations because of the commercial enterprise of some member of their family at some time. These early fortunes were made through shipping, trading, speculation in city real estate, persuading Indians to exchange vast tracts of land for firearms, whisky or baubles, as well as in railroading, banking and manufacturing. But it is laughable to see the descendant of some shrewd dealer in furs turning up his nose at a newcomer solely on the ground that he has just made his money in wholesale groceries.

People, whether in society or not, may decide against association with certain mushroom millionaires on quite other grounds. Without pretending that commercialism carries a taint unknown to their own family, they may assert that the possession of wealth for several generations enables a family to acquire tastes and points of view which materially differ from those of the average self-made man.

Some years ago someone asked a delightful man of more than middle age why he had turned his courtly back upon society.

"When I was much younger," he said, "I was very fond of society, and it has been a real deprivation to me to give it up. But in the days when I enjoyed going out, society consisted by and large of an association of like-minded people. Even in the large cities, people who made up society had very much the same tastes and knowledge, because their backgrounds were the same. But when they began admitting great numbers of the newly rich who did not talk the same language, I found that my enjoyment decreased. Among well-bred people there is so much that need not be said, that can be taken for granted. Conversation is so much easier with them. It required too much effort for me to adapt myself to the newcomers, and they could not adapt themselves to me. And so," he concluded with a smile, "of course they won out."

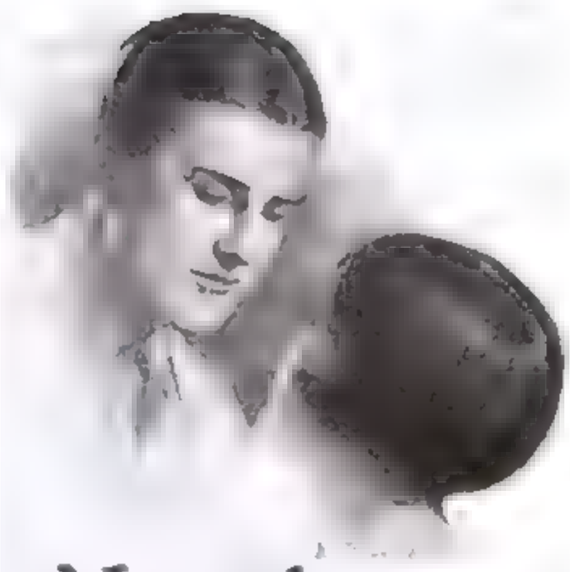
His complaint may be heard not only in almost all American cities but also in many capitals of Europe. For although to most foreigners the claims of some of our communities to continuity of family distinction seems out of keeping with a democracy, nevertheless our society up to the twentieth century has followed in condensed form the rough outlines of European society.

Parvenus of the Past

A Roman of noble birth will claim descent from some great leader of two thousand years ago. An Englishman will easily go back to find his family name in the Domesday Book. A New Englander is usually satisfied if his ancestry can be traced to the Mayflower, and a New Yorker talks of the original patroons. But in a great many cases the founders of these illustrious families seized their power and paved the way for the perpetuation of it by methods strangely akin to those of the modern Napoleons of finance. A combination of superior vigor and great sagacity has produced many leaders. In other cases supremacy has been established by such shrewdness and cunning in getting the better of their neighbors or in acting as middlemen that it might be labeled piracy if the passage of time had not added luster to unpleasant facts.

Whatever may be said about the origin of a family's fortune, however, society is apt to be more concerned about the way in which it was used.

The splendid medieval castles of Italy, and the superb country places of the English which have descended through many generations, stand as symbols not only of power and a requisite amount of money but also of great taste and love of beauty. Each age, however, in Europe as well as in



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Brownbilt models are distinctive examples of the styles worn by men and women of good taste.

Well informed shoe men *know* the high value of Buster Brown Shoes for boys and girls and Brownbilt Shoes for Men and Women, and, therefore, you will find them in the better shoe stores.

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America, has had its parvenus who have been looked down upon by their contemporaries and in time reverenced by their descendants.

These very descendants are often the people who today protest the most vigorously against their contemporary parvenus. In Europe, the successful adventurer as well as the favored of the court was often rewarded not only materially but was granted a dignified title. The same process is carried on today, except that in most cases the man of self-made wealth is quite satisfied to accept the impressive title as full reward. It is inevitable that these turns of the wheel of fortune should go on always, for society by its very nature must be eternally reenforced by new blood and new wealth.

"The important question is, Who is going to assume leadership of society?" said the American who had withdrawn from it. "I admit that even in the old days in the most exclusive circles one or two newcomers were always able to gain admittance. But the balance of power was then held by people of established position."

An Englishwoman of a distinguished family said almost the same thing regarding smart London society of today:

"My sort are so overshadowed by the newcomers that we no longer have any interest in it. We have resigned not only leadership but even, in many cases, participation."

And an Italian duchess, looking around the ballroom of a beautiful old palace in Rome, declared:

"It is very sad to find so few faces that one knows and so very many that one does not know. But unfortunately so many of our most charming and sympathetic people no longer feel inclined toward society. They themselves cannot afford to entertain and many do not care always to accept hospitality without returning it. Moreover," she added, "the character of society has changed so much since the old leaders dropped out that one is not always sorry to withdraw from it."

The mere phrase, "leaders of society," has become almost obsolete in America. It once carried great potency; so much so in fact that it represented the height of ambition to great numbers of people. Ambitious mothers who coached and drilled their daughters for a successful debut in the golden age usually spoke of a successful marriage, the earlier the better, as an essential step in gaining this prized leadership.

Success in the Marriage Market

A great many well-born but impecunious girls married men of wealth who were very much older than themselves, presumably with this goal in view. It was such an ordinary occurrence in fact that it aroused the unfavorable comment of certain European critics.

A story printed in a humorous paper toward the end of the nineteenth century was said to typify the attitude of the parent toward marriages of this sort.

"Mamma, I have engaged myself to marry Mr. Brown," said a young girl of eighteen.

"Mr. Brown indeed!" exclaimed her mother indignantly. "Why, he has no prospects at all—unless his old grandfather should die and leave him his fortune."

"But it is the grandfather I am going to marry!" the girl declared.

"Oh, my darling!" cried the mother rapturously. "How splendid!"

Elaborate campaigns were sometimes planned in order to give daughter an opportunity of meeting men of sufficient wealth. If the girl came from a place where her chances were not favorable, the fond parent would reconnoiter and attempt to discover the most promising territory. Very often this proved to be a summer in Newport. Potential husbands of great fortune were said to flock there from New York and also from the West.

The story of one family's maneuvers is vouched for by a contemporary of the daughter. In the city of the South where they grew up many prominent families lacked wealth; but these people, well born and charming as they were, were, nevertheless, characterized as desperately poor. Their daughter was extraordinarily pretty, and when she came out, it was with the declared intention of making a good match. Her first season passed, however, without bringing a *bon parti*. During the second winter her mother grew frantic. When spring came she determined to get her to Newport for that summer willy-nilly. The one thing that stood in her way was lack of money. In those days Newport was not expensive compared to the present time, but it was beyond their slender resources, as were the necessary clothes to set off the girl's beauty.

"So important did it seem, however, to give the girl this final chance that they decided to risk everything on the gamble," said their friend of years ago. "They sold some of the old silver which had been in their family for years, and the mother sold her jewelry; but even then they were not able to scrape together enough. So they sold their piano.

"Before their summer at Newport was finished, the daughter became engaged to a man of large fortune. The money had come from a not too highly regarded trade, to be sure, but the family felt fully justified for all their sacrifices. The piano had been well invested."

Prestige From Foreign Lands

Another method of gaining social position, which is still used extensively, consisted of the daughter of a new millionaire marrying a titled European. In almost every one of the sensationally rich families which sprang up after the Civil War at least one girl annexed a foreign title. Needless to say, in almost all cases it proved of great social benefit to her family, who shone in reflected glory.

"Instead of being known as 'that rascally multimillionaire' or 'that old pirate,' the founders of these great fortunes could now be referred to more impressively as 'the father of the Duchess of ——' or 'the grandfather of the little Prince ——'" said an old lady of long residence in New York. "When the titled couple came home for a visit, a great many more doors of the socially elect were opened to the family than had ever before acknowledged their existence."

It was stated early in the present century that about two hundred and twenty million dollars had been sent to Europe with American girls who had married titled foreigners. It would be amusing to try to estimate what proportion of this amount was spent in an attempt to gain social recognition for their families who remained at home.

The privilege of entertaining distinguished Europeans was one for which the socially ambitious vied then as they do today.

An amusing story which illustrates the prestige such hospitality might carry is told of an enterprising American who learned that the sons of a duke and an earl were coming to the United States for a visit. He used his advance information to invite the young Englishmen, whom he had previously met, to stay with him at his estate. After their acceptance was assured, he made elaborate and thoughtful preparations for their entertainment. Among other innovations, he procured with great pains the exact kind of portable bathtubs to which his visitors were accustomed at home.

During all of his planning, however, he was careful not to let it become known that the much-sought-after foreigners were to be his guests.

He even kept silent while other people more secure in their position planned to be their hosts. He was especially triumphant when he learned of the similar hopes of an Englishman of social distinction residing here, who had persistently failed to extend recognition to the American.

(Continued on Page 125)

The comforts of home—*at 60 miles an hour*

IT was not so many years ago that leaving a comfortable home to racket across the country in one of the old so-called sleeping cars was civilized man's most doubtful pleasure.

The brakeman made up the bunks, if he had time, and could usually supply a basin and bucket for those who insisted on washing. Dining accommodations were introduced as a glorious novelty some time after the Civil War.

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De Luxe Coupe	1995

(Continued from Page 122)

The coup came off as he had planned. To the surprise of many and the mortification of others, the distinguished visitors arrived as his guests. Needless to say, their host at once loomed large on the social horizon. He became in fact a person of vital importance, for only through him could access be gained to the visitors. The capitulation of the hitherto aloof Englishman was complete. He came up to this man whom he had always ignored and held out his hand.

"My dear boy," he began, "I was in love with your mother thirty years ago; you are her image; carry me to your noble guests."

In certain cities the smart self-assured set was known in these days as the Brass Band. Their extravagant and sometimes scandalous behavior was the subject of much gossip and conjecture. Every community, large and small, had a set of this sort. But behind them there was a group, much less sensational, but carrying correspondingly more weight even in the realm of society. As the encroachments of the blatantly rich increased, these more conservative people, whose prestige had been based upon continuity of standards, retreated from the arena.

When they did appear, however, to give a ball for a debutante daughter, or to issue invitations for occasional dinners of dignified splendor, it became plain to whom social allegiance was due. No one was quicker to seize upon the value of their unobtrusive elegance than the newcomer or the outsider. Very often in fact the arriving millionaire strove with all his ingenuity to marry into one of these old families. The records show that a good many of them succeeded.

In addition to this group, sometimes forming a part of it, there were delightful coteries of cultivated and charming people who gave and received hospitality for the singular reason that they enjoyed one another. Their dinner tables were rarely decorated with miniature lakes or banks of orchids at fabulous prices; most of their members kept no footmen; the newly rich might have complained that terrapin and champagne were usually lacking from their menus—but they themselves were not aware of these omissions.

An Aristocracy of Achievement

In one of the houses, for instance, where such sparkling and excellent conversation took place that sometimes the most noted people not only in America but of Europe were apt to stay until long past midnight, though they had dined very early, at times only one servant of all work was kept.

To be sure, the house was small; but with a large family of children, it must have required a great deal of personal effort on the part of the hostess. Nevertheless they not only entertained a great deal but, as she was always to be found at home during the late hours of the afternoon, their tiny house became a center for some of the most interesting creative and appreciative people of the golden 80's.

Someone asked this distinguished hostess one day why she had given up painting, for which she had shown unusual talent before marriage. In her answer undoubtedly lay the reason for the magnetic quality of her household.

"I weighed the question pretty carefully," she said, "and I finally concluded that, although I might be able to achieve something through my pictures, it would have to be at the expense of my contacts with my friends. So I have deliberately put it aside, and I have been more than rewarded. I really believe that leisure is the greatest thing I have to give people."

In her house, as well as in other meeting places of people of similar tastes and backgrounds, the chief qualification for admission lay in what the individual could contribute.

"If there was any exclusion," said one who had enjoyed the privileges of membership, "it was based upon quite different lines than that of the four hundred guests of Mrs. Astor's famous ball. Money and social position were not of much consequence to us; ours was the aristocracy of achievement."

In this phrase is embodied the foundation for the society, still in the process of formation, which will be indigenous to America.

Toward the end of the nineteenth century Henry James declared, "What one sees on a Newport piazza is not America; it is the back of Europe."

And a little later an observant Englishman who traveled widely in the United States expanded this idea:

"The American society typified by the Four Hundred of New York is of mushroom growth even according to American standards. It is entirely at variance with the spirit of the country and contradictory of its political system. It is almost solely conditioned by wealth."

Our New Society Pattern

He related, apropos of this contention, a story then current, which he seems to have firmly believed, about a fashionable young matron of New York. She declared one day, "Society is getting so large that one must really draw the line somewhere. After this I shall visit and invite only those who have more than five million."

The visitor felt it necessary to add, "This sort of society sets no authoritative standard of taste. It has no national basis."

He believed that the characteristic of the typical American society lay in the ability of every individual to achieve, ultimately, his proper social niche.

"There are people who will complain that they are really fitted for a certain group and yet that they are excluded from it," he said in substance. "But this is not really the case. Practically none are shut off from their really harmonious *milieu*. In America, in comparison with Europe, the individual particle is much more ready to filtrate up or down to its proper level."

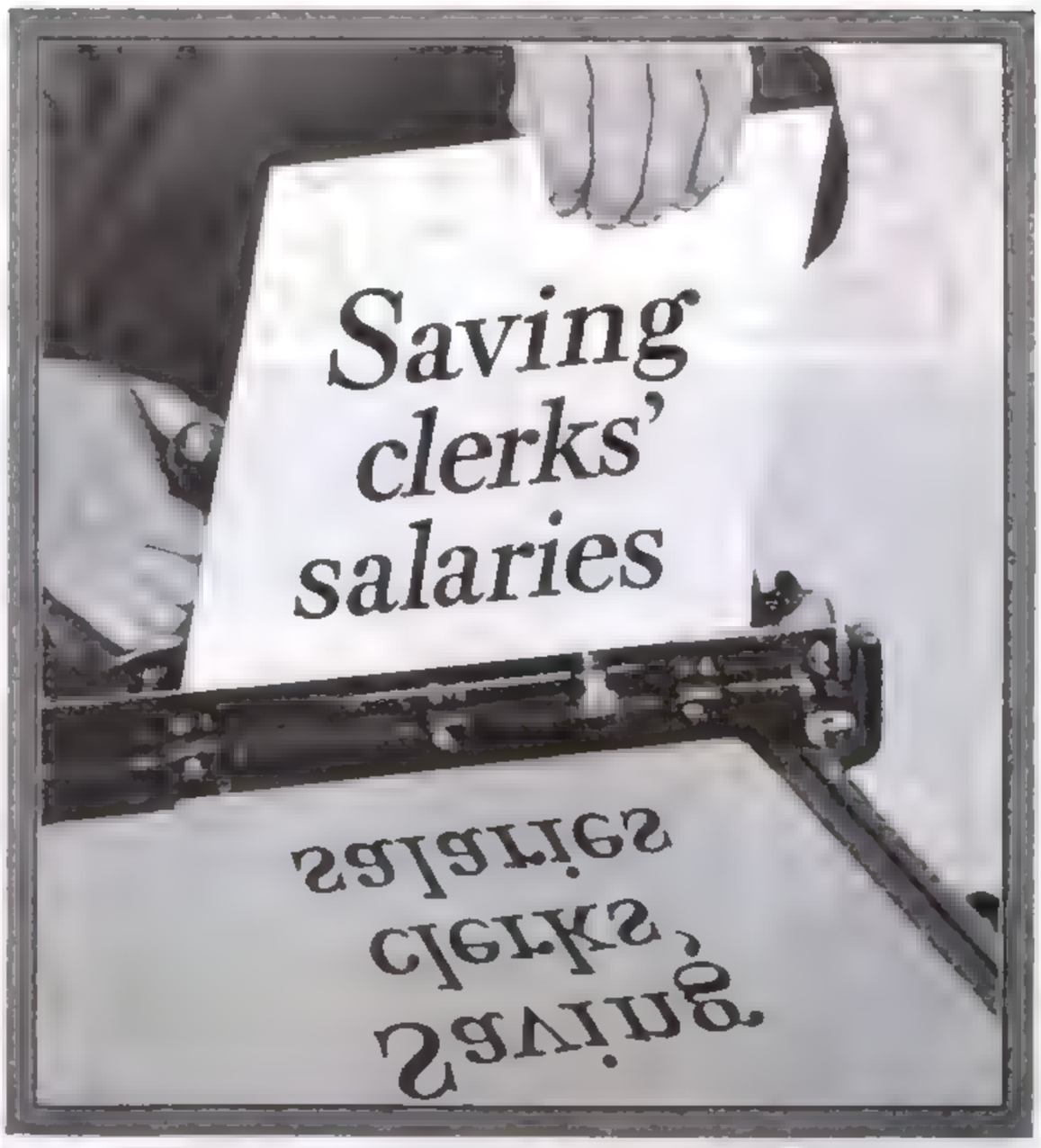
"Once good society contained only persons of noble or gentle birth," said William Dean Howells. "Then persons of genteel or sacred callings were admitted; now it welcomes to its level everyone of agreeable manners or cultivated mind."

The economic, political and—most important of all—the human factors which are peculiarly part of our own country and unlike those of any other nation, have been at work now for many years to produce a society truly American. It is not yet fully achieved, but the process of development is full of interest to us all.

The filtration of the particles up and down is not always a gradual process. Sometimes it occurs with dramatic swiftness; at other times it is accompanied by picturesque or pathetic by-products. Very often the great efforts and upheavals of individuals' attempts to discover their proper niche are filled with humor for the onlooker.

But so interwoven with the customs and manners of everyone is the ultimate social fabric to be woven on our democratic looms that even the most unworldly minded must watch with keen interest for the emergence of our new patterns.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mrs Child. The second will appear in an early issue.



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HOUSES

(Continued from Page 9)

In the kitchen Ruth sang at her work the same dreary hymn tune that Laban Ware was whistling. The sound rasped on Ethan Barrett's nerves; he thought wistfully of running away. But from beyond the road the noise of saw and hammer soothed his anger. The new house wouldn't stop because of Laban Ware's stupidity. One of these days it would be finished, and for a little while each summer, tenanted. Gladys ——

II

LABAN WARE continued to sandpaper the spindle while Peterman talked, so that the important voice was driven to a higher, irritated pitch. Through the open doorway of the shop Ethan Barrett could see the new iron fence along the road and the painted metal urns beyond it, breaking the smooth stretch of cropped turf, geraniums spilling over their sides, the towered splendor of the new house lifting slated pinnacles above the broken sky line of the far hills.

"Everything's for sale, Ware!" Peterman spoke with a sudden heat of impatience. "I'm not trying to dicker with you, am I? It's not a question of what your place is worth—I expect to pay a robber's price for it. Name your own figure if you don't like my proposition."

"Ain't selling," said Ware, between pursed lips.

He drew the sanding block along the slender tapering rod with an effect of emphasis. Peterman stroked the drooping prong of his whisker.

"Look here, Ware, you wouldn't want to disoblige a lady, I guess. Mrs. Peterman's got her heart set on this notion. This house of yours stands square in front of us so that we can't see anything else from our front windows. It doesn't matter to me, but you know how ladies are about such things. Just set your own price."

"Told you I wasn't selling," said Laban Ware. "Guess you can make out to stand it, looking at my place. I got to look at yours, ain't I? Ain't selling anyhow."

"I'll give you four thousand, cash down. There!"

"Don't care if you make it forty. I ain't selling."

The sandpaper rasped harshly. Ethan Barrett saw Peterman's face redden, but the voice was carefully good-humored.

"All right; think it over anyway."

Peterman turned away. Ethan watched him go down the irregular flags to the waiting buggy. Ware stirred the glue in the double iron pot and the smell of it offended Ethan's rebellion to the point of speech.

"Figure you can get more than four thousand dollars by keeping this old shanty and making chairs that nobody wants?"

Ware showed no resentment.

"Make out to get along, if I don't," he said placidly, whirling a clamp on its threaded spindle. "Guess there's always liable to be a few folks that know a good chair when they see it, even if it ain't the latest style." He whistled the doleful hymn tune. "Keep everlastingly changing, styles do; but a good piece of work don't go bad, nor a bad one turn good, just because some fool woman gets a new notion of what's stylish."

He glanced through the doorway and Ethan saw his face tighten as if he had bitten into a green plum. Ruth came to the inner door, a gush of warm spiced kitchen smells slipping past her.

"Dinner's ready." She hesitated, stepped into the shop and closed the door behind her. "What did Mr. Peterman want, pa?"

"View don't suit him," said Ware. "Calculates it's wuth four thousand dollars to buy our place so he can tear down the house and cut the elms."

"Four thousand!" Ethan heard the swift indraft of Ruth's breath. "Are you going to sell out, pa?"

"Seems a pity, just when the neighborhood's getting nice and stylish," said Laban. "Guess it's wuth more'n four thousand to us to stay where we can look at Peterman's house."

He went on to the kitchen, where a flood of shrill complaint instantly overwhelmed him. Following, Ethan grinned sourly over his food, while Mrs. Ware's tongue clacked. Laban Ware ate diligently, unmoved. Ruth, equally silent, moved between stove and table. More than ever Ethan felt the alliance between father and daughter, the curious, invisible resemblance between them. His irritation focused on Ruth; again he seemed to convict her of intentional homeliness, willful unlikeness to Gladys Peterman. The thought came to him that it was Ruth's unspoken support that made Laban Ware so heedless of his wife's shrill eloquence. He taxed her with this bluntly when they met for a moment on the back porch after dinner.

"You think we ought to sell?" She spoke soberly, as if his opinion would have weight with her. "I thought—I thought you'd want to stay here, Eth."

"It's a terrible lot of money—a sight more'n the place is wuth," he told her eagerly. "If your pa lent it out on mortgage, you could live on the int'rest, down to the village."

She twisted her apron.

"I thought you'd want to stay right here," she said again, doubt in her voice.

He followed up his argument, fancying that he had shaken her opposition.

"It ain't my business. Wish't it was—wouldn't have to go begging me to take that four thousand if I owned the place. Specially when it'd be a favor to a neighbor to take it. Guess you wouldn't like it much if you was Gladys Peterman, living over yonder, and couldn't look out a window without seeing a shack like this right under your nose."

She shook her head slowly and her face stiffened to that queer suggestion of her father's mulish look.

"No," she said quietly, "I guess I'd hate that."

She moved past him. He seemed to understand that she was definitely against him. Thinking it over during the long afternoon in the shop, with Laban Ware's dismal whistle in his ears, he groped his way to an explanation. She'd always hated Gladys Peterman; she'd never said anything, but you could tell from the way her lips tightened at the sight or mention of the other girl that she didn't like her. She'd hold out now just to be mean, cutting off her nose to spite her face. All right, let her do it. Ethan Barrett scowled down at the drawshave. It wasn't his affair, anyway; the Petermans wouldn't blame him, and one of these days when he'd got rich down in Boston—his mind drifted pleasantly into the future. One of these days Laban Ware would be mighty glad to sell out; the house and shop could be torn down during a winter, when the Petermans would be away, and they'd come back in the spring to a pleasant surprise. He made a careless gesture of disclaimer in response to Gladys Peterman's pretty astonishment and thanks.

"Go easy with that drawshave, Eth." Laban Ware's drawl jerked him back to present and reality. "Liable to cut yourself, waving it around like that."

Ethan bent over his work to conceal a scornful smile. He might be nothing but a bound-out orphan, whittling out homemade kitchen chairs for a pig-headed old crank like Laban Ware; but one of these days—one of these days ——

Laban Ware set forth on his summer journey through the hills a little earlier than usual, and with, Ethan thought, a little less than his usual reluctance. Ethan didn't blame him; Mrs. Ware's grievance deepened steadily under discussion, and even Laban's placid indifference had shown signs of wearing thin. He left Ethan in

(Continued on Page 129)

LINCOLN

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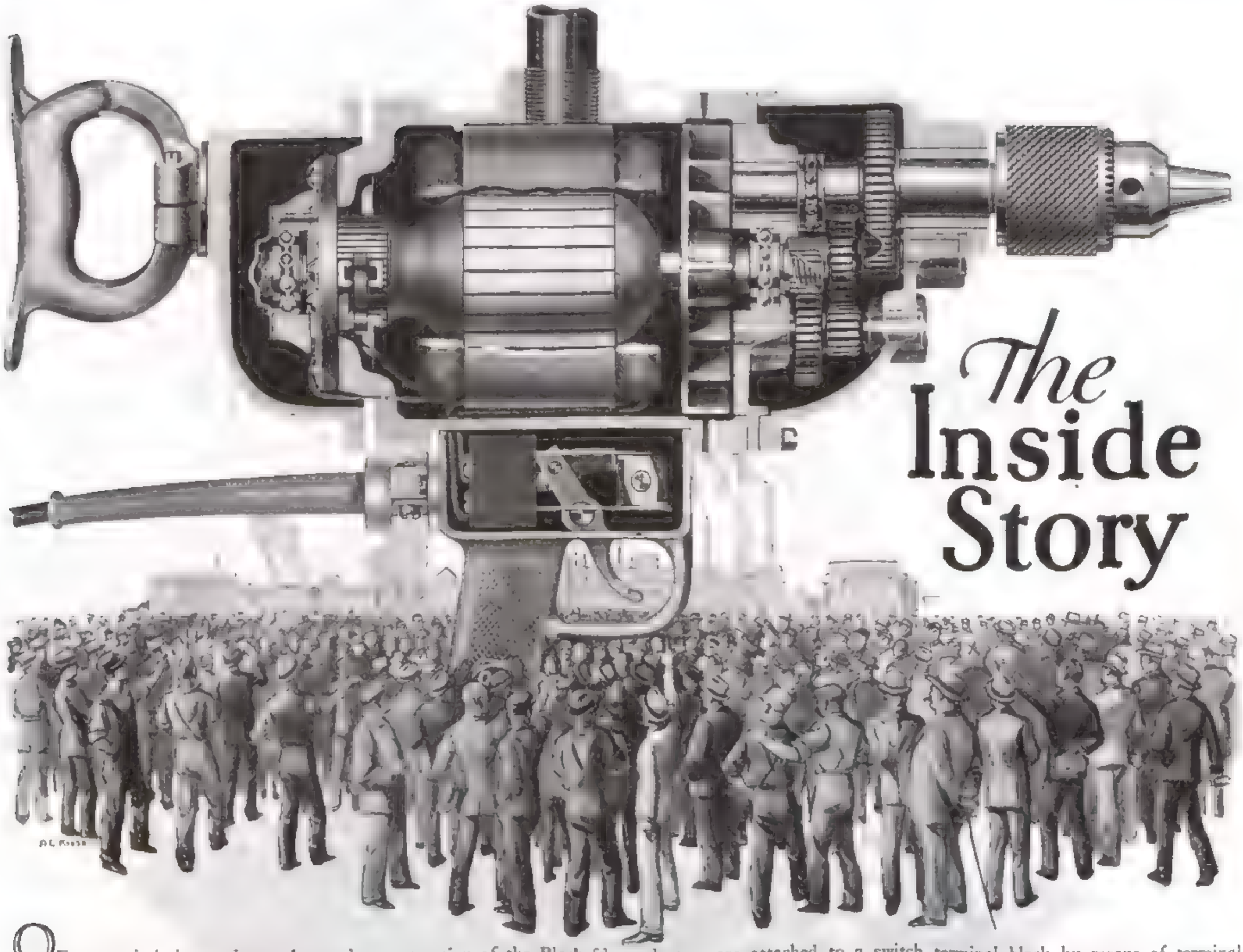
LINCOLN



The Inside Story

OF course it is interesting to know the construction of the Black & Decker Heavy Duty Portable Electric Drill.

The commutator end cover, to which the combination handle is attached, is entirely separate from the motor bearing support, so that if excessive pressure applied by means of a feed screw should distort the end cover, there would be no misalignment of the motor bearing.

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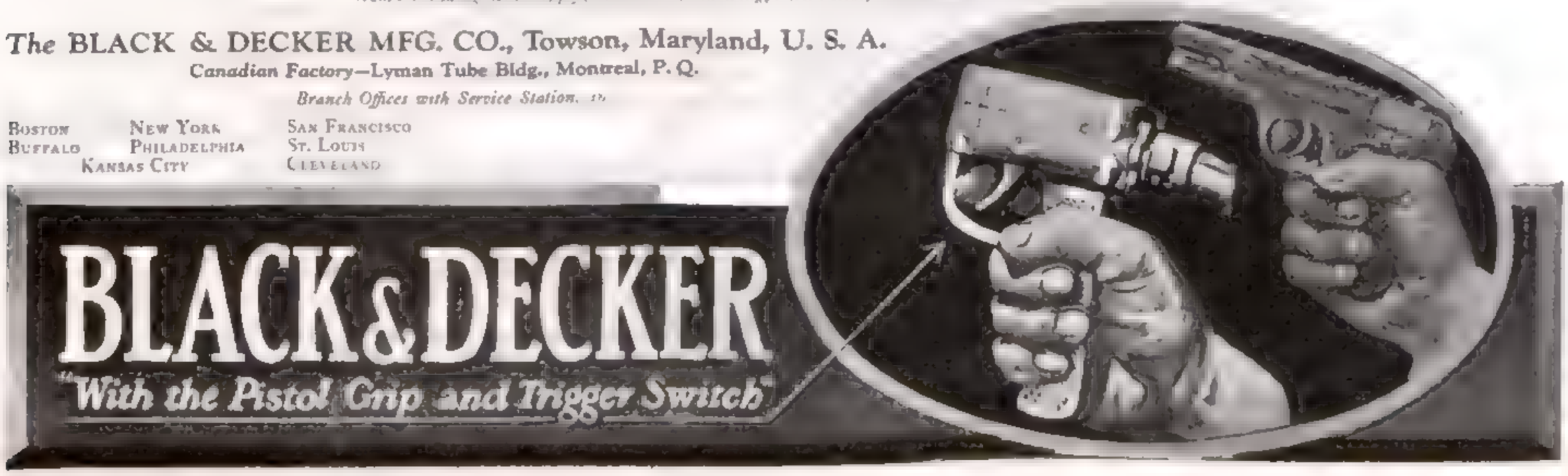


(Continued from Page 126)

charge of the shop and the flinty little farm; there was a trickle of odd jobs to be expected, besides the dull routine of chores.

"You can have half what you c'lect," said Ware, unexpectedly, as he gathered the lines. "Guess it's about time you made a money wage, Eth. Been a sight of help this year, you have. Don't know how I'd run the shop without you."

He clicked cheerfully to the horses and the wheels clattered on the worn axle boxes. Ethan glowered after the wagon. Half what he collected! He'd be lucky if there was anything to divide when Laban came home. Hardly anybody ever paid cash any more; the trade was steadily dwindling, as more and more of the smarter farmers came to use steel rakes and forks, mowing machines instead of scythes, reapers and even self-binders instead of Laban's cradles. Those who still brought in their old-fashioned wooden pitchforks and broken scythe snaths for repairs in the shop were pretty sure to be the old-timers who just about stayed alive on their land, who never had any money and settled in kind or not at all. The grievance went back with Ethan to his workbench; he grumbled under his breath as he dealt with a broken grain sieve.

It was one of Laban Ware's own invention and manufacture—built wholly of wood, with infinite pains; a shallow box that could be adjusted to any shape between a long slender diamond and a perfect square, and then clamped in position by a wooden set screw. The adjustment varied the size of the openings between the criss-crossing wooden slats that composed the bottom of the box so that it could be used for cleaning almost any size of grain or seed. Laban Ware had taken out a patent on it years ago; Ethan grinned at the branded mark that set forth the fact. As if anybody except Laban Ware would be fool enough to spend days of careful labor on such a contraption, when a cheap set of wire screens would do better work! Laban had sold a good many of the sieves; every now and then somebody brought one in to be mended, free of charge, under Laban's original guaranty.

Ethan's thoughts dulled as he worked; he couldn't keep them fixed on his grievances. Presently, startled by a shadow across the floor, he glanced up to find Ruth in the doorway.

"Dinner's ready, Ethan." Her voice puzzled—annoyed him with an unfamiliar softening. "I thought pa was here," she went on as he fumbled with the strings of his apron. "The way you were whistling Hark From the Tomb sounded just like him." She glanced approvingly at the mended sieve. "You've fixed it real nice, Ethan. Pa says you're handier than he is, some ways."

Ethan frowned. He hadn't realized that he'd been whistling over his work like Laban Ware. There was something shameful in the knowledge, in being caught at it by Ruth; he resented the look and tone which seemed to imply that she was pleased about it.

Eating his dinner in a sulking silence, his head bent to the steady clack of Mrs. Ware's fretful tongue, he was angry at himself for feeling that even the shop was better than listening to her; it was almost as if, in Laban Ware's absence, he had fallen heir to Laban's attitude toward Hattie Ware's talk; as if it was Ethan Barrett's fault that the place wasn't sold.

Against his will, the occupation of his eye and hand lulled his thoughts when he went back to his work. He stopped in the middle of a bar of Laban's dismal hymn, feeling his cheeks heat under the amiable arch glance of Gladys Peterman, poised like a bird on the threshold, her skirts gathered delicately aloof from the litter of shavings about her tiny pointed shoes. She smiled, and the flash of it, Ethan thought, was like the spurt of sunlight that glinted from the brilliants of her earrings.

"Our conservatory door won't work," she said. "Do you suppose Mr. Ware would come over and fix it?"

"He's gone off peddling," said Ethan. "Be gone three-four weeks. Guess I could tend to the door though."

"Oh, could you really?"

She seemed to find it remarkable; there was a thrilling suggestion of respect in her tone. He reached for Laban's pet plane.

"Come over right now," he said.

She led the way down the flags. It seemed to Ethan that she didn't walk, but floated, like a drifting thistledown. The smooth gravel of the new drive crunched under his own heavy tread, as if to reproach and ridicule his awkward substance. The glass inclosure at the side of the house overawed him. He remembered, with a glow of scorn, what Laban Ware had said about it: "If Peterman wants a house that wears earrings, he'd ought to have a pair of 'em so they'd balance." Laban was always saying little things like that about the new house, setting himself up as a judge of elegance! He even pretended to believe that the fret-sawed decoration that was draped across the front in that costly elaborate curve was meant to follow the pattern of Peterman's whiskers. Ethan felt almost guilty for allowing the thought to enter his head as he tapped the pins out of the hinges and teased the refractory door free of its frame.

"Dampness swelled it up," he explained. "Have to plane it down a mite, that's all."

A footfall disturbed him; he looked up to meet Peterman's important eye, nodded uneasily and returned to his task, self-conscious under the interested observation of the great man.

"Know your business, I see," said Peterman presently.

Ethan shrugged; the compliment impressed him as a reproach.

"Not much to know," he said sulkily. "Guess most anybody could bevel down a door."

"Handy, all the same," said Peterman. He sucked thoughtfully at the fat cigar. "Ware pay you good wages, does he?"

The question stirred Ethan's abiding grievance to incautious speech.

"Good wages! Board and clothes till I'm twenty-one!"

"Bound out, eh?" Again Peterman drew at the cigar. "Have a good trade when you're through, that's one thing."

"Be a jack carpenter, same as Laban, that's all! He don't get very fat on it."

Ethan met the steady, reflective glance again. For an instant he had a silly notion that there was something sly, spiteful, in the narrowing about the eyes.

"Don't want to be a carpenter, eh? What'd you do if you had your choice?"

Ethan jerked an arm toward the eastward rim of the hills.

"I'd get out of this anyhow," he said hotly. "I'd go down yonder where a man's got a chance to amount to something. I'm going anyway soon as I'm twenty-one."

Peterman nodded approvingly.

"Right idea, if you want to get ahead in the world. Be working in a one-horse gristmill myself if I hadn't done it." He puffed slowly. "Of course, I got a pretty early start—lit out when I was fifteen. Twenty-one's kind of late."

"Know it." Ethan shook his head sullenly. "Can't get out of this till I get a mite saved up, can I?"

"Don't Ware allow you any money at all?"

"Get half what I collect while he's off peddling chairs!" Ethan snorted. "Amount to two-three dollars, maybe, if I'm lucky."

Peterman chuckled. The sound made Ethan look up quickly, a sudden, absurd hope waking in him. Peterman was fumbling in a fat black wallet; a ten-dollar bill held Ethan's fascinated gaze.

"Guess this ought to be about what I owe you for fitting that door," said Peterman. Above the opulent drape of the whisker one eyelid drooped. "Funny thing—had just exactly ten dollars when I ran off from the gristmill."

Unbelieving, Ethan felt the silky surface between his fingers. There was three dollars and eighty cents hidden between the rafter and the shingles in the loft where he slept. He watched Peterman's hand caressing the curve of mustache and whisker; the eyelid drooped again.

"Much obliged."

He hardly recognized the voice. His fingers wadded the bill deep in a pocket, curiously stiff and awkward. His glance moved almost against his will to the girl's face, bright with understanding and mischief. For the first time he saw a faint likeness between father and daughter. She was smart, too; she knew what was up; Augustus Peterman needn't have pretended that he was just paying a debt instead of helping a neighbor's bound boy to run away.

"Guess it'll work all right now." He tried the door carefully. "Much obliged," he said again, gathering his tools.

It seemed necessary to escape; his head was whirling. He stumbled in the gravel of the drive, and turning at the gate for a backward glance, saw Gladys standing on the porch step. She waved a hand; he seemed to understand the gesture of good-by and good luck almost as if he had heard the spoken words.

The afternoon wore itself away at last. He finished mending the grain sieve and set new wooden teeth in Absalom Pool's old hand rake, his hands working without the superintendence of his mind. In the same fashion he did the chores and ate his supper, distantly aware of Mrs. Ware's clattering tongue, of Ruth, silently efficient, moving between stove and table. Somehow his attitude toward Ruth had changed a little; he had stopped hating her for being so plain and quiet, and could be sorry for her, not just because she was so different from Gladys Peterman, but because she didn't know enough to be sorry for herself. She wasn't even as smart, in this respect, as her mother.

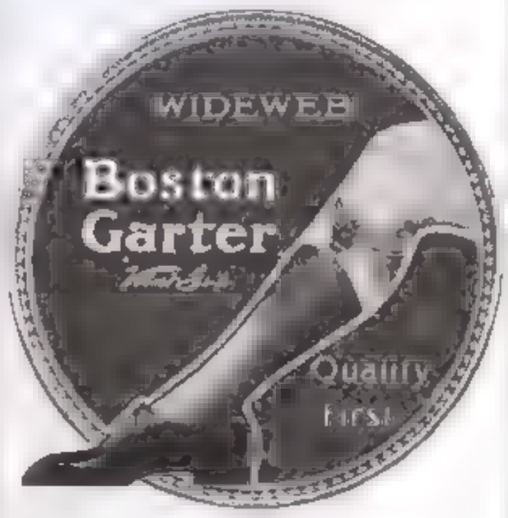
He went up to his loft as usual. The down freight would come through about midnight and an hour would give him plenty of time to cut across lots to the siding. It would be safer to get there just in time; some interfering bystander might take it on himself to stop him if he hung around the railroad waiting for the train. He changed stealthily into his Sunday clothes. Laban Ware had always picked out good wool, and it was hot under the roof even an hour after the sun was gone. He sat on the edge of his corded bed, mopping his face and listening to the sounds downstairs. As soon as the two women were asleep he could sneak down and wait outdoors in the coolness. He caught the click of the bolt at last. Guessing at the time, he waited for a long half hour before he went down the whining treads of the cupboard stairs and crossed the kitchen to the side door.

The moon had lifted above the elms, and turning at the well curb in obedience to some mechanical impulse of farewell, he saw the weather-beaten roof and wall of the house with almost the harsh exactitude of day. He swung away from it to the imposing silhouette of the big house beyond the road. Something tightened in his throat; it was like a dream castle, lifting tall slender minarets to the pale radiance of the sky; the lacy scrolls of wrought iron were turned to silver along the outlines of the shimmering slates of the roof; it was flowerlike, with a fragile quality in its loveliness that brought a vision of Gladys Peterman into Ethan Barrett's mind, and a pain of loneliness that was almost pleasure quivered through him. He stood very still, printing the prospect deep on his brain. A faint sound behind him gave him an unreasoning pang of alarm. He turned to find Ruth coming slowly toward him from the shadow of the house. She did not speak until they stood so near together that he could see the slow rise and fall of her breast.

"I thought you'd be going pretty soon."

She spoke in a whisper. He waited for reproach, expostulation, stiffening his purpose against a sense of guilt. He didn't owe Laban Ware anything, no matter what might be the law; the shoe was on the

How Did Your Garters Look This Morning?



A Man is Known
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Your present pair may have looked all right to you this morning but—How would they seem in a living room full of friends if you were called upon to imitate a Scotch bagpiper?

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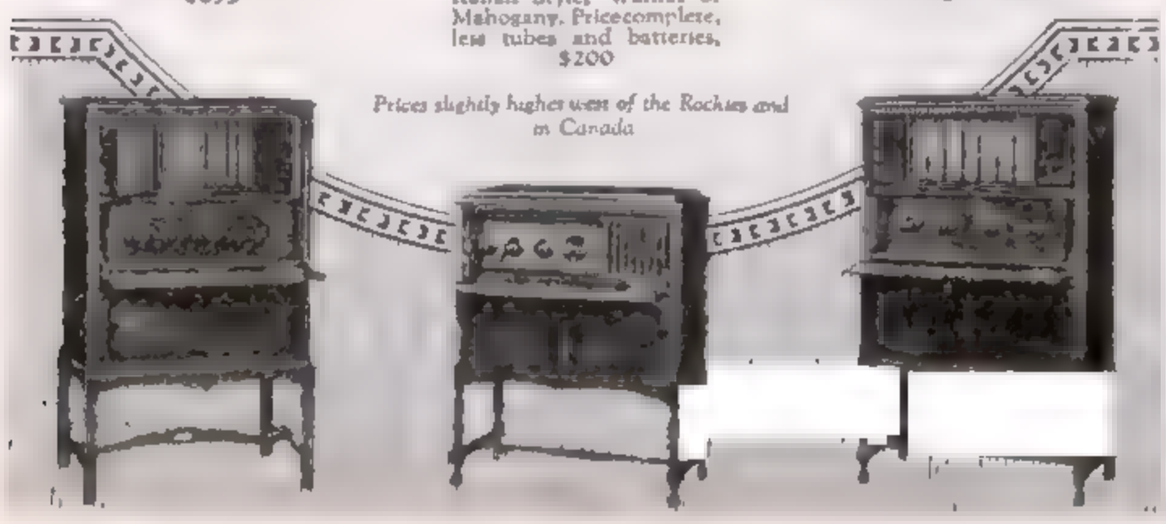

other foot. If she thought she could stop him

"Have you got enough money?" The question startled him; he saw now that she had a purse in her hands. A sudden anger woke in him, as if there was offense in her manifest intention. He shook his head quickly.

"I don't want any of yours anyway. I've got all I need."

Her fingers fumbled with the catch; in the moonlight her eyes were strangely wide.

"Plenty? You couldn't have, unless—unless they gave it to you."

She put a faint stress on the pronoun and a little movement of her head toward the house across the road gave it significance. He resented the hardening of her whisper.

"Nobody gave me anything. Mr. Peterman paid me for some work I did for him, if that's what you mean." Against his will, he yielded to a sudden absurd impulse of self-justification. "Have you got five dollars in your purse?"

She opened it; something in the simple act made him think of Laban Ware; he always opened his purse that way, as if it hurt him a little.

"Here's five," she said. "You're welcome to it, Ethan."

He took the bill from her and crowded Peterman's note into her fingers.

"There's the ten Peterman paid me. Laban bargained I should keep half of what I took in. Don't want any more than my fair share."

"I'll tell him."

She folded the bill and snapped the clasp of the purse. Ethan broke an uncomfortable silence.

"Well, guess I better get started. Good-by."

"Good-by."

She spoke soberly, without emotion, and the calm of her voice annoyed him. He did not look back. Beyond the first clump of alders, he stopped to gaze at the great stately house beyond the road. The memory of its moonlit loveliness went with him as he stumbled down the rocky slope of the pastures; it hung insistently before his eyes as he stood, a little later, on the platform of a swaying caboose and stared up at the black upthrust shoulders of the intervening hills; it continued, undimmed and beckoning, in his vision through the years that wore away before he saw it again—twenty of them; years that moved with the dragging step of evil days, spiteful years that seemed to take mean pleasure in robbing Ethan Barrett of youth and hope and dreams. He clung all the more fiercely to the one thing they couldn't spoil.

III

THE name, leaping at Ethan Barrett's eyes from the headline, obscured the flimsy page behind the familiar picture. He saw the stately house again as if he stood staring at it from Laban Ware's dooryard; he saw Gladys Peterman poised on the steps, a white hand lifted in that graceful gesture of good-by; saw her so vividly that it was a long moment before the shrieking type pushed their ugly faces through the vision to tell him that Gladys Royce had filed an action in divorce against her second husband.

He plodded through the story; the tawdriness of the grievances gave them an added enormity in his sight. He brought a smoldering glance back to an incidental statement in the opening paragraph. Mrs. Gladys Peterman Judson Royce was registered at the Irondequoit Hotel. He read it twice. From the single window of his bedroom he could see the yellow letters of the electric sign hanging against a sooty sky above the roof of the hotel. Somewhere below them, a few blocks away —— He stood up, suddenly hating the image in the scratched mirror of his bureau, the tall gaunt figure in cheap wrinkled clothes, the big clumsy hands that dangled from short sleeves, the shaggy hair that had begun to show streaks of untidy gray, the deep-bitten lines about the mouth that were like the signature of failure scored in flesh.

He laughed harshly at the thought that had lifted him out of the stiff chair, the crazy notion that in her distress Gladys might be tolerant of even Ethan Barrett as champion and friend. He thrust it from him impatiently; an alternative suggestion crowded instantly into its place. He needn't speak to her, needn't let her see him. In his best suit he could sit in the lobby of the Irondequoit and watch for her to pass, without her guessing that she'd ever seen him before. He found himself fumbling behind the curtain before the idea had fairly taken form, his hands shaking. He'd see her again, after all the years! Once more the picture cleared in his memory. He'd print it a little deeper on his brain this time so that it could never dim or fade!

An hour later, stiff and self-conscious in the deep armchair beside a carved stone pillar, he caught in his breath and held it, his pulses pounding unsteadily in his ears. She passed him without a glance, so close that he could have stretched out a long arm and touched the filmy dress, so close that he caught a faint suggestion of some unknown flowery scent. She was laughing, her face turned to a man beside her, so that Ethan Barrett saw it only for an instant of recognition, but the moment sufficed; it was the very face of all his dreams and memories, made lovelier by the years, and yet unchanged. The voice was rounder, but the same hint of ringing glass was in it; he felt it like a fine ecstatic dart of pain The doorway seemed to hide her of intention, as if it resented and rebuffed his following gaze. He found himself on his feet, moving uncertainly, like a man walking in sleep. Instinct guided him back to the hot stuffy bedroom under the tin roof before his mind had wholly steadied to coherent thought.

Here, sitting at his window, he made a queer discovery. The memory of Gladys was, indeed, refreshed and strengthened, so that he saw her almost as if she stood again within arm's length; but the picture of the new house had somehow blurred to vagueness. He could see the girl, as he had always seen her, but the familiar background of his stubborn dreams persistently evaded his closed seeking eyes. As if to mock him, the shabby little farmhouse rose instead before them with every detail of its ugliness photographically clear.

He moved his head, as if by pretending to turn his back on Laban Ware's house he could make himself see the other as he had seen it all these years; but instead the ugly little cottage forced itself again before him, compelling him to look at it, to see the littered shavings in the doorway of the shop, the ragged flags laid in the shaggy turf, the weathered clapboards and the tangled mat of rosebushes that spread above them.

He could reconstruct the big house, detail by detail, with the accuracy of a blue print; he could visualize it, angle by angle, line for line, overhang for overhang; he could see the iron scrollwork along the eaves, the very pattern of party-colored slates in the pointed roof of the tower, the red geraniums blooming in the big white metal urns set in the smooth lawn; but when he tried to assemble them to a single image they dissolved like patterns in a kaleidoscope and in their stead he found himself again offended by the thought of Laban Ware's mean little house below the elms.

A sudden impulse took him unawares, so that he yielded to its urge before his common sense had time to catalogue its follies. He had reëngraved his memory of Gladys so that it could never get away from him again; he could regain the picture of the great gracious house in the same way and just as easily, or almost as easily. A day to get there and another to come back, a few dollars spent on a ticket—against his lifetime habit of harsh, bitter thrift and industry he saw these obstacles as trivial, contemptible. Every one of the three thousand dollars in his savings account had been starved and sweated out of earnings that barely lodged and fed and clad him; in twenty years he had hardly missed a

(Continued on Page 133)

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NEUTRODYNE

(Continued from Page 130)

day's work in the dingy basement where he packed and marked shipping cases of mixed groceries; but neither the impiety of drawing on his savings nor the blot on his record of regularity seemed to matter very much now. By morning he had begun to have sensible misgivings, but the momentum of his first decision carried him on. He telephoned to the chief shipping clerk and stopped at the bank. At noon he was looking through a grimy car window at a countryside which held a promissory suggestion of the higher, harsher hills to which his thoughts traveled on ahead, queerly impatient of the train's slow pace and frequent tantalizing halts. Long after dark, he stumbled down to the battered planks of the platform at Glenville. The station was closed and the hotel bus had a new driver, a youngster who might have been born after Ethan Barrett had run away.

"Let me down at the Glen road," said Barrett.

The boy eyed him curiously, but said nothing. The bus chattered and groaned in the uneven road and the smell of dust filled it. Ethan Barrett nodded in the darkness; here was one of the things he'd forgotten—the way you could smell dust at night. In some way it seemed to justify his fool's errand; perhaps he had forgotten other things better worth remembering. He climbed down to dust that was ankle deep; the bus clacked away toward the sprinkle of lights at the foot of the far hill that rose like a sheer black wall. Barrett lifted his paper telescope and struck upward along a cart track that he remembered rather than saw, his gait mysteriously changed from the shuffling step of pavement to the loose-kneed stride of the hills.

The air was different, thinner, so that he needed to draw it deep and consciously; but it filled his lungs gratefully. He quickened his pace as he heard the sly furtive whimper of falling water. It ran icy cold from the pipe that fed the old wooden horse trough halfway up the slope, and Barrett splashed it on his face and wrists when he had satisfied his thirst, although he had already climbed above the still heat of the valley. There was a faint stir of wind in the leaves and he took off his hat so that it touched his damp hair with cool friendly fingers and patted gently against his cheeks. He discovered presently that he was whistling, and stopped abruptly, frowning. He had no ear for tunes; the only one he had ever managed to carry was the dismal hymn that Laban Ware had whistled everlastingly at his work. It angered Ethan Barrett that it should come back to him after so many years; it wasn't one of the things that he'd come up here to remember!

Clouds hung low when he emerged on the open upland where Peterman had built his house. There was a dim silvery haze where the moonlight tried to shine through, but it scarcely diluted the blackness of the night. He guessed rather than saw the weeds that had grown up along the fence. Even when he turned into the overgrown drive and followed it almost to the front steps, the house he had come to see was nothing but a blot of shadow against a sky almost as black. He stood still, knee deep in dry weeds, a sullen ache of self-pity and loneliness in his throat, angry at himself for the thoughtlessness that had brought him on a three-mile climb for nothing. He turned away abruptly, weary at the thought of the walk down to the hotel. Across the road an oblong of warm lamplight seemed to smile at him and beckon.

He tried to shake off the sense of welcome as he walked back along the drive. It wasn't likely that the Wares still lived there; and even if they did, they wouldn't want to see Ethan Barrett any more than he wanted to see them. At the road he turned toward the village, but after a few steps stopped again. After all, somebody lived in the little house; and whoever it was, there was a chance of getting a night's lodging there. He could see what he had come to see and get the early train back, instead of wasting another day. He went back, wondering at the stupid quickening of his pulse beats. His feet remembered the spacing of the flags, the height of the old stone step before the kitchen door. He knocked; a chair creaked, the familiar click of the bolt sounded like a greeting; the door swung inward and he saw Ruth Ware standing very still in the opening, one hand holding the glass lamp level with her face.

For an instant Ethan Barrett had a crazy impulse to laugh, as if there was something funny in finding her so little changed. The woman before him might have been the plain, deep-bosomed girl who had bidden him good-by; she gave him now the same straight, steady gaze that he had always hated.

"Why, it's Ethan!" She spoke without surprise, as if he had come home from an hour in the village. Her voice was calm; she spaced the words in the deliberate, plodding drawl that had always seemed to Ethan Barrett to be willfully unlike Gladys Peterman's skipping, dancing speech. "Pa, here's Ethan home again. Come in, Ethan. It's real nice to see you."

Beyond the table, Barrett saw Laban Ware's lean height unfold, a long arm reach toward him in calm welcome. Again he resisted that nudging impulse to laugh. Ware's hair was white and he stooped a little, but it might have been yesterday that he had waved good-by to Ethan from that wagonload of chairs. They shook hands.

"Mighty glad to see you, Eth. Ruthy always stuck to it that you'd come home sooner or later, but I'd kind of given up. Sit down. Ain't had your supper, I take it. Got in on Number Six, didn't you?"

Barrett nodded. There wasn't any need to invent an excuse for being here, after all; they both took it for granted that he'd tramped up here to see them. It simplified things to let them think so. In the morning he could see the new house and get away without bothering to think up an explanation. He let himself down to one of Laban's chairs, startled to discover how comfortable it was to his tired body. Ruth was already setting dishes on the table, and he remembered, with a sudden hunger, that he'd eaten nothing since breakfast.

He parried Laban's questions as he ate. No, he hadn't got rich in the city, but he'd made out to stay alive. The grocery business, wholesale. No—ha-ha—he wasn't married, and hadn't any prospects either. Yes, he'd meant to come back sooner, or to write, anyway, but he never seemed to get round to it.

"Besides, I didn't know how you'd feel about it—about the way I lit out before my time was up."

Barrett was surprised to find the words on his lips. He hadn't meant to say them; they seemed to slip out against his will. Ware made a dismissing gesture.

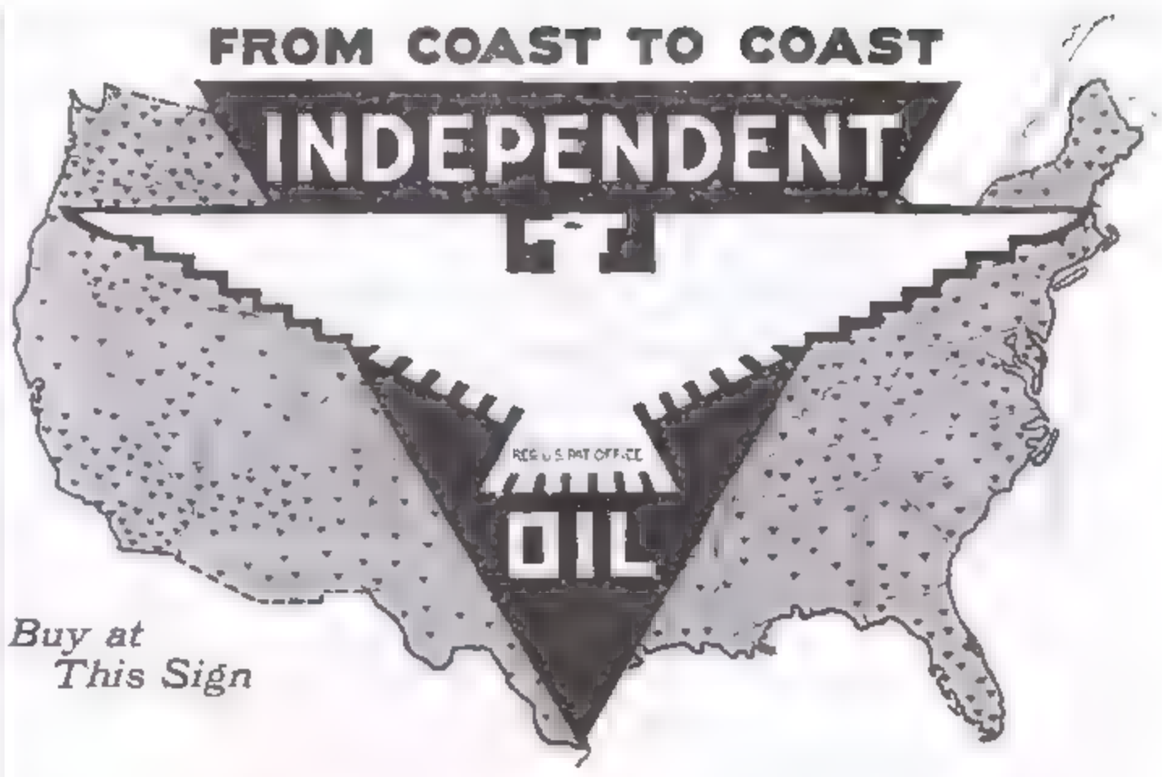
"No sense to that, Eth. Hated to lose you, but I wouldn't have wanted to stand in your way. Man's bound to better himself if he can. Have bettered yourself, I suppose?"

"Guess so—a mite maybe." Ethan bent over his plate to hide a grin. Casing groceries in a basement for twenty dollars a week wasn't anything wonderful, of course, but it was certainly better than whittling out kitchen chairs in Laban Ware's shop for your board and clothes. "Can't complain anyhow. That's first-rate pie, Ruthy. It's one thing you can't get down yonder, not for love or money."

She cut him another generous wedge of it, her mouth relaxing in its slow reluctant smile.

"Always had a kind of hope you'd get sick of it and come back," said Ware. "Never had anybody in the shop that was half as handy with tools as you, Eth. Always calculated to take you in partners soon as you were twenty-one." He hesitated. "Glad to do it now, if you want, for that matter. Chair business is a sight better'n it was."

"Much obliged." Ethan wondered at himself for the crazy thought that it would be fun, for a change, to work in the old



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CONDENSED STATEMENT OF CONDITION

Head Office (San Francisco) and Branches

Bank of Italy

SAVINGS COMMERCIAL TRUST

June 29, 1925

RESOURCES

First Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	$131,829,092.36	
Other Loans and Discounts	83,364,593.56	$215,193,685.92
United States Bonds and Certificates of Indebtedness	$ 76,501,075.39	
State, County and Municipal Bonds	14,922,141.45	
Other Bonds and Securities	12,053,433.55	
Stock in Federal Reserve Bank	675,000.00	
TOTAL U. S. AND OTHER SECURITIES		104,152,650.39
Due from Federal Reserve Bank	$ 14,948,284.03	
Cash and Due from Other Banks	22,299,282.46	
TOTAL CASH AND DUE FROM BANKS		37,247,566.49
Banking Premises, Furniture, Fixtures and Safe Deposit Vaults (Ninety-four Banking Offices in sixty-five California Cities)		8,288,480.05
Other Real Estate Owned		829,451.64
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit and Acceptances		1,696,223.33
Interest Earned—Uncollected		2,943,404.11
Employes' Pension Fund (Actual Value $193,312.77) standing on the Books at		1.00
Other Resources		94,069.15
TOTAL RESOURCES		$370,445,532.08

LIABILITIES

DEPOSITS: Savings	$240,474,396.05	
Commercial	97,504,255.61	
		$337,978,651.66
Dividends Unpaid		619,824.45
Discount Collected but not Earned		67,887.40
Letters of Credit, Acceptances and Time Drafts		1,696,223.33
		$340,362,588.84
CAPITAL PAID IN		$ 17,500,000.00
SURPLUS		6,000,000.00
UNDIVIDED PROFITS		3,639,539.13
Interest Earned but not Collected		2,943,404.11
TOTAL LIABILITIES		$370,445,532.08

All charge-offs, expenses and interest payable to end of half-year have been deducted in above statement.

STOCKHOLDERS AUXILIARY CORPORATION

(The capital stock of this corporation is owned share for share by the stockholders of the Bank of Italy)

Invested Capital, $8,992,656.32

The Combined Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits of both corporations, including interest earned by Bank of Italy, but not collected,

$39,075,599.56

NUMBER OF DEPOSITORS, 563,925

For the six months period ending June 30, 1925, a dividend has been declared on savings accounts at the rate of

4%

per annum

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shop, with the smell of seasoned wood and the sound of Laban Ware's mournful whistle.

"Might think it over anyway," said Ware. "I ain't as spry as I was and there's a sight more work than I can 'tend to. You were always handy with a chair too. Never had anybody else that could get the hang of it the way you did, Eth." He rose, straightening his long arms. "Guess you're most ready for bed, ain't you?"

Ethan nodded. He watched Ruth cross the room with folded linen in the bend of her bare arm; the lamplight trailed behind her down the twist of the cupboard stairway and her brisk step sounded overhead. She came down as Ware bolted the door.

"I left the lamp for you, Ethan. I hope you'll sleep well. There's fresh straw in the mattress."

"Guess I'd sleep on thistles," said Ethan.

He moved drowsily to the stairs; the old sidling trick of them came back to him; he sniffed the friendly smell of straw matting as he threw off his clothes; sleep closed upon him as he touched the cool, fragrant linen.

The first level ray of sunlight woke him, reaching in at the little window as the red rim lifted above the eastward crest. He shook off angrily a drowsy fancy that he had only dreamed these twenty years, a still more absurd feeling of relief that he had wakened from them. His mind was clear again; he grinned sourly at the memory of last night's talk, of Laban Ware's comic proposal of a partnership, of his own ridiculous moment of doubt as to his answer. He dressed swiftly and soundlessly and slipped downstairs in his stocking feet; he'd have his first look at the other house without the intruding presence of Laban Ware or Ruth. Afterward ——

He slid back the bolt and lifted the old iron latch; the hinges whined softly as he tiptoed out to the porch. The breath of the morning was like warm ice, he thought. He drew it deep into his lungs; there was a blend of smells, long forgotten, but again friendly and familiar, of grass drenched in dew, of windfalls under the Red Astrakhan tree, of tiny roses that were more fragrant when their scent fell on you from overhead than when you caught it from a blossom near the earth.

His fingers shook a little as they fumbled with his shoe laces; the idea came to him that he ought not to see the big house for this first, precious time across Ware's dooryard; a little down the road there was a place where he had always fancied it looked lovelier than from any other. He kept his head down as he crept below Ware's window and did not lift it till he reached the angle in the road. Here, very slowly, he turned and looked.

At first he had an outraged sense of some mean joke, a gust of anger as if at a sly, shabby fraud. What he saw above the waste of dreary weeds was not the great stately mansion of his dreams, but a spiteful, distorting caricature, a cunning, malicious burlesque that made it worse than merely hideous.

He stared at it, unbelieving; there was the noble tower, jutting out, as always, from the corner of the second floor, six-sided here, square for the space of the third story, circular above, with the selfsame pattern intricately woven in the fabric of its steep slate roof. It had always been as Ethan Barrett saw it now, except that once it had been bright with new brown and yellow paint that must have made it even uglier. He couldn't have seen it, any more than he could have seen those top-heavy overhangs that thrust out from every wall like wooden warts, any more than he could have seen that bulge of glass that had been a conservatory, or the intricately tortured iron that writhed along the roof lines, or those festoons of fret-sawed wooden lace that hung against the building's face with the comic droop of a great mournful mustache between two flanking drapes of whisker.

He couldn't have seen it; he couldn't have thought it anything but what he thought it now; it couldn't have been against such a background that he had seen Gladys, seen her and remembered all these years.

The name jarred through his brain with a sudden discord. He seemed to hear it for the first time, to see her as he saw the house that had been her setting, as he had seen her two nights ago, as she was and had been and would always be. He shut his eyes as if to shield himself from their new, unmerciful clarity of vision; but he saw her still, crossing the lobby of the hotel in that flimsy dress. A high tinkling laugh sounded in his ears and he caught again that breath of some elaborate synthetic scent, the smell of a counterfeit flower.

He turned away, faintly sick. Before him, under the gentle droop of the elms, he saw another house as if for the first time, and caught in his breath at the beauty of it. Silver walls against the green of pines, the tracery of rose vines starred with tiny flowers, gray flagstones bedded in deep turf, the simple honest welcome of the fanlighted door, the clean squareness of the straight strong lines—all these he had seen a thousand times, but he saw them at last with seeing eyes, as one, and their calm serenity of loveliness went through and through him like the thrust of a fine blade.

A door swung open as he stared; he moved toward it as if to sanctuary from the revelation to which his back was turned. Ruth's sober eyes met his as he came in, eyes that seemed touched with understanding and compassion, as if they knew what lay behind his own.

"Been out to see the palace, Eth?"

Laban Ware's dry voice came cheerfully from beyond the table; there was a gleam of humor about his lean lips. Ethan shook his head.

"Been looking at this one," he said. "It—it's sightly, Laban."

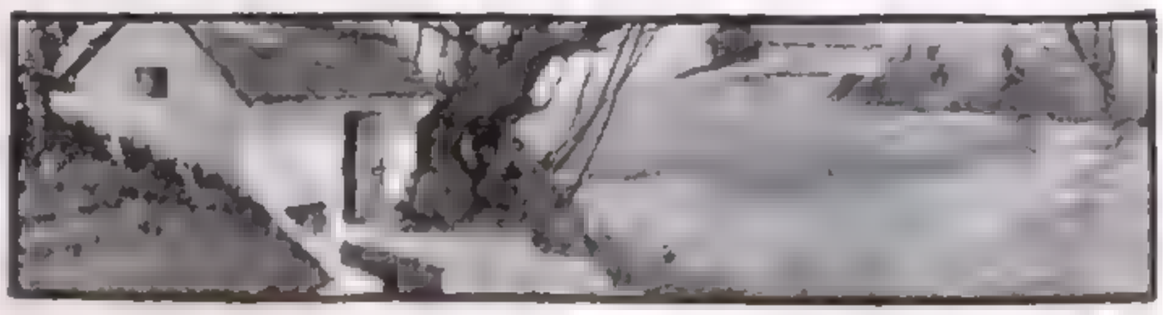
"Always had a kind of a notion it was," said Ware. "Never figured it'd git to be stylish though. Had to laugh the other day when some folks from Boston that was driving by in an autymobile stopped to look at it. Lady wouldn't leave her husband make me an offer for the place when he wanted to. Said the view didn't suit." He chuckled. "Didn't blame her. Guess you remember the time Mis' Peterman was bound to tear this house down so she could get a nice stylish view out her parlor windows."

Ethan nodded. Ware's lips moved as if they relished the taste of what they had to say.

"Gave me a first-rate notion, she did. Had to wait twenty years to buy in that ginger-cake contraption across the road cheap enough to feel I could afford to tear it down. Only got title to it last week. Calculate to start on it Monday."

"You're going to tear it down?" Ethan Barrett's voice was strange in his ears. "You said something about giving me back my job in the shop last night—did you mean it? I'd like to stay if you did."

Laban's big hand closed on his. He met Ruth's eyes over her father's shoulder and again he caught in his breath, as if he saw her for the first time.



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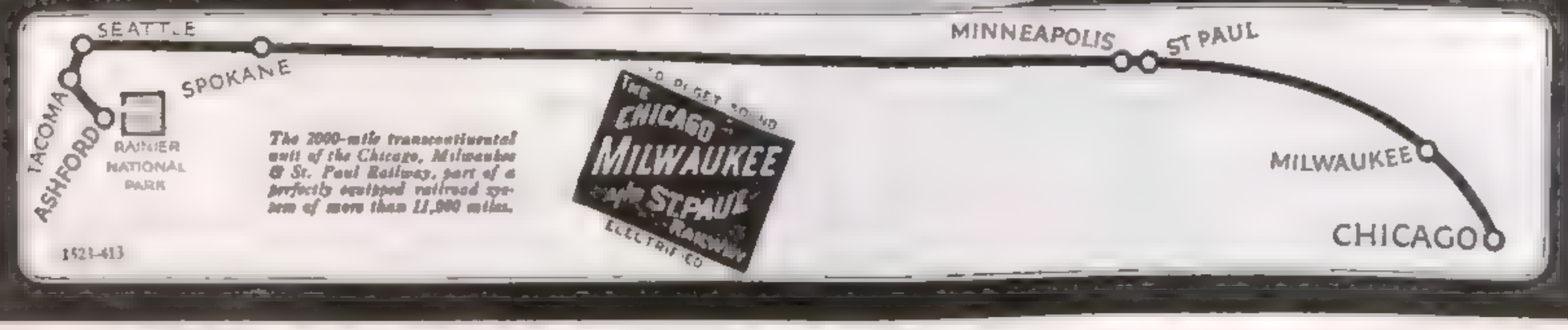

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FLORIDA'S LAND BOOM

Continued from Page 15

Outside capital and outsiders came in, and the value of both became apparent to the natives.

Florida has long had an agriculture, but until a bare generation ago used the land principally for range cattle and hogs. To this day development is hampered by lack of a state law compelling the owner of livestock to fence. Cattle and hogs run freely; the owner of improved farm land or citrous groves must fence against roaming animals. The no-fence situation in Florida is an acute problem.

The first small influx of Northern agriculturists came when Northerners, going to Florida for health, saw the possibilities of raising specialties like oranges, winter vegetables, winter strawberries, and the like, and started enterprises of this character in various parts of the state.

It is a curious fact about Florida land that even the smallest tract, five to ten acres, will often have several different types of soil, suited to different crops. Some soils are best for strawberries, others for vegetables like celery, others for tomatoes or eggplant, others for citrous fruit. Most of the crops are specialties instead of staples like grain, hay, and the like. It is the specialty like the orange, the grapefruit, the avocado, that attracts the type of agriculturist that has built up California.

Florida has not more than 2,500,000 acres under actual cultivation. From this small area it shipped North in 1923–24 more than 100,000 cars of perishable crops. The state can easily produce $500,000,000 worth of agricultural products per annum. The time is coming, and not distant, when sixty carloads of perishables will go across the state line every hour—$1,000,000 worth of agricultural products every day.

During the past ten years Florida has quadrupled the nation's output of grapefruit, early potatoes, celery, cabbage; tripled the crop of tomatoes, and more than doubled the output of oranges, watermelons, lemons, cucumbers, and so on.

The annual income of Florida at the present time, from its fruit crop, field crop, winter vegetables, dairy products, poultry products, livestock and products, minerals—chiefly phosphate rock for fertilizer—lumber, naval stores, fish and other sea food, manufacturing, tourists, approximates $500,000,000.

The second and very important feature of the boom is the town site, and here I sound a note of great caution. One must not bite off more than one can chew. While it is probably true that but 2 per cent of the agricultural land of Florida is mortgaged, the conditions regarding mortgages on town sites and cities of quick growth may become exceedingly dangerous. Investors, particularly in mortgages, are slow to be convinced that values which have risen tremendously in a period of months have permanency as prices mount upward.

The Need for Caution

The rate of interest in Florida is very high—8 per cent. Property is being sold and resold under contract; mortgages are being made for short terms; and while the growth of many cities is tremendous, there must come a time when the question of value will be of small import temporarily, compared with the question as to the amount of money available for financing the tremendous growth. Many cities will unquestionably grow, but that takes time. It is the element of time which must be taken into account.

Subdivisions, for normal growth, in many cases are being sold on so-called easy terms to Northern investors who have no immediate use for the land and who are paying huge profits on lots created by drawing a lead pencil through an acreage proposition. Now this doesn't mean every lot promotion by any means, but the small-unit subdivision is a very treacherous proposition and great caution should be exercised before one makes such an investment.

It is from the town sites that most of the wonder stories come. And no matter how wonderful they sound, many of them are true. In 1896 Miami was simply a post office, lately made the county seat of Dade County. It was on the site of old Fort Dallas, a Seminole War post, which had been abandoned since 1858. There were a few dwellings and one or two stores, with no railroad communications. Around that year the late Mrs. Julia D. Tuttle and Mrs. Mary Brickell, the two first white settlers, gave Henry M. Flagler, as an inducement to extend his railroad from West Palm Beach, between 300 and 400 acres of land, which was afterward laid out as the town of Miami. Business lots of fifty-foot frontage on what is now East Flagler Street, then known as Twelfth Street, were offered at $1000 each for the corners and $875 for the inside lots. These properties are now valued at $5000 a front foot for vacant ground, or $250,000 for a fifty-foot frontage corner.

Investigate Miami's more recent history and you will find that money almost beyond human credence has been made there in investments. A story is told of a young man on the eve of his departure with the A. E. F. who took numerous real-estate contracts and then enlisted. Under the law nothing could be done with these contracts until his return. He came back and cleaned up millions.

Miami Wonder Stories

In 1917 F. B. Miller purchased eight and a half acres on the bay front, between the Causeway and Collins' Bridge, for $85,000. The same season he sold the tract at a net profit of $60,000. Now single lots on the bay front in this tract are priced at around $85,000, and lots back from the bay at from $40,000 to $60,000. Acreage on West Flagler Street at Twenty-second Avenue was sold about fifteen years ago for thirty dollars an acre. It is now worth $75,000 an acre, according to lot prices. Land on the Snapper Creek Canal sold twelve years ago for fifteen dollars an acre. By 1920 the prices on these lands had advanced to $100, and during 1924 they sold at from $150 to $200 an acre. During the past few months they have sold as high as $1000, and are today held at from $1500 to $2000.

A pioneer resident of Lake Worth sold the other day, for $40,000, a lot which fifteen years previously had been given to him outright on condition that he build a garage on it.

J. W. Rice, known among polo players as Jimmy Rice, two years ago purchased lots in the Sunset Lake section of Miami Beach for $18,000. He has just sold the lots for $70,000.

Back in 1911, after many winters spent in Miami, Mr. Higheyman, whose former home was in St. Louis, purchased twenty-three acres of swamp land from Mrs. William Brickell, to which he added five acres by filling in from the bay, making twenty-eight acres in all, the addition being the first filled ground in Miami. During his residence there he had heard Mrs. Brickell say on several occasions that she intended doing something with the swamp land. One day he conceived the idea of purchasing this land and developing it himself, which he did, paying $30,000 for the twenty-three acres. It is now worth more than $2,000,000.

Ten years ago the congregation of the Fort Lauderdale Methodist Church bought a lot 50 by 135 feet at the corner of North Third Street and North Andrews Avenue for $1000. It was sold a year ago for $30,000 to a Northern purchaser. Five months later it was sold to a local purchaser for $80,000.

Several vacant lots of fifty-foot frontage on North Andrews Avenue, within half a

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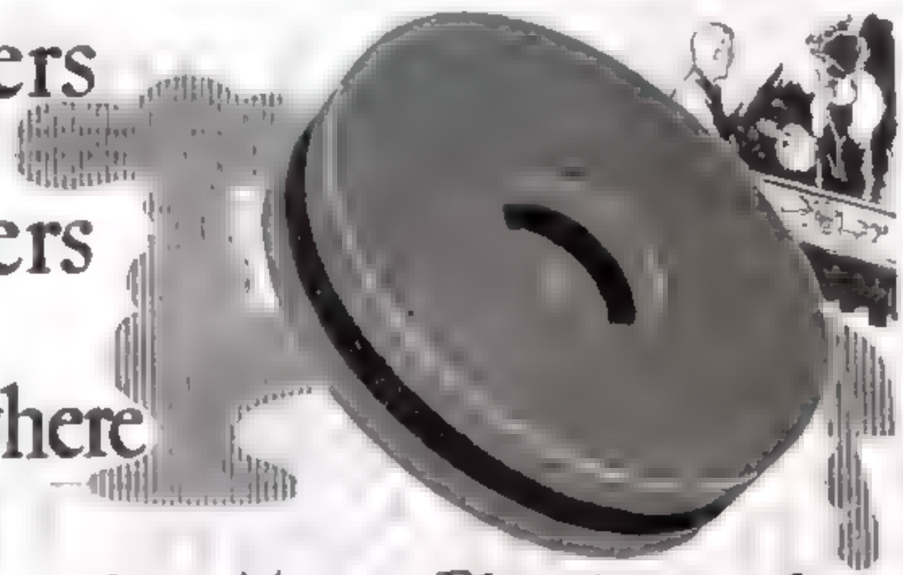

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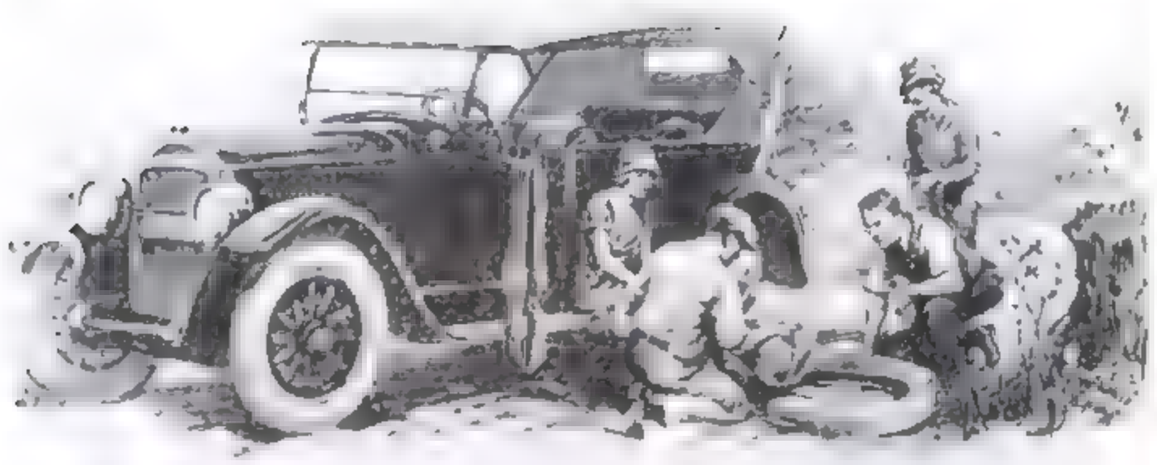

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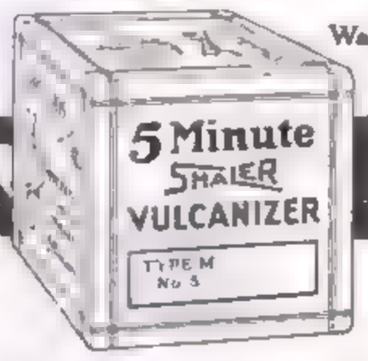

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block of the Broward Hotel, were sold recently for $75,000 by an owner who bought them ten years ago for $400 each. Property with a frontage of 125 feet on this street, near the railway crossing, sold last April for $6500. Since that time it has been divided into two fifty-foot lots and these sold for $10,000 each, the twenty-five-foot lot going for $5000.

The corner of South Fourth Street and South Andrews Avenue was sold two years ago for $2500, resold for $7800, then $10,000, and offered on the market again for $17,500. Last November it went at this price to a purchaser who, sixty days later, resold it for $35,000 to the original owner, who had sold it for $2500. The northwest corner of East Flagler Street and North Bay Shore Drive, 100 by 150 feet, with riparian rights, was sold in 1897 for $1200. It was bought by Mrs. McAllister about fifteen years ago for around $6500. These lots today, without the riparian rights, are valued at around $1,000,000. The corner of Northeast Second Avenue and Third Street sold twelve years ago for $6000. It is now worth $150,000.

In other sections of the state, inland as well as along the coast, the boom has affected town sites. Miami was first, and is unquestionably most fairylike in its growth, but there are just as many magical transformations in older cities like Tampa and the Gulf-coast playground west of it. Five or six years ago, for example, on a certain highway leading west from Tampa there were several old shacks tenanted by negroes. The land was worth little more than the price of general farm land. Today the last negro shack is occupied by a real-estate dealer, and lots in that spot are valued up to $50,000, all because a far-sighted Northerner built the Gandy Bridge connecting Tampa with the Gulf-coast playground to the west, over which thousands of automobiles pass daily.

There are so many wonder stories regarding the great increase in real-estate values in so many Florida cities that I cannot undertake to give more. Most of them can be supported with names, dates, amounts and documentary proof. For example, many ball players, who formerly had their spring training camps elsewhere, are now using Florida for that purpose. One hears how Miller Huggins, of the New York Yankees; Joe Tinker, famous old shortstop of the old Chicago Cubs; Branch Rickey, of the St. Louis Cardinals; Rube Marquard, famous lefthanded pitcher of the New York Giants and afterward of the Brooklyns, and many other ball players and baseball-club owners have made considerable money through investments made during the training season.

Investing in Health

During the past year Tampa spent more than $6,000,000 in building operations. It is predicted $20,000,000 will be spent in 1925, and other cities—Jacksonville, Miami, Miami Beach, Palm Beach, West Palm Beach, St. Petersburg, Sarasota and Orlando—are ahead of Tampa in this respect. Nearly $6,000,000 of property changed hands in the vicinity of Tarpon Springs during a few months of the past season. And so one hears here, there and everywhere of money being made, with the names, dates and amounts appended thereto, by investors in Florida's real estate. A story is told about a Florida property owner who was stopped on the street and asked what his property was worth.

"Well, it was worth about $30,000 at nine o'clock this morning," he said. "But at ten o'clock the lot next to mine sold for $40,000, so I suppose it ought to bring about $50,000, as it is now ten minutes past twelve."

We now come to the third and last phase and, as strange as the paradox may appear, the most and yet the least important of all, so far as the contemplation of the boom is concerned—that which I call playground, because it is neither agricultural nor strictly town site, although there is a large element of playground in cities like Miami. Thousands of Northerners, from multimillionaires whose names are known all over the country, to the man of means whose reputation is only local, have spent and are still spending millions upon millions of dollars in the building of homes. They are making investments in health all over Florida, not simply in the great seacoast developments, but around many of the interior lakes. And their investments range from the $10,000,000 estate which is the millionaire's pride, conceived and carried out without a thought of productivity, down to the $10,000 or $20,000 residence on the shore of a lake, with a background of ten to fifty acres of orange and grapefruit trees, which is intended to give the Northern business man a winter home and ultimately a place to which he may retire, with his fruit trees bringing in some revenue that will provide for his old age.

One of the main reasons why they have located in Florida is that if you follow its line of latitude around the world from about thirty degrees north, but a little above the Tropic of Cancer, you will find that the line passes through some of the places most famous for health and recreation. On the east come the Canary Islands; then Southern Morocco, Algeria, Egypt and Northern Arabia; the pleasantest part of India and Southern China. In the Pacific Ocean, the Hawaiian Islands are but a few degrees south of Key West. In this hemisphere the only other territory in the same latitude is in Mexico and the southernmost tip of Texas.

The Value of Climate

Temperature varies only with altitude and the temperature of the surrounding waters along the lines of latitude. The coasts of Florida are washed by the warm, limpid waters of the Gulf Stream. All around the globe, the latitude of Florida means eternal summer land, surcease from winter's rigors.

I am of the opinion that the popular seashore playgrounds of Florida which are most peopled at the present time will not become the all-year resorts of the future. The seacoast and that portion of Florida coolest in summer, during the time when Florida needs its lowest temperature, will be the location where its seashore cities will be built in the years to come.

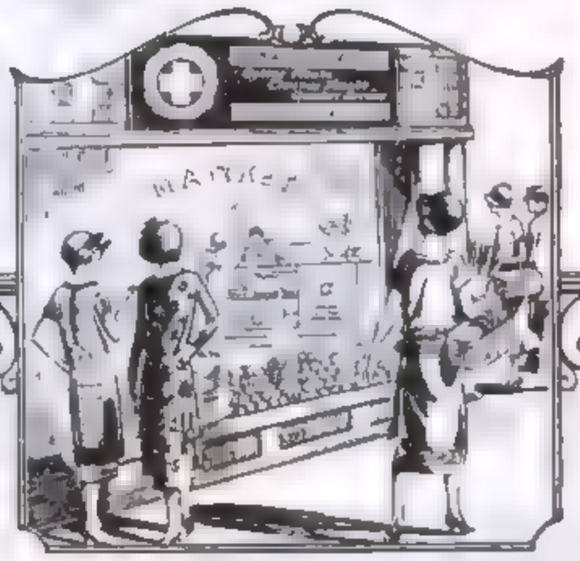
The seacoast of Florida cannot be compared, in a real-estate sense, with the islands of Atlantic City, Coney and Long Beach. In these places the amount of ground is restricted. There is much seacoast in Florida. Neither is Florida close enough to the center of great population to permit its seacoast to be compared, in a real-estate sense, with Eastern seashore property in point of value, nor along the same valuation lines.

The North had been educated to the value of its seashore, where its waters are cool during the sultry summer months. When the opportunity presented itself to obtain seashore comforts during the trying months of our Northern winter, those who could afford to do so—and many who could not—went to Florida, and there they found many attractions, much to amuse and entertain—foliage and greens of all varieties—lacking in our Northern water resorts.

It took young America a long time and lots of advertising to buy climate. In the sense in which the word is employed it means health. Florida came into popular favor at a time when America was in a monetary position to purchase health. The business man of today has learned his lesson. No more ceaseless grind from seven to seven, as was common but a few years ago.

Little does it matter to those able to purchase health whether they pay $100 or any other price for a lot; whether the property had sold at two dollars an acre two years ago or had been given away ten years before. Prices, of course, have increased. The mere fact of their making their own improvements, many of great magnitude,

(Continued on Page 141)



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What a wonderful change from the old way of buying your meats!

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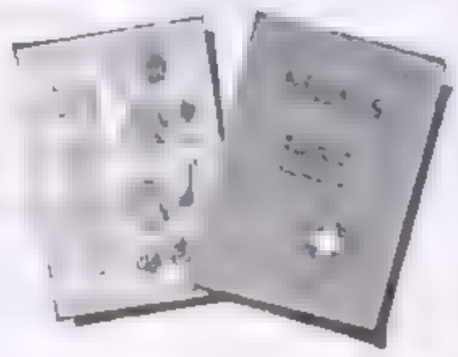
It means Quicker Service—because you can see what you want. Everything is right there before your eyes under glass on rows of white enameled platters, where you can quickly decide on "what to have for dinner."

As fast as the women of America learn of these advantages, they are seeking out the Hussmannized store and trading there.

You can identify the genuine Hussmannized store by the white cross, blue sign on the outside. It is the mark of the progressive retailer who is always looking for a better way to serve his customers.

When you locate the Hussmannized store in your neighborhood, you will be delighted with the Better Meats, Cleaner Meats and Quicker Service offered.

Look for the white cross sign.



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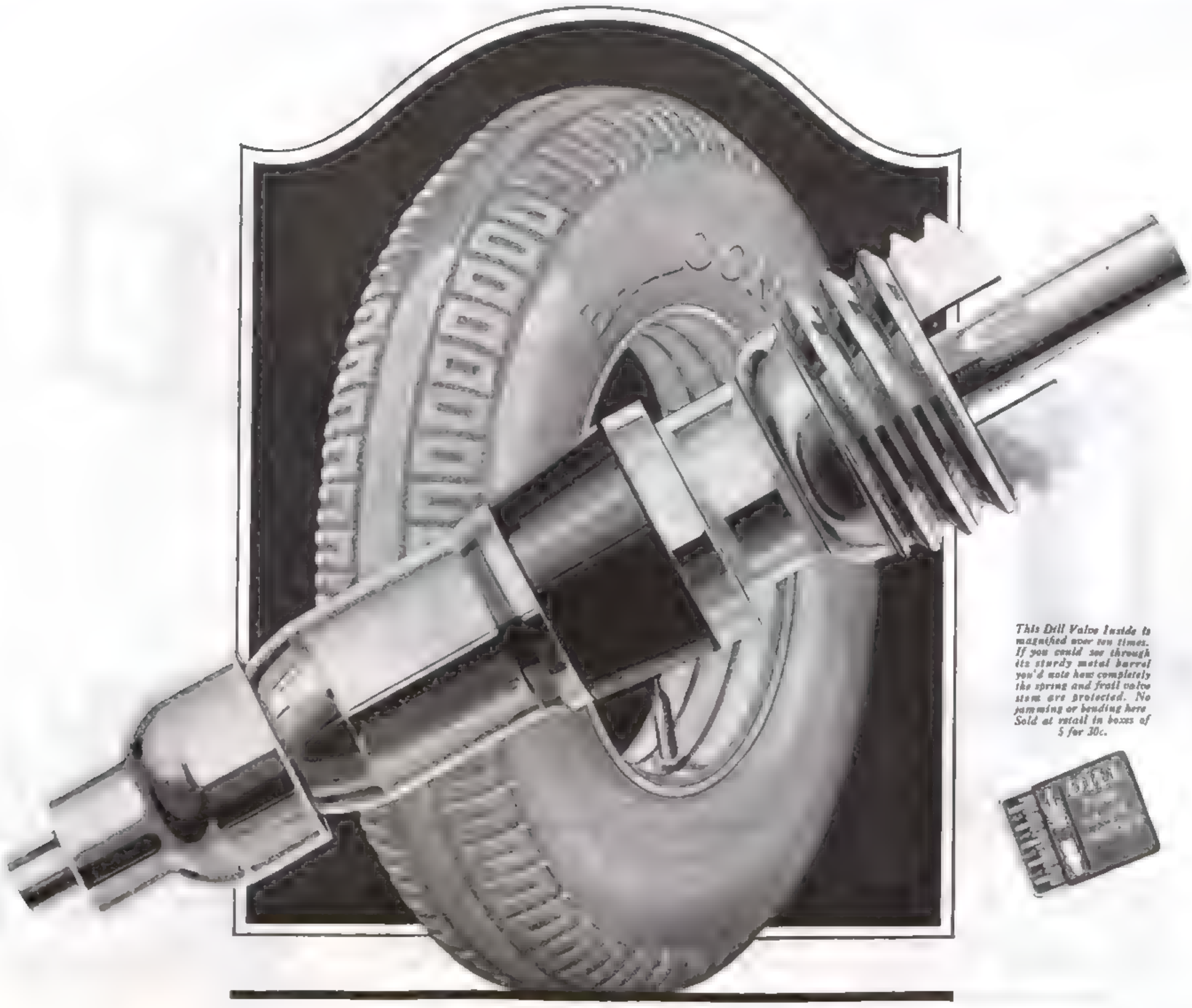

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YOU must keep exactly the right pressure in those big, easy riding balloon tires. Loss of air because of leaky valves will cost you money. Five pounds too little and your mileage is cut materially.

Dill Valve Insides were developed to stop—once and for all—the defects that cause leaky valves. They hold the pressure constant. That's why so many well known tire manufacturers use them as standard equipment.

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For easy testing and inflation use Dill Instant-Ons—dust and valve caps combined. They go on or off in five seconds. If your car isn't equipped, get a set of five from any good dealer—price $1.00.

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If your dealer cannot supply Instant-Ons or Dill Valve Insides they will be sent to you direct on receipt of price

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Standard Tire Valves and Valve Parts

(Continued from Page 138)

created soaring values and will continue to do so, as long as these improvements continue.

This form of investment, if investment it may be termed, is more or less blind. The experienced real-estate operator feels the pulse of the market and acts accordingly. Individual caprice and desire have their effect upon prices. It is How much will a prospective purchaser pay? that rules asking prices; and by "how much" I do not mean that the highest price possible is being obtained, as prices have started from so low a level that it is impossible, to my mind, not to feel but that there must be ample room for improvement. At the same time each individual offering has within itself potentialities inviting careful study.

One of the largest town-site developments in Florida, now being peopled by families ranging all the way from the average American in medium circumstances to the multimillionaire, was originally a fruit grove. The first owner commenced by purchasing 160 acres of land for the purpose of raising fruits and vegetables. More land was added from time to time, and the property paid on a straight agricultural basis. It happened to be near the city of Miami. When that city had grown to about 10,000 inhabitants, the trend of development was so clear that the son of the original owner turned the property into a suburb of Miami, purchasing still more land, though not more than $200 to $300 an acre was paid for any of the earliest holdings. As his development began to prosper, he called in artists, landscape architects and city planners to build up a modern Mediterranean city. From its very inception it had the appearance of belonging. It did not appear new. The buildings were warm in color and in harmony with the scenery. Thus what was a few years ago an orange grove has been turned into a city of tile, concrete, steel and coral rock.

Look Before You Buy

Another striking improvement at Miami was a mangrove swamp twelve years ago. With foresight and probably $100,000,000 invested in construction, it has been turned into one of the greatest winter playgrounds of the nation.

Billions of dollars have been spent in the erection of homes—investments in health. James Deering, a Chicago multimillionaire, after traveling the world over seeking a place favorable for rest, pleasure and health, looked in upon the southern east coast of Florida for several days one year. The following year he began building a great estate.

Such investors know what they are doing. No matter what the market may be, this character of property has reached a condition of finality. Booms may come and booms may go, but the purpose for which such property has been acquired, its actual use by the ultimate consumer, will not be changed, nor will change even be contemplated.

And that is the test. Florida is in the air.

On all sides I am importuned for advice, beset with the questions, "What do you think of Florida real estate? How long will the boom last? How high can values safely go?"

And the answer is that Florida real estate, like every other commodity in which men traffic, must withstand the test of time. Where the ultimate consumer has arrived, values are solid, because he has put foundations under them. Much of the trading in Florida, however, is now being done in anticipation of his arrival. When he finally materializes, to build a department store, hotel or any building for business purposes, or his winter villa or cottage, to become an orange grower, vegetable raiser or country gentleman—then true values will be fixed—what the lots or the acres are worth to him in yielding recreation or grapefruit, health or early tomatoes.

Sometimes press agents—and Heaven knows Florida has enough—though prone to exaggeration, shout with the voice of truth. And Florida has a great deal to shout about.

Now this doesn't mean that a five-acre plot in a swamp should be purchased by those who have no opportunity of examining the property because the advertisement is tempting. Not a nickel should be put into Florida or any other place without due caution on the part of the purchaser. You can't buy ground and go down there, scratch the surface and become a millionaire. But slow, steady absorption of Florida's real estate, to be used for those purposes best adapted to commercial possibilities, will populate Florida in at least the same manner as any other similar fertile country has become populated.

Plenty of Chance to Lose

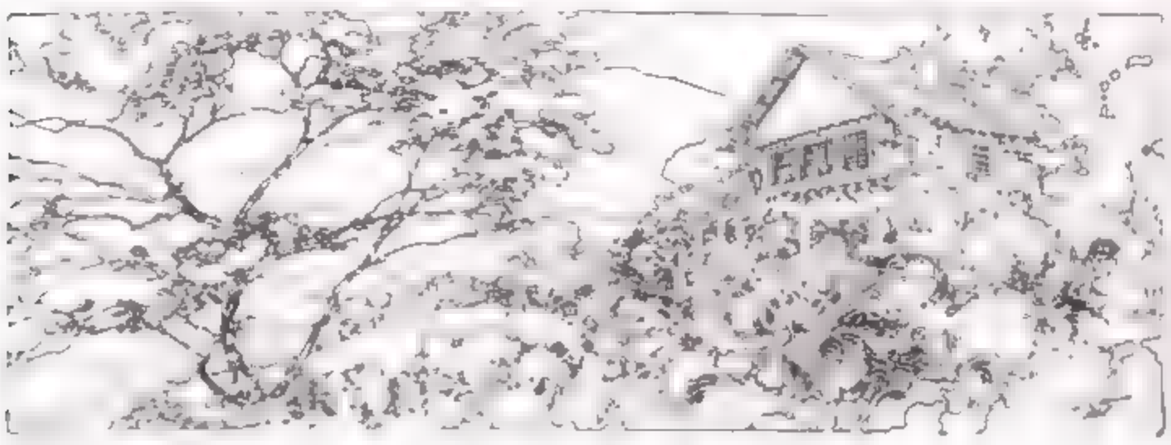
Florida is attracting to its doors the capital of the nation. Those who prey upon capital are always with us, and they figure correctly that something will either fall off the table or they can sweat something off a gold coin.

Any adventurer can have a card printed and put after his name Real-Estate Broker, and then and there that is what he is. I could say much on this point, but one word is sufficient—beware!

And there is nothing to keep this so-called real-estate broker from advertising. If you're sucker enough to say to yourself, after reading an alluring advertisement, "Well, this hundred dollars or so isn't going to harm me any, I'll take a chance," then you deserve everything you'll get; and you'll get it aplenty, the chances are. I happen to know that the state of Florida is doing everything possible to protect you. Everything to bring the selling of land within lawful restrictions that can be devised is being done. But as Cicero has so ably said, "The truth half told is the greatest kind of a lie," and it is so easy for these operators to delve into the ether zone of real-estate dealing.

Look how Los Angeles has grown—and it stays grown. It was the natives, and practically the natives only, who believed in Los Angeles. I couldn't see it myself. I went there for that purpose. I saw growth, but I never realized its tremendous possibilities. But I am not going to be like Mark Twain's cat that sat on a hot stove and never thereafter had enough sense to sit on a cold one.

Now, of course, Florida's boom can't last forever. No boom ever has. The longer its duration, the top-heavier it must become, and the danger of overextension also increases tremendously. However, where values are fixed, conditions always right themselves; and after the flurry has passed, I have often seen much higher values established. It all depends, however, upon the



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VALUABLE furs and woolens in closet or chest will not be injured by moths if occasionally treated with Tanglefoot Fly Spray.

Tanglefoot is the most powerful and therefore most effective household insecticide that you can use for the wholesale extermination of flies, moths, mosquitoes, bedbugs and fleas. It is stainless, non-injurious and fully guaranteed.

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AT GROCERY AND DRUG STORES

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GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

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UNLESS you have all the money you want you can't. For we will pay you liberally in cash, month after month, for easy, pleasant work that need not take one minute from your regular job. Your profits will be just so much *extra* money—to help with regular expenses, to buy things you want that you can't quite afford—to squander, if you like.

$100.00 Extra In One Month

Right now many local subscription representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* are earning well over $100.00 *extra* every single month. The commissions and bonus that we pay them will enable them easily to hold this average throughout the entire year. And one hundred extra dollars, earned during your first month's trial, would be starting right, wouldn't it?

No Experience—Yet He Earned More Than $400.00 His First Six Months.

Clifford B. Stokes sent us a coupon similar to the one at the left in July, 1924. By Christmas of that year he had earned over $400.00 extra!

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Supplies, Equipment, Instruction Without Charge

You need not invest a penny. We tell you HOW to make money, supply everything you need to do it, and pay cash from the moment you begin work. A two-cent stamp brings our big cash offer—no obligation involved

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More people enter our homes and offices by telephone than in person. Through the telephone door, traveling by wire, comes a stream of people from the outside world on social and business missions. Important agreements or appointments are made, yet the callers remain but a few seconds or minutes and with a "good-bye" are gone. We go out through our telephone doors constantly to ask or give information, buy or sell things, make personal calls and on dozens of other errands.

None of the relations of life is more dependent upon co-operation and mutual consideration than these daily millions of telephone journeys. It is the telephone company's part to furnish the means of calling and to place courteous and intelligent employees at the service of the public. Good service is then assured when there is a full measure of co-operation between users.

Only by mutual care and consideration can everyone enjoy the full pleasures and benefits of calling. Telephone courtesy is for the good of all who use the telephone door.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

Baseball Prizes For Boys!

This fellow can't help smiling! He has a new ball, bat, glove and uniform. *And he got them without spending any money!*

You can get them, too. Earn the best baseball goods, swimming suits or your choice of over 200 other prizes (and money too!) by selling *The Saturday Evening Post* (in U. S. A.). Easy, pleasant work. Let's get started together!

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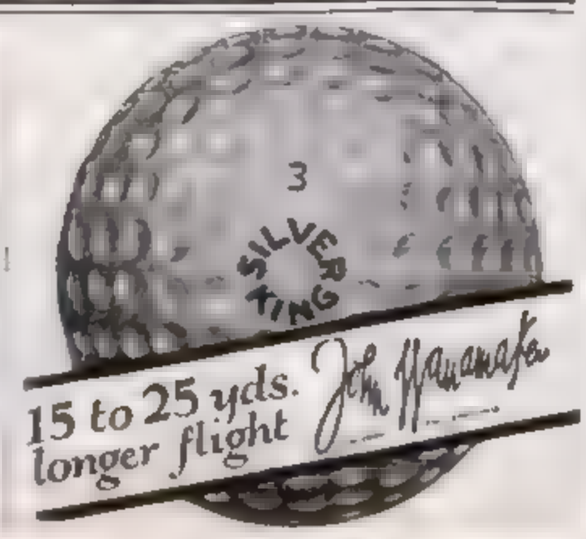

one and only determining factor of real-estate value—value.

Summarizing all the conditions of the Florida boom, one must come to the conclusion that nothing of an unusual character is taking place. As the farm lands of the various states of the Union were taken up by small settlers, as the lands of all different countries were settled, so it is with the state of Florida. The chances of failure, however, are less here perhaps than in other land booms by reason of facts proved by the United States Government regarding the value of the land, the financial condition of the country and the increased knowledge of the value of real estate conveyed to the public during the past few years. To those who are in a position to profit by the appeal to population, and are willing to withstand the discomforts of a tropical climate at certain portions of the year, and obtain the advantages of that same climate during the season when the Northern states have their disadvantages, the state of Florida offers opportunities that are unlikely to be duplicated; opportunities yielding a reasonable return upon skillful development and often generous profits to the agriculturist. Not 100, 500 or 1000 per cent profit overnight, which so many people seek unwisely in the excitement of a boom, but the steady growth in values that are developed by work and patience.

There is an old story about a young farmer, just married and still hardly out of his teens, who was advised to plant an apple orchard.

"Oh, apples take too long to bear!" he protested, and devoted his attention to wheat, corn and hogs.

His father was likewise advised to plant apples.

"I'm too old to plant fruit trees," he said, "for I'd never live to eat the fruit."

His old father listened to the son's and grandson's objections. He was a man nearing seventy-five. Nobody thought of advising him to plant apples. But he quietly set out an orchard of young trees—and lived to enjoy the fruit from them.

Florida's real estate must eventually assume a condition best illustrated by an experience of mine, years ago, with the late Judge Sulzberger, of Philadelphia, a very learned and shrewd gentleman.

"Why do you trade in and out of property so often?" he asked me. "If you buy one piece of real estate in a growing location, you can make more money by sitting still on it than all the in-and-out trading you do."

The judge owned many choice parcels of Philadelphia property, and even after giving me this advice, himself let go too soon.

It took years for me to see that Judge Sulzberger was right, and years for me to understand why I didn't follow his advice, even with the precedent of the Astor, Wendell and many other estates of large landholdings throughout the country, which proved his contention.

Judge Sulzberger at that time was about fifty-five years old, while I was twenty-five. I couldn't realize the natural expectancy of a man's period of life, and I was unwilling to wait, where Judge Sulzberger, looking back, could wait.

If the parents of this country would teach their children the reward of patience and the many years which the young may be permitted to indulge in that luxury, the opportunity for successful investment in real estate would be increased many fold.

Apply that to Florida!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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Ansco Speedex Film fits all cameras; it is foil-wrapped and comes in the red box with the yellow band.

YOU *can't* get back ugly prints, if you use Ansco Speedex Film and common sense in taking your pictures. It's the one unbeatable combination!

Ansco Film—the *perfected* film in the red box with the yellow band—has a "special compensation" that widens the range of light exposure, at last making it possible to get good pictures under difficult conditions.

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A small cash payment and you have a beautiful new roof of Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles.

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WHEN the last nail goes home in the last Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingle on your roof—that should be the end of all your roofing troubles. No repairs; no re-roofing; no fire-hazard; not another penny for roofing upkeep. You're through!

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Lay Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles right over the old roof. You will have a roof that is beautiful, fire-safe, economical—a roof that you will be proud of for the rest of your life. And by the new Johns-Manville time-payment plan you can pay for this property improvement from current income while it protects your home.

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S. E. P.—8-22-25

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SUSAN PRESTON, setting the supper table, told her mother about the week-end at the Millers'. She described four meals in detail and continued, "You ought to see their dining-room. They have loads of beautiful silverware. It's fun to sit around their table, just because it sparkles so!"

So beautiful silverware was what Susan admired at the Millers'! "Well," thought Mrs. Preston, "we can have beautiful silverware too. We'll see about that tomorrow."

DOES SILVERWARE ADD TO THE CONVENIENCE OF YOUR HOME?

Does it make every meal more pleasant, because of its generous, twinkling beauty? Does it make entertaining for you and the children not only a possibility—but always a pleasure?

Perhaps not! Even now you may be getting along with a scant equipment of silverware. But you need be inconvenienced no longer! In 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate you will find all the niceties of table settings—salad forks, bouillon spoons, ice cream forks, orange spoons and serving pieces. Whether you need a few of these refinements of table setting or a complete silver service, you will purchase wisely and reasonably in "1847 Rogers Bros." For more than three-quarters of a century this finest silverplate has been approved by fastidious hostesses. It will serve you a lifetime.

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You will find booklet H-90, *Etiquette, Entertaining and Good Sense*, full of suggestions for successful entertaining. It's free. Write for your copy today. INTERNATIONAL SILVER Co., Dept. E, Meriden, Conn.

Anniversary Cold Meat Fork
(Reduced Size)

Anniversary Meat Dish
Vegetable Dish
Salt and Pepper

You will use these graceful, durable pieces every day. A wide variety of such silverware matches the knives, forks and spoons of 1847 Rogers Bros. patterns.

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WERRENRATH
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Music is only as good as each performer can make it

Whom can you hear and how well can you hear them? That is the first consideration in music, because, if the performance is faulty for any reason whatever, the finest music in the world can become unbearable.

These Victor Records have taken captive the voice and the artistic qualities that this young tenor possesses. Gigli's tenor rings from a vigorous, youthful soul in songs of pure beauty.

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The Victor recordings by Pablo Casals represent the perfection of 'cello playing. Rich and limpid tone, flawless bowing, phrasing which is wordless poetry—these distinguish the records of this very great master of the instrument.

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